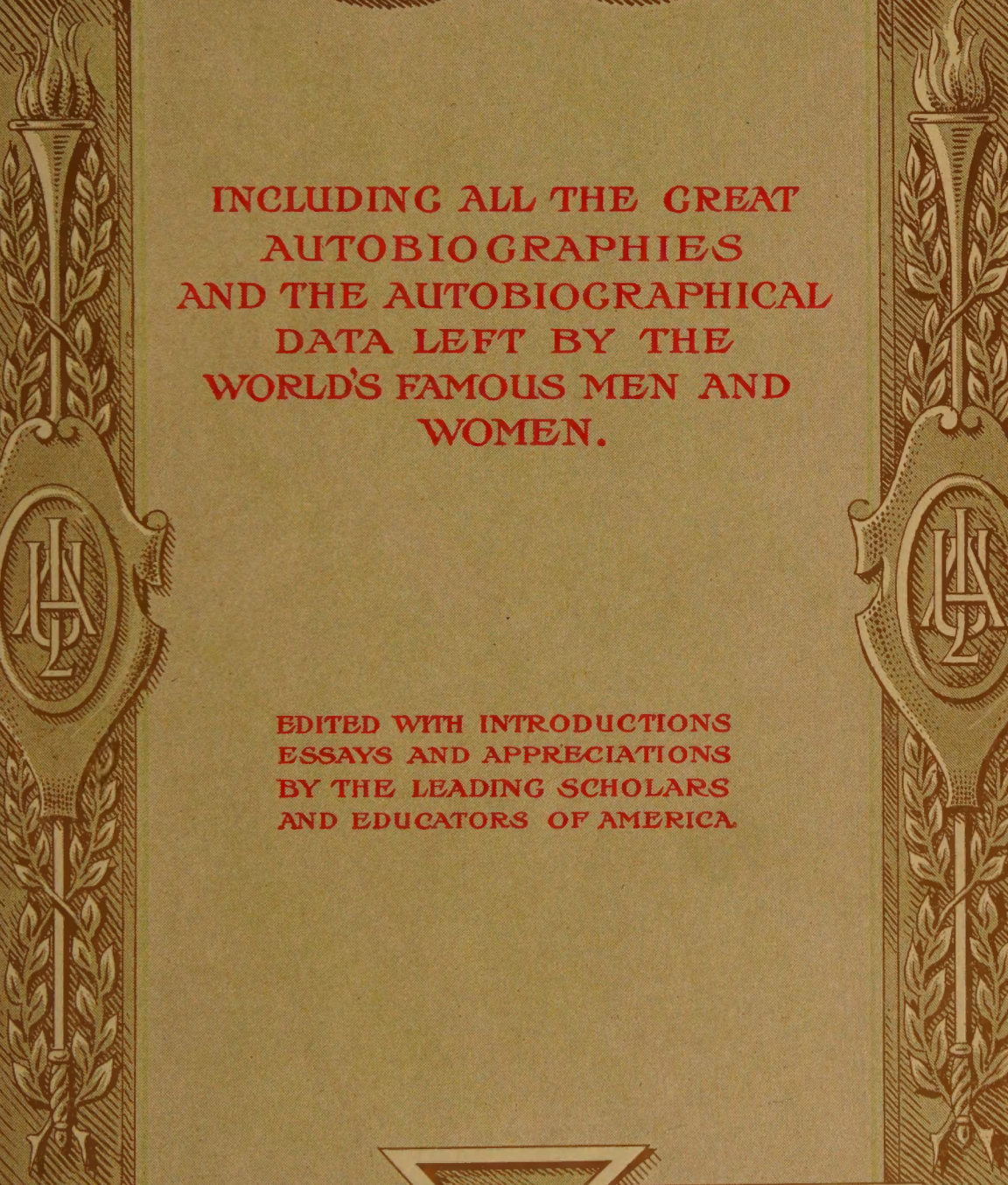




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VOLUME XIV

Autobiography in the Victorian Age

(1830—1890)

INCLUDING THE SELF-NARRATIVES OF

GARIBALDI, the hero of united Italy; LINCOLN, America's chief martyr; CHARLES DARWIN, foremost of scientists; CHARLES DICKENS, most read of novelists; RICHARD WAGNER, mightiest of musicians; SIR HENRY BESSEMER, most successful of metallurgists; BISMARCK, creator of the German Empire; RUSKIN, the most famed of art critics; VICTORIA, Britain's best loved queen; HERBERT SPENCER, greatest of modern philosophers; and HENRI AMIEL, the Swiss dreamer and poet.

WITH INTRODUCTORY ESSAYS BY

ERNEST M. HOPKINS

President of Dartmouth College

RICHARD C. MACLAURIN

President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

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INCORPORATED

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INTRODUCTION TO VOLUME XIV

AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN THE VICTORIAN AGE

1830—1890

WITH this volume we reach the great scientific autobiographies which had been previsioned by the work of John Stuart Mill. We reach also the period of a real democracy so genuine that we find a queen keeping a diary like any simpler young woman. This was Queen Victoria, probably the best loved sovereign who ever reigned in England. She began a diary long even before she succeeded to the throne at the age of seventeen, and she continued it until the eve of her wedding. Its publication has only recently been permitted by the British government, though one can hardly see why there should have been delay even during the good queen's life in giving to the world this charming, simple, girlish record, with its childish pictures of the solemn coronation, its young girl's fear of her formidable ministers, and all the little queen's brave wish to do her duty.

There is a sad contrast between the child Victoria's happiness and the sorrows of that other royal child autobiographer, poor Marie Therese of France, who had only just been restored to her royal court when Victoria was born. Democracy had come to England mildly, through legislation, not with fire and sword and guillotine as in France.

Other lands had still to win it. Our volume includes the autobiography of Giuseppe Garibaldi, that splendid lion-like Italian who fought to make Italy free. He fought also in South America aiding to unchain the peoples there; and never did any novelist's dashing romance tell of more hairbreadth escapes, more daring and heroic ventures than thrill from every page of Garibaldi's memoirs. Some foolish person once said that Romance was dead in our modern world. Why, in Garibaldi's story she has not even changed the ancient weapons of her trade.

One might almost say the same of Lincoln, America's martyr president, who comes within the limits of this period. He also was a great romantic hero, a rustic knight of chivalry rewinning a forgotten birthright by deeds of glorious enterprise. The only sketch of his own life that Lincoln ever wrote was brief. He sent it to a friend to prepare for the presidential campaign of 1860. But what American does not want to know every word of that sketch, to learn just exactly how Lincoln estimated his own early career?

Victoria, Garibaldi, Lincoln, these three were the leaders of their nations in a way, and to a very considerable extent typical of their nations. It is impressive to be able here to set together their three widely differing narrations. The contrast becomes more impressive still when by their side we can place a fourth autobiography from the great typical German of the day, Prince Bismarck. Who would have supposed that the grimmest and most secretive of German statesmen, the most defiant scorner of the press and public, would have devoted his old age to an appeal to that press and public, a defense instead of a defiance. Yet that is just what Bismarck did; the last careful labor of his old age was his autobiography; and as in it he promised to hit many an official head, you can imagine how eagerly and anxiously all men waited for its publication after the grim author's death.

With Bismarck we reach the age of copyrighted books whose publishers have not always permitted their republication in this series; but we are able to give at least so much of Bismarck's narrative as will show the reader the character of both the man and his book. He is as typically Prussian as that earlier autobiographer, Frederick the Great. There was once a powerful medieval organization which adopted as its motto "The end justifies the means." And by degrees men came to realize all the horror of that motto, all the monstrous crimes that might be committed, the hideous miseries inflicted, under its guidance; so that the organization finally repudiated the motto, protesting it had never conceived the words in such black fashion. Yet Frederick of Prussia openly accepted that motto's teaching, and his people called him "Great"; and Bismarck deliberately falsified the French official message that preceded the war of 1870, so that its words should more enrage

the Germans, make them readier for war. It was not in 1914 that Prussia first evolved the insane doctrine that all crimes are right if only a Prussian does them for an end which a Prussian holds good. Read Bismarck's frank stern narrative, and learn wherein he considered that good and evil lay.

From these self-narratives by the leaders of the political world in the middle nineteenth century, turn now to those less universally recognized chieftains, the leaders of the world of thought. We find them for the moment mostly in the English world. It is true that Richard Wagner, that mightiest of musicians, composed his melodies during these same days. But while Wagner was a German, it is hard to think of him as a countryman of Bismarck. Indeed he was driven from Germany by persecution, and lived long in Paris; and when he did finally win a welcome and a home in Germany it was in the South German soil of Bavaria, a kindlier, richer soil that breeds a more human spirit. Wagner has left us a brief account of his early troubles. So too has Dickens, that other mighty master of the world of imagination in his day.

But these are not the great autobiographies of their period. Dickens has indeed given us the most vivid and most lasting picture of London that men may ever know; but Dickens did this through his novels, not through autobiography, unless we are willing to accept all his novels for what they really were, the story of his own life, chance-gathered pictures scattered all along the road of his impoverished childhood and his brilliant manhood.

Back of these in more definitely autobiographic fashion we have the great scientific self-studies of Darwin and of Spencer, the great poetic self-study of Ruskin, the shrewdly successful life-study of the business scientist, Sir Henry Bessemer, and the wonderful meditations of the Swiss scholar poet Amiel. These are the really, humanly great autobiographies of the time.

That scientists should have been led at this period to the most profound self-study was but natural. More and more had science persisted in applying its rules of measurement to every subject. Even religion had not escaped its challenge; and clergymen talked gravely of the "higher criticism," many of them accepting under that persuasive name a tearing

of the Bible theoretically to pieces, and judging of its individual words and sources as we would in any other ancient manuscript—a process that no earlier generation of churchmen would have permitted for an instant. Then in 1859 came Darwin's *Origin of Species*, a book which demonstrated, so far as human reason can, that the creation of all the varied species of plants and animals was a continuous process, not a single sudden act; that all the higher species, even man, seem to have developed out of other lower forms of life. If this be true, if we are indeed developing animals, a progressive race, then the means toward such progression become all-important to us. The scientists saw this, and tried honestly and earnestly to achieve some accurate self-study.

Do you recall who had first attempted such self-analysis? Turn back in a much earlier volume of this series to old Cardan, the half distraught Italian physician of the fifteen hundreds. What he had so blindly striven for, Herbert Spencer now achieved. Darwin's own autobiography is less full, a small though carefully planned and measured beginning. But Spencer's full and watchful study, his review of his nervous and erratic boyhood, his analysis of his manhood, his steadfast noting of the conditions of old age, this is indeed a mighty work, a completed human document of science.

With Ruskin and Amiel we are in another world. They belong with the poets of their time rather than the analysts. They are seekers after the beauty and dignity and fuller wealth of life, not after the bare bones of fact. The poet Wordsworth once called poetry "the impassioned expression which is on the countenance of science." In other words we have long recognized that these two must live as one, that without imagination science could not advance a single step, and that each scientific step must be appreciated, visioned forth upon the cloud banks of the future, by means of poetic interpretation. Ruskin's poetry has ever its underlying frame of scientific fact; and as for Amiel's intense emotion, it differs from the emotion, for example, of Eugenie de Guerin, just because it is based upon scientific knowledge, a scientific interpretation of acknowledged facts.

Turn back for a moment to place Amiel's book by the side of any of the autobiographers of the intensely religious six-

teenth century. You will readily see how the religion of Amiel would have shocked Luther as it would have shocked Mary Queen of Scots, and would have enraged the burly King Henry VIII. Yet one fancies that Raleigh, he of the eager roaming, ever searching spirit, might have understood it, or Sir Kenelm Digby, the romantic chemist, or even Saint Theresa with her patient strength of thought. Science has given us more facts with which to search in the unknown for God; but it has in no way changed the spirit of the search. That spirit is within the seeker, and may be as shallow or as deep as ever, as patient or as vehement, as pompously self-congratulatory, or as earnestly, humbly reverent.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES DARWIN

By Ernest M. Hopkins, Litt.D., LL.D.

IN times when the theories of Darwinism and Neo-Darwinism are so much a matter of discussion as now, there is extraordinary interest in all that pertains to the origin of these respective beliefs. It is largely, however, on another basis than this that the great value rests of the autobiography and letters of Mr. Darwin.

Simplicity and naturalness are the most attractive characteristics that any man can have, but they are attractive beyond measure when the attributes of one truly great. It is particularly because of its substantiation of this truth that I have always wished that the *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin* might have even more general reading than it does have.

It is not necessary, in order to appreciate the book, for the reader to know much more than the superficial facts about the consequence of the contribution to scientific knowledge resulting from Mr. Darwin's work and thought. The theories which he advanced, and which were accepted at first with such hesitancy even among scientists, have now become so much a matter of accepted belief that the layman understands the general significance of biological phrases formerly obscure in their meaning to any except the elect. It is not difficult, therefore, for one appreciative of the magnitude of Mr. Darwin's accomplishment, though perhaps not of its details, largely to disregard its technical matter, and yet to have left material of unusual worth in interpreting the principles of the greatness which was in this particular master.

The autobiographical recollections make up the most valuable portion of the book. I have often queried how much they would have been changed if they had been consciously written for the world at large instead of for the family,—I

believe it would have been not much. To far greater degree than would have been possible to a smaller man or one of less experience and conscientiousness in recording observations, he accomplished his object as specified in his words, "I have attempted to write the following account of myself, as if I were a dead man in another world looking back at my own life."

There is no attempt at involved introspection nor at complicated explanation of the successes of his life. He is free from self-consciousness or vaingloriousness. There is no fine writing. He has observed certain facts, some of strength and some of weakness, in connection with his own life and work, and these he records as briefly and simply as possible, for the information of those who out of family interest may wish to know what kind of man he was. Thus it has become the privilege of us all to know, and in the knowing to acquire new respect for the man and new admiration for the qualities which contributed to his greatness.

He was not impervious to criticism and he wrote in very human vein to Mr. Huxley, "I have got fairly sick of hostile reviews." Nevertheless, he dealt with skepticism concerning his theories on the basis of a broadmindedness which eliminated any personal feeling and which desired agreement with him simply because of his conviction that his findings were right. He did not affect a humility which would not have been wholly honest, but he did give more consideration to the opinions of others than most men of his ability and standing would have done. He was slow to express a conviction and quick to retract it if evidence appeared against it, always being eager for as much of the whole truth as could be secured, regardless of what effect this would have on conclusions which he was trying to verify.

Somewhere the statement has been made, perhaps in one of Emerson's essays, that the life of a man is valuable largely for its "atmosphere." The atmosphere of Mr. Darwin's life was that of the scholar, and his life and letters should not be unfamiliar to those who would know of the breadth and depth of scholarship. We find therein, among other characteristics, the pioneer spirit, unswerving loyalty to the truth, painstaking care in his work, infinite patience, lack of conceit, considera-

tion for the beliefs of others, and a constant gentleness and kindness in his dealing with all with whom he came in contact.

One comment of his of regret in regard to himself has direct bearing upon many a life of specialized effort of the present day. It is, moreover, especially worthy of notice in these times when there is so much of a tendency among some to sacrifice cultural training to the insistent need for progress in things materialistic. Mr. Darwin early in life had great love for poetry, painting and music but later in life lost ability to enjoy these. Of this he says, "This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies, and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain), and essays on all sorts of subjects interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine, would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

The past always holds much of interpretation and inspiration for those who would attack the problems of the future, and nowhere more than in the lives of its great men. Thus the world is debtor not only to the achievements of Charles Darwin but likewise to his son, who has transmitted to us so comprehensive and illuminating a knowledge of the quiet life from which flowered such accomplishment.

AN APPRECIATION OF RUSKIN'S "PRÆTERITA"

By Richard C. Maclaurin, Sc.D., LL.D.

"THE most entrancing type of literature is a good biography." Some will dissent from or qualify the dictum, but its kernel of truth will be appreciated by all who care for letters and are interested in their fellow men. This interest is shown amongst other ways by the stream of biographies that issues from the Press. Here, happily, it is the bad and not the good that die young, and they die by the thousands. The rarest to survive are the autobiographies, but of these the few that really live are priceless and it would be difficult to find in any language one that is more exquisite than Ruskin's *Præterita*. Its most permanent charm is due to its form, manner rather than matter being the imperishable thing in the realm of art. No one with any appreciation of such things can fail to enjoy its subtle humor or to realize that it is written by one of the great masters of expression. The attractiveness of its manner is, however, greatly enhanced by its matter. It deals with a man of rare genius who in an age of great writers left the most visible imprint of his thoughts and of his tastes, and it reveals the inner workings of his spirit with singular clarity and power.

"I have written these sketches," says the author, "frankly, garrulously and at ease; speaking of what it gives me joy to remember at any length I like—sometimes very carefully of what I think it may be useful for others to know; and passing in total silence things which I have no pleasure in reviewing and which the reader would find no help in the account of." Fortunately, one of the things that he deals with most carefully is the account of his youth, from the beginning to the close of his undergraduate days at Oxford. Here we have almost a unique record of the childhood of a man of genius,

full of charm in the manner of its telling and full of import to all who care supremely for youth and its upbringing. Apart from the center of interest there are many inimitable pen pictures, as of the relatives in Perth and Croydon, of the nurse Anne who "had a natural gift and specialty for doing disagreeable things" and some parallel specialty for saying them, and particularly of Ruskin's parents onwards from the days when the father chose his wife "with much the same kind of serenity and decision with which afterwards he chose his clerks."

Ruskin's early education was not in any of the normal molds, but in so far as it was formal at all it was directed by his mother. The good and evil of her method is clearly set forth in *Præterita*. The main thing, in Ruskin's judgment, was the reading of the Bible and the learning of "the fine old Scottish paraphrases which are good, melodious and forceful verse, and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound." The point to be emphasized was the *manner* of the reading rather than the matter (not, of course, that this was unimportant). "She read alternate verses with me, watching at first every intonation of my voice and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verses, if within my reach, rightly and energetically"—a process continued "until all the chapters in the Bible were possessed from the first word to the last and every word familiar to my ear in *habitual* music. . . . This maternal installation of my mind I count very confidently the most precious and on the whole, the one *essential* part of all my education."

Other features of his early training, are, however, worthy of special attention—such as the books that he read and heard read, the time he spent in the garden and his extraordinary opportunities of observing beautiful scenery. Of the books that he read besides the Bible, the chief are referred to in the opening sentences of *Præterita*. Perhaps as potent as his own reading in forming his taste was that of his father, "an absolutely beautiful reader of the best poetry and prose." Ruskin describes how, when quite a little fellow, he regularly joined his father and mother at six o'clock tea. "After tea my father read to my mother what pleased themselves. I picked up

what I could, or read what I liked better instead. Thus I heard all the Shakespearian comedies and historical plays again and again, all Scott and all Don Quixote, much of Pope, Spenser, Byron, Goldsmith, Addison and Johnson. In addition to books read, were books looked at for their pictures. The chief of these was Rogers' *Italy* with illustrations by Turner, the gift of which on his thirteenth birthday "determined," he says, "the main tenor of my life." "But," he wisely adds in another place, "it is the great error of thoughtless biographers to attribute to the accident which introduces some new phase of character all the circumstances which gave the accident importance. The essential point to be noted, and accounted for, was that I could understand Turner's work when I saw it—not by what chance or in what year it was first seen."

The garden is described in the chapter entitled "Herne Hill Almond Blossoms." "The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden and that of Eden as I had imagined it, were that in this one *all* the fruit was forbidden and there were no companionable beasts; in other respects the little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me, and the climate in that cycle of our years allowed me to pass most of my life in it." Within the walls of this Eden he laid the foundation for his lifelong interest in the sky, the pebbles and the leaves, as well as of his theory of the proper relation between Nature and Art on which he set so much. This theory, of course, was developed in later life. "One day," he says, "on the road to Norwood I noticed a bit of ivy around a thorn stem, which seemed, even to my critical judgment, not ill 'composed,' and proceeded to make a light and shade pencil study of it in my grey paper pocket book, carefully as it had been a bit of sculpture, liking it more and more as I drew. When it was done, I saw that I had virtually lost all my time (given to drawing as an art) since I was twelve years old, because no one had ever told me to draw what was really there." And somewhat later, in a time of physical depression, he tells us "I found myself one day lying on the bank of a cart-road in the sand, with no prospect whatever but a small aspen tree against the blue sky. Languidly, but not idly, I began to draw it and, as I drew, the languor

passed away; the beautiful lines insisted on being traced—without weariness. More and more beautiful they became, as each rose out of the rest and took its place in the air. With wonder increasing every instant I saw that they ‘composed’ themselves, by finer laws than any known to men. . . . The woods fulfilled, I then saw, in their beauty the same laws which guided the clouds, divided the light and balanced the wave. ‘He had made everything beautiful in his time’ became for me thenceforward the interpretation of the bond between the human mind and all visible things.”

Still more impressive than the influence of books and of the garden was that of the scenery that he saw. He was destined to become preëminently the prose poet of Nature, and nothing in *Præterita* is more fascinating or more illuminating than his racy accounts of almost innumerable tours to beautiful spots in England, France, and more particularly Switzerland, for his greatest passion was for the mountains. “My most intense happinesses,” he says, “have *of course* been amongst mountains”; and again “the only days I can look back to as, according to the powers given me, rightly or wisely in entirety spent have been in sight of Mt. Blanc, Monte Rosa, or the Jungfrau.” These thoughts of old age are foreshadowed by the impressions made on early youth recorded in this book in the description of his first view of the Alps from Schaffhausen. “They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us, not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death. It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life for a child of such a temperament as mine. . . . Thus, in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to be anything but the boy I was, not wanting to have anything more than I had; knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me, not enough to slacken in the least its sinews; and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the sight of the Alps not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume—I went down that evening from the garden terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to

be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and to the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace." How deep was the influence of mountains even on his physical condition is shown in the record of his fruitless search for health, after the breakdown at Oxford, in wanderings through Italy and his sudden recovery in the sight of the Alps. "I had found my life again—all the best of it. What good of religion, love, admiration or hope, had ever been taught me, or felt by my best nature, rekindled at once; and my line of work, both by my own will and the aid granted to it by fate in the future, determined for me."

It must not be supposed, however, that this interest in books and trees and mountains takes up the whole story. To one so sensitive and sympathetic as Ruskin the interest in art and nature is always transfused with human interest. For him "the Alps and their people were alike beautiful in their snow and their humanity" and even his beloved mountains were not fully enjoyed unless their valleys were peopled by clean-hearted men and women who could share the joy in them. He tells us, too, that it was through knowledge of the hardships of those mountaineers and sympathy with their lot that his thoughts were first directed to the great problems of social reform that absorbed so much of his thoughts and energies from his thirtieth year until the end. It is significant, too, that in enumerating the influences that had fashioned and developed his artistic taste, he puts amongst the chief the beauty of certain women that had fixed in his "mind and heart, not as an art-ideal, but as a sacred reality, the purest standards of breathing womanhood." And so we are not surprised that he tells with the utmost grace and pathos the story of his love for women from the days of his boy love for Adèle Domecq to the crowning tragedy of the death of Rose La Touche. In these experiences of love, as in much else, his life was generously sad and the reader may sympathize with his reflections when, looking back on his first love from the serenity of old age, he says, "I wonder mightily now what sort of a creature I should have turned out if at this time Love had been with me instead of against me, and instead of

the distracting and useless pain I had had the joy of approved love and the untellable incalculable motive of its sympathy and praise."

Of much else that might be chosen for comment, space permits further reference to but a single subject. To one of Ruskin's upbringing and temperament religion, of course, is of absolutely prime importance. On the first page of this book we are told that his mother had it deeply in her heart to make an evangelical clergyman of him, and so the effect of reading Scott and the Iliad was tempered on Sundays by the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*. "Fortunately," he adds, "I had an aunt more evangelical than my mother; and my aunt gave me cold mutton for Sunday's dinner, which—as I much preferred it hot—greatly diminished the influence of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the end of the matter was, that I got all the noble imaginative teaching of Defoe and Bunyan and yet—am not an evangelical clergyman." How this came about and how his religious ideas were gradually modified is told with quaint humor and yet of course with reverence until he reached the old conclusion "that things done delightfully and rightly were always done by the help and in the spirit of God," and grew sure "that the peace of God rested on all the dutiful and kindly hearts of the laborious poor; and that the only constant form of pure religion was in useful work, fruitful love and stintless charity."

GENERAL GARIBALDI

THE HERO PATRIOT OF UNITED ITALY

1807-1882

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Giuseppe Garibaldi, famous Italian patriot, will always hold a front place in the annals of history and in the hearts of men. There is nothing that so quickly and eternally endears a man to his fellows as an unselfish devotion to the cause of others. Add to this enlightened view of man's duty to man, a high patriotic spirit, an intense and unswerving loyalty whether to ideals or comrades, and a fervent belief in God and His goodness, and we begin to appreciate Garibaldi's admirable personality.

He was born at Nice, the son of a humble fisherman, and grew up in that Italy for which he evinced such undying devotion. From childhood he eagerly studied all things Italian, and this at a period when there was hardly a spark of national unity or even enthusiasm for unity in all the peninsula. Dreaming always of his country's former greatness and glory, young Garibaldi early began to plan and strive for a reunited and independent Italy. His activity among the peasantry in this cause compelled him to flee to South America where he played an important part in the rebellion of Brazil and the freeing of Montevideo. It was there that he formed and trained his famous Italian legion, destined eventually to fight for freedom in his native land.

Garibaldi returned to Europe in 1847 and began the long and frequently interrupted campaign which ended in a nationalized Italy under Victor Emmanuel. With this great life-work accomplished in 1870, Garibaldi devoted himself ardently to the cause of liberty, wherever found; he also worked incessantly to perfect his dreamed-of union of all Italian speaking people.

His own memoirs cover only his early life and adventures in South America. But through them shines his whole-souled devotion and enthusiasm for Italian liberty, a devotion and enthusiasm which he communicated to all his followers; for he was endowed with that personal magnetism which distinguishes the great and successful leaders of men. Though, in his ignorance of political conditions, Garibaldi may sometimes

have harmed the cause for which he strove so valiantly, he provided the heart interest, the appeal which roused his countrymen to that courage and zeal which in the face of all Europe's opposition procured for them their independence as a nation. Garibaldi will ever remain the central figure and the hero of the struggle for Italian liberty.

LIFE OF GENERAL GARIBALDI

I

IN commencing an account of my life, it would be unpar-donable in me to omit speaking of my kind parents.

My father, a sailor, and the son of a sailor, educated me in the best manner he could in Nice, my native city, and afterwards trained me to the life of a seaman in a vessel with himself. He had navigated vessels of his own in his youth; but a change of fortune had compelled him afterwards to serve in those belonging to his father. He used often to tell his children that he would gladly have left them richer; but I am fully convinced that the course which he adopted in our education was the best he possibly could have taken, and that he procured for us the best instructors he was able, perhaps sometimes at the expense of his own convenience. If, therefore, I was not trained in a gymnasium, it was by no means owing to his want of desire.

In mentioning my mother—I speak it with pride—she was a model for mothers; and, in saying this, I have said all that can be said. One of the greatest sorrows of my life is, that I am not able to brighten the last days of my good parent, whose path I have strewed with so many sorrows by my adventurous career. Her tender affection for me has, perhaps, been excessive; but do I not owe to her love, to her angel-like character, the little good that belongs to mine? To the piety of my mother, to her beneficent and charitable nature, do I not, perhaps, owe that little love of country which has gained for me the sympathy and affection of my good, but unfortunate fellow-citizens? Although certainly not superstitious, often, amidst the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean, or the hail-storms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have in fancy seen her on her

knees before the Most High—my dear mother!—imploping for the life of her son; and I have believed in the efficacy of her prayers.

I spent my childhood in the joys and sorrows familiar to children, without the occurrence of anything very remarkable. Being more fond of play than of study, I learned but little, and made but a poor return for the kind exertions of my parents for my education. A very simple accident made a deep impression on my memory. One day, when a very little boy, I caught a grasshopper, took it into the house, and, in handling it, broke its leg. Reflecting on the injury I had done to the harmless insect, I was so much affected with grief, that I retired to my chamber, mourned over the poor little creature, weeping bitterly for several hours. On another occasion, while accompanying my cousin in hunting, I was standing on the side of a deep ditch, by which the fields were irrigated, when I discovered that a poor woman, while washing clothes, had fallen from the bank, and was in imminent danger. Although I was quite young and small, I jumped down and saved her life; and my success afforded me the highest pleasure. On that occasion, and in various other circumstances of a similar kind, I never hesitated for a moment, or thought of my own safety.

Among my teachers, I retain a grateful recollection of Padre Gianone and Signor Arena. Under the former I made but very little progress, being bent more on play than on learning; but I have often regretted my loss in failing to learn English, whenever I have since been thrown in company with persons speaking that language. To the latter I consider myself greatly indebted for what little I know. The ignorance in which I was kept of the language of Italy, and of subjects connected with her condition and highest interests, was common among the young, and greatly to be lamented. The defect was especially great in Nice, where few men knew how to be Italians, in consequence of the vicinity and influence of France, and still more the neglect of the government to provide a proper education for the people. To the instructions of Padre Gianone, and the incitement given me by my elder brother Angelo, who wrote to me from America to study my native language, I acknowledge

my obligations for what knowledge I possess of that most beautiful of languages. To my brother's influence, also, I owe it, that I then read Roman and Italian history with much interest.

This sketch of my early youth I must close, with the narration of a little expedition which I attempted to carry into effect—my first adventure. Becoming weary of school in Genoa, and disgusted with the confinement which I suffered at the desk, I one day proposed to several of my companions to make our escape, and seek our fortune. No sooner said than done. We got possession of a boat, put some provisions on board, with fishing tackle, and sailed for the Levant. But we had not gone as far as Monaco, when we were pursued and overtaken by a "corsair," commanded by good father. We were captured without bloodshed, and taken back to our homes, exceedingly mortified by the failure of our enterprise, and disgusted with an Abbé who had betrayed our flight. Two of my companions on that occasion were Cesare Tanoli and Raffaele Deandreis.

When I recur to the principles which were inculcated at school, and the motives used to encourage us to study, I am now able to understand their unsoundness and their evil tendency. We were in danger of growing up with only selfish and mercenary views: nothing was offered us as a reward for anything we could do, but money.

II

How everything is embellished by the feelings of youth, and how beautiful appeared, to my ardent eyes, the bark in which I was to navigate the Mediterranean, when I stepped on board as a sailor for the first time! Her lofty sides, her slender masts, rising so gracefully and so high above, and the bust of Our Lady which adorned the bow, all remain as distinctly painted on my memory at the present day, as on the happy hour when I became one of her crew. How gracefully moved the sailors, who were fine young men from San Remi, and true specimens of the intrepid Ligurians! With what pleasure I ventured into the forecastle, to listen to their popular songs, sung by harmonious choirs. They sang of love, until I was transported; and they endeavored to

excite themselves to patriotism by singing of Italy! But who, in those days, had ever taught them how to be patriots and Italians? Who, indeed, had then ever said, on those shores, to those young men, that there was such a thing as Italy, or that they had a country to be ameliorated and redeemed?

The commander of the *Costanza*, the vessel in which I had embarked, was Angelo Pesante. He was the best sea-captain I ever knew, and ought to have the command of a ship of war of the first class, as soon as Italy shall have such a fleet as she deserves,—for a better commander could not be. He has, indeed, been captain of an armed vessel. Pesante was able to make or invent everything that could be wanted in a vessel of any kind whatsoever, from a fishing-boat to a ship of the line; and, if he were in the service of the country, she would reap the advantage and the glory.

My second voyage was made to Rome, in a vessel of my father's. Rome, once the capital of the world, now the capital of a sect! The Rome which I had painted in my imagination, no longer existed. The future Rome, rising to regenerate the nation, has now long been a dominant idea in my mind, and inspired me with hope and energy. Thoughts, springing from the past, in short, have had a prevailing influence on me during my life. Rome, which I had before admired and thought of frequently, I ever since have loved. It has been dear to me beyond all things. I not only admired her for her former power and the remains of antiquity, but even the smallest thing connected with her was precious to me. Even in exile, these feelings were constantly cherished in my heart; and often, very often, have I prayed to the Almighty to permit me to see that city once more. I regarded Rome as the center of Italy, for the union of which I ardently longed.

I made several voyages with my father, and afterwards one with Captain Giuseppe Gervino, to Cagliari, in a brig named the *Emma*, during which, on the return passage, I witnessed a melancholy shipwreck, at a distance, in such a storm that it was impossible to render any assistance. In that instance I witnessed, for the first time, that tender sympathy which sailors generally feel for others in distress.

We saw Spaniards, in a Catalan felucca, struggling with the waves, who soon sank before our eyes, while my honest and warm-hearted shipmates shed tears over their hard fate. This disaster was caused by a sudden change of wind when the sea and wind were high. At Libaccio, a south-west wind had been blowing furiously for several days, and a number of vessels were in sight, of all which the felucca seemed to make the best way. We were all steering for Vado, to make that port for shelter, until the storm should subside. A horrible surge unexpectedly broke over the Spanish vessel, and overset it in an instant. We saw the crew clinging to the side, and heard their cries to us for assistance, while we could perceive their signals, but could not launch a boat. They all soon disappeared in the foam of a second surge, more terrible than the first. We afterwards heard that the nine persons who thus lost their lives all belonged to one family.

From Vado I went to Genoa, and thence to Nice, whence I commenced a series of voyages to the Levant, in vessels belonging to the house of Givan. In one of these, in the brig Centesi, Captain Carlo Seneria, I was left sick in Constantinople. The vessel sailed; and, as my sickness continued, I found myself in somewhat strained circumstances. In cases of difficulty or danger, I have never, in all my life, been disheartened. I then had the fortune to meet with persons kindly disposed to assist me, and, among others, I can never forget Signora Luigia Saiyuraiga, of Nice, whom I have ever since regarded as one of the most accomplished of women, in the virtues which distinguish the best and most admirable of her sex.

As mother and wife, she formed the happiness of her husband, who was an excellent man, and of their young and interesting children, whose education she conducted with the greatest care and skill. What contributed to prolong my abode in the capital of Turkey, was the war which at that time commenced between that power and Russia; and I then, for the first time, engaged as a teacher of children. That employment was offered me by Signor Diego, a doctor in medicine, who introduced me to the widow Temoin, who wanted an instructor for her family. I took up my resi-

dence in the house, and was placed in charge of her three sons, with a sufficient salary.

I afterwards resumed the nautical life, embarking in the brig *Nostra Signora della Grazia*, Captain Casabana; and that vessel was the first I ever commanded, being made Captain of it on a subsequent voyage to Mahon and Gibraltar, returning to Constantinople.

Being an ardent lover of Italy from my childhood, I felt a strong desire to become initiated in the mysteries of her restoration; and I sought everywhere for books and writings which might enlighten me on the subject, and for persons animated with feelings corresponding with my own. On a voyage which I made to Tagangog, in Russia, with a young Ligurian, I was first made acquainted with a few things connected with the intentions and plans of the Italian patriots; and surely Columbus did not enjoy so much satisfaction on the discovery of America, as I experienced on hearing that the redemption of our country was meditated. From that time I became entirely devoted to that object, which has since been appropriately my own element for so long a time.

The speedy consequence of my entire devotion to the cause of Italy was, that on the fifth of February, 1834, I was passing out of the gate of *Linterna*, of Genoa, at seven o'clock in the evening, in the disguise of a peasant—a *proscript*. At that time my public life commenced; and, a few days after, I saw my name, for the first time, in a newspaper: but it was in *a sentence of death!*

I remained in Marseilles, unoccupied, for several months; but at length embarked, as mate, in a vessel commanded by Captain Francesco Gazan. While standing on board, towards evening, one day, dressed in my best suit, and just ready to go on shore, I heard a noise in the water, and, looking below, discovered that some person had fallen into the sea, and was then under the stern of the vessel. Springing into the water, I had the satisfaction to save from drowning a French boy, in the presence of a large collection of people, who expressed their joy aloud, and warmly applauded the act. His name was Joseph Rasbaud, and he was fourteen years of age. His friends soon made their appearance; and

I experienced very peculiar feelings excited in my heart, when the tears of his mother dropped, one after another, upon my cheek, while I heard the thanks of the whole family.

Some years before I had a similar good fortune, when I saved the life of my friend, Claudio Terese.

III

WHILE walking one day in a public place in Rio, I met a man whose appearance struck me in a very uncommon and very agreeable manner. He fixed his eyes on me at the same moment, smiled, stopped, and spoke. Although we found that we had never met before, our acquaintance immediately commenced, and we became unreserved and cordial friends for life. He was Rosetti, the most generous among the warm lovers of our poor country!

I spent several months in Rio, unoccupied and at ease, and then engaged in commerce, in company with Rosetti; but a short experience convinced us that neither of us was born for a merchant.

About this time Zambeccari arrived at Rio, having been sent as a prisoner from Rio Grande, when I became acquainted with the sentiments and situation of the people of that province. Arrangements were soon made for Rosetti and myself to proceed on an expedition for their aid, they having declared their independence. Having obtained the necessary papers, we engaged a small vessel for a crusier, which I named "*The Mazzini.*" I soon after embarked in a garopera, with twenty companions, to aid a people in the south, oppressed by a proud and powerful enemy. The garope is a kind of Brazilian fish, of an exquisite flavor; and boats employed in taking it are called garoperas. My feelings, at that epoch of my life, were very peculiar. I was enlisted in a new and hazardous enterprize, and, for the first time, turned a helm for the ocean with a warlike flag flying over my head—the flag of a republic—the Republic of Rio Grande. I was at the head of a resolute band, but it was a mere handful, and my enemy was the empire of Brazil.

We sailed until we reached the latitude of Grand Island, off which we met a sumaca, or large coasting boat, named the Luisa, loaded with coffee. We captured her without opposi-

tion, and then resolved to take her instead of my own vessel, having no pilot for the high sea, and thinking it necessary to proceed along the coast. I therefore transferred everything from the Mazzini on board the sumaca, and then sunk the former. But I soon found that my crew were not all men like Rosetti, of noble and disinterested character and the purest morals; and, indeed, I had before felt some apprehensions, when I saw among them several physiognomies by no means prepossessing. I now found them, when on board the sumaca, affecting ferocity, to intimidate the poor Brazilian sailors, whom we had made prisoners. I took immediate steps to repress all such conduct, and to tranquilize the fears which they had excited, assuring the crew that they should be uninjured and kindly treated, and set on shore at the first convenient landing-place with all their own personal property. A Brazilian, a passenger in the sumaca, took the first opportunity, after coming on board, to offer me a casket containing three valuable diamonds, in a supplicating manner, as if afraid for his life; but I refused to receive it, and gave peremptory orders that none of the effects of the crew or passengers should be taken from them, under any pretext whatever. And this course I pursued on all subsequent occasions, whenever I took any prizes from the enemy; and my orders were always strictly obeyed.

The passengers and crew were landed north of Itaparica, the launches of the Luisa being given to them, with all their movables, and as much brandy as they chose to take with them. I then went to the south, and soon arrived in the port of Maldonado, where the favorable reception given us by the authorities and the people, afforded us a very flattering prospect.

Rosetti set off for Montevideo, to arrange things connected with the expedition, leaving us to await his return; and during eight days we enjoyed one uninterrupted festival among the hospitable inhabitants. The close of that period of gayety would have been tragical, if the political chief of the town had been less friendly than he proved himself to be. I received unexpected notice, quite different from what I had been led to expect, that the flag of Rio Grande was not

recognized, and that an order had arrived for our immediate arrest. Thus compelled to depart, although the weather was threatening, I hoisted sail without delay, and steered up the river Plata, with scarcely any plan or object, and almost without opportunity to communicate to any one that I should await, at the Point of Jesus Maria, news of the result of Rosetti's deliberations with his friends in Montevideo. After a wearisome navigation, I reached that place, having narrowly escaped shipwreck on the Point of Piedras Negras, in consequence of a variation of the compass caused by the muskets placed near it.

I found no news at that place; and our provisions were entirely consumed. We had no boat to land with: but it was indispensable to procure food for the men. At length, after some deliberation, having discovered a house about four miles distant from the shore, I determined to get to the land, by some means or other, and, at any cost, to procure provisions and bring them on board. The shore being very difficult of approach, because the wind was blowing from the pampas, the vast plains which extend far and wide, it was necessary to throw out two anchors to draw up a little nearer. I then embarked on the dining table, accompanied by one of my sailors, named Maurizio Garibaldi, and moved on towards the land, not navigating, but rolling through the breakers of that dangerous shore. In spite of the difficulty attending the enterprise we reached the river's bank in safety, and drew up our strange craft on the sand. Then, leaving my companion and namesake to refit, I set off for the house which I had seen from the vessel.

Walking up the bank I reached the level of the pampas, and then, for the first time in my life, caught a view of one of those vast South American plains. I was struck with admiration:—such a boundless scene of fertility, where wild horses and cattle were running free and unrestrained, feeding, resting, and racing at full speed, at will. My mind was filled with new, sublime and delightful emotions, as I passed on towards the solitary habitation to which I was bound. When I reached it I found a welcome, and easily obtained a promise of an abundant supply of food for my crew. The daughter of the proprietor of that vast estate

was an educated, refined and agreeable young lady, and even a poetess; and I spent the remainder of the day very pleasantly, in company with her and the rest of the family.

The next day I returned to the shore, with the quarters of a fat bullock which had been killed for me out of the immense herd of cattle, at the order of the proprietor. Maurizio and I fastened the meat to the legs of the table, which were in the air, the table itself being placed upside down on the water, and then we launched out into the river to make our way to the vessel. But the weight of the cargo and crew proved entirely too great, and we immediately began to sink until we stood in the water; and on reaching the breakers, the agitation caused so much rocking that it was almost impossible to proceed, or even to keep our footing. Indeed, we were in actual danger of drowning. But, after great exertions, we reached the Luisa with our load of provisions, and were hailed by the shouts of our companions, whose only hope for subsistence depended on our success.

The next day, while passing a small vessel called a *Balandra*, we thought of purchasing her launch, which we saw on her deck. We therefore made sail, boarded her, and made the purchase for thirty dollars. That day also we spent in sight of *Jesus Maria*.

IV

THE day after, while lying a little south of *Jesus Maria*, two launches came in sight and approached us in a friendly manner, with nothing in their appearance to excite suspicion. I made a signal agreed on with friends, but it was not answered; and then I hoisted sail, had the arms taken from the chests, and prepared to meet them as enemies. The launches held on towards us: the larger showed only three men on deck: but, when she came nearer, called on us to surrender, in the name of the Oriental Government. The next instant thirty men suddenly rose, as if by a miracle, and she ran up on our larboard side. I immediately gave command to "brace the yards," and then to "fire." An active engagement then commenced. The launch being then alongside of us, several of the enemy attempted to board us, but were driven back by a few shots and saber-cuts.

All this passed in a few moments. But my order to brace the yards was not obeyed, for my men were new and in confusion, and the few who began to haul at the weather braces found they had not been let go to leeward, and were unable to move them. Fiorentino, one of the best of the crew, who was at the helm, sprang forward to cast them off, when a musket ball struck him in the head and laid him dead on deck. The helm was now abandoned; and, as I was standing near, firing at the enemy, I seized the tiller, but the next moment received a bullet in my neck, which threw me down senseless, and I knew nothing more until the action was over. When I came to myself I found that an hour had elapsed, a hard fight had been maintained against a superior force, and a victory won, chiefly by the bravery of the Italians, the mate, Luigi Carniglia, the second mate, Pasquale Lodola, and the sailors Giovanni Lamberti and Maurizio Garibaldi. Two Maltese and all the Italians, except a Venitian, fought bravely. The others, with two negroes, sheltered themselves under the ballast of the vessel.

I found that the enemy had hauled off out of gun-shot. I ordered that our vessel should proceed up the river, in search of a place of retreat. When I first began to recover consciousness, I lay helpless, apparently dead, but felt as if unable to die. I was the only man on board who had any knowledge of navigation; and, as none of the others had a single idea of geography, or knew where to go, they at length brought me the chart. None of us had been in the waters of the Plata before, except Maurizio, who had sailed on the Uruguay. When I turned my dying eyes on the chart, I was unable to see distinctly, but made out to perceive that one place on the river was printed in large letters, and at length discovered that it was Santa Fé, on the Paraná, and thought we might there make a temporary harbor. So, pointing at it with my finger, and signifying as well as I could the direction and distance, I left the helmsman to himself.

All the sailors, except the Italians, were frightened by seeing my situation, and the corpse of Fiorentino, and by the apprehension of being treated as pirates wherever they might go. Every countenance wore an expression of terror; and at the earliest opportunity they deserted. In every

bird they observed on the water they imagined they saw an enemy's launch, sent to pursue them. The body of the unfortunate Fiorentino was buried the next day in the river, with the ceremonies usually practiced by sailors, as we were unable to anchor anywhere near the land. I was perhaps affected the more by the sad scene, because I was in so feeble a condition. I had never thought much about death, although I knew I was liable to it every moment; but I mourned deeply at the funeral of my friend Luigi, who was very dear indeed to me. Among the numerous poetical lines which occurred to my mind, was that beautiful verse of Ugo Foscolo:

“Un sasso che distingue le mie
Dall' infinite osse, che in terra
E in mar, semina Morte.”¹

My friend had promised me never to bury me in the water: but who can tell whether he would have been able to keep his promise? I could never have felt sure that my corpse would not feed the sea-wolves and acaves of the great river Plata. If it were so, then I should never have seen Italy again; never fought for her—which was the great wish of my life: but then, too, I never should have seen her sink into ignominy. Who would have said to the amiable Luigi that, within a year, Garibaldi would see him swallowed up in the surges of the ocean, and that he would search for his corpse, to bury it on a foreign shore, and to mark the spot with a stone, for the eyes of strangers? Luigi deserved my kind regard; for he attended me, with the care of a mother, during the whole voyage from Mayaguay. During all my sufferings, which were very severe, I had no relief but what he afforded me, by his constant care and kind services. I wish to express my gratitude to God for sending me such a friend.

V

OUR vessel arrived at Gualaguay, where we were very cordially received and kindly treated by Captain Luca Tartabal, of the schooner *Pintoresca*, and his passengers, inhabitants of

¹Let a stone distinguish mine from the innumerable bones which Death sows on land and in the sea.

that town. That vessel had met ours in the neighborhood of Hiem, and, on being asked for provisions by Luigi, they had offered to keep company with us to their destination. They warmly recommended us to the governor of the province, Don Pasquale Echague, who was pleased, when going away, to leave his own surgeon with me, Dr. Ramon del Orco, a young Argentine. He soon extracted the ball from my neck and cured me. I resided in the house of Don Jacinto Andreas during the six months which I spent in that place, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness and courtesy, as well as for those which I received from his family.

But I was not free. With all the friendliness of Echague, and the sympathy shown me by the inhabitants of the town, I was not permitted to leave it without the permission of Rosas, the traitor of Buenos Ayres, who never acted for a good reason. My wound being healed, I was allowed to take rides on horse-back, even to a distance of twelve miles, and was supplied with a dollar a day for my subsistence, which was a large sum for that country, where there is but little opportunity to spend money. But all this was not liberty. I was then given to understand by certain persons (whether friends or enemies), that it had been ascertained that the government would not wish to prevent my escape if I should attempt it. I therefore determined to gain my freedom, believing that it would be easier than it proved, and that the attempt would not be regarded as a serious offense.

The commandant of Gualaguay was named Millau. He had not treated me ill, but it was very doubtful what his feelings towards me really were, as he had never expressed any interest in me.

Having after a time formed my plan, I began to make preparations. One evening, while the weather was tempestuous, I left home and went in the direction of a good old man, whom I was accustomed to visit at his residence, three miles from Gualaguay. On arriving, I got him to describe with precision the way which I intended to take, and engaged him to find me a guide, with horses, to conduct me to Hueng, where I hoped to find vessels in which I might go, *incognito*, to Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. Horses and a

guide were procured. I had fifty-four miles to travel, and that distance I *devoured* in less than half a night, going almost the whole way on the gallop. When day broke, we were at an estancia, within about half a mile of the town. My guide then told me to wait in the bushes where we were, while he went to inquire the news at the house. I complied, and he left me. I dismounted and tied my horse to a tree with the bridle, and waited a long time. At length, not seeing him return, I walked to the edge of the bushes, and looked about in search of him, when I heard behind me a trampling of horses; and, on turning round, discovered a band of horsemen, who were rushing upon me with their sabers drawn. They were already between me and my horse, and any attempt to escape would have been fruitless—still more any effort at resistance. I was immediately seized and bound, with my hands behind me, and then placed upon a miserable horse, and had my feet tied under him. In that condition I was taken back to Gualaguay, where still worse treatment awaited me.

Such were the impressions made upon my feelings by the barbarous usage which I received at that time, that I have never since been able to recall the circumstances without a peculiar agitation of mind; and I regard that period as the most painful of my life.

When brought into the presence of Millau, who was waiting for me at the door of the prison, he asked me who had furnished me with the means of escape. When he found that he could draw no information from me on that subject, he began to beat me most brutally with a club which he had in his hand. He then put a rope over a beam in the prison, and hung me up in the air by my hands, bound together as they were. For two hours the wretch kept me suspended in that manner. My whole body was thrown into a high, feverish heat. I felt as if burning in a furnace. I frequently swallowed water, which was allowed me, but without being able to quench my raging thirst. The sufferings which I endured after being unbound were indescribable: yet I did not complain. I lay like a dead man; and it is easy to believe that I must have suffered extremely. I had first traveled fifty-four miles through a marshy country, where

the insects are insufferable at that season of the year, and then I had returned the same distance, with my hands and feet bound, and entirely exposed to the terrible stings of the zingara, or mosquito, which assailed me with vigor; and, after all this, I had to undergo the tortures of Millau, who had the heart of an assassin.

Andreas, the man who had assisted me, was put into prison; and all the inhabitants were terrified, so that, had it not been for the generous spirit of a lady, I probably should have lost my life. That lady was Señora Aleman, to whom I love to express my gratitude. She is worthy of the warmest terms of admiration, and deserves the title of "angelo generoso di bontà" (generous angel of goodness). Spurning every suggestion of fear, she came forward to the assistance of the tortured prisoner; and from that time I wanted nothing—thanks to my benefactress!

A few days after, I was removed to Bajada, the capital of the province, and I remained a prisoner in that city for two months. I was then informed, by Governor Echague, that I should be allowed to leave the province. Although I professed different principles from his, and had fought for a different cause, I have ever been ready to acknowledge my obligations to that officer, and always desired an opportunity to prove my gratitude to him for granting me everything that was in his power to give, and, most of all, my liberty.

I took passage in a Genoese brig, commanded by Captain Ventura, a man of such a character that he had risen superior to the principles inculcated in Italian youth by their priestly instructors. From him I received the most gentlemanly treatment on my passage to Guassu. There I embarked for Montevideo in a balandra, commanded by Pascuale Corbona, who likewise treated me with great kindness. Good fortune and misfortune thus often succeeded each other.

VI

AFTER the capture of the Sumaca, the imperial merchant vessels no longer set sail without a convoy, but were always accompanied by vessels of war; and it became a difficult thing to capture them. The expeditions of the launches were,

therefore, limited to a few cruises in the Lagoon, and with little success, as we were watched by the Imperialists, both by land and by water. In a surprise made by the chief, Francisco de Abrea, the whole of my band was near being cut off with its leader.

While the launches were lying drawn up, as before mentioned, and the repairs were busily going on, some of the sailors were engaged with the sails, and some at other occupations, near them, while several were employed in making charcoal, or keeping watch as sentinels, every one being busy about something,—by some unexpected chance, Francisco de Albera, commonly called Moringue, determined to surprise us; and, although he did not succeed in his design, he gave us not a little trouble. A surprise certainly was effected on that occasion, and in a masterly manner.

We had been on patrols all night, and all the men had been, a short time before, assembled in the Galpon, where the arms were loaded and deposited. It was a beautiful morning, though cloudy; and nothing seemed to be stirring, but all around was silent and apparently lonely. Observations, however, were made around the camp, with the greatest care, without discovering a trace of anything new. About nine o'clock, most of the people were set at work, in cutting wood; and for this purpose were scattered about at considerable distances. I had then about fifty men for the two launches; and it happened that day, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, our wants being peculiar, that only a very few remained near the boats. I was sitting by the fire, where breakfast was cooking, and was just then taking some *Matté*. Near by was the cook, and no other person.

All on a sudden, and as if just over my head, I heard a tremendous volley of firearms, accompanied by a yell, and saw a company of the enemy's horsemen marching on. I had hardly time to rise and take my stand at the door of the Galpon, for at that instant one of the enemy's lances made a hole through my poncho. It was our good fortune to have our arms all loaded, as I have before mentioned, and placed in the Galpon, in consequence of our having been in a state of alarm all night. They were placed inside of the building, against the wall, ready and convenient for

use. I immediately began to seize the muskets and discharge them in turn, and shot down many of the enemy. Ignacio Bilbao, a brave Biscayan, and Lorenzo N., a courageous Genoese, were at my side in a moment; and then Eduardo Mutru, a native of the country, Raffaele and Procopio, one a mulatto and the other a black, and Francisco. I wish I could remember the names of all my bold companions, who, to the number of thirteen, assembled around me, and fought a hundred and fifty enemies, from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon, killing and wounding many of them, and finally forcing them to retreat.

Among our assailants were eighty Germans, in the infantry, who were accustomed to accompany Maringue in such expeditions, and were skillful soldiers, both on foot and on horseback. When they had reached the spot, they had dismounted and surrounded the house, taking advantage of the ground, and of some rough places, from which they poured upon us a terrible fire from different sides. But, as often happens in surprises, by not completing their operations and closing, men ordinarily act as they please. If, instead of taking positions, the enemy had advanced upon the Galpon, and attacked us resolutely, we should have been entirely lost, without the power to resist their first attack. And we were more exposed than we might ordinarily have been in any other building, because, to allow the frequent passage of carts, the sides of the magazine were left open.

In vain did they attempt to press us more closely, and assemble against the end walls. In vain did they get upon the roofs, break them up and throw upon our heads the fragments and burning thatch. They were driven away by our muskets and lances. Through loop-holes, which I made through the walls, many were killed and many wounded. Then, pretending to be a numerous body in the building, we sang the republican hymn of Rio Grande, raising our voices as loud as possible, and appeared at the doors, flourishing our lances, and by every device endeavoring to make our numbers appear multiplied.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the enemy retired, having many wounded, among whom was their chief. They left six dead near the Galpon, and several others at some

distance. We had eight wounded, out of fourteen. Rosetti, and our other comrades, who were separated from us, had not been able to join us. Some of them were obliged to cross the river by swimming; others ran into the forest; and one only, found by the enemy, was killed. That battle, with so many dangers, and with so brilliant a result, gave much confidence to our troops, and to the inhabitants of that coast, who had been for a long time exposed to the inroads of that adroit and enterprising enemy, Maringue.

We celebrated the victory, rejoicing at our deliverance from a tempest of no small severity. At an estancia, twelve miles distant, when the news of the engagement was received, a young lady inquired, with a pallid cheek and evident anxiety, whether Garibaldi was alive. When I was informed of this, I rejoiced at it more than at the victory itself. Yes! Beautiful daughter of America! (for she was a native of the Province of Rio Grande,) I was proud and happy to enjoy your friendship, though the destined bride of another. Fate reserved for me another Brazilian female—to me the only one in the world whom I now lament, and for whom I shall weep all my days. She knew me when I was in misfortune; and her interest in me, stronger than any merit of my own, conquered her for me, and united us forever.

VII

THE Lake or Lagoon Dos Tatos is about 45 leagues in length, or 135 miles, and from eleven to twenty miles in medium width. Near its mouth, on the right shore, stands a strong place, called Southern Rio Grande, while Northern Rio Grande is on the opposite side. Both are fortified towns, and were then in possession of the Imperialists, as well as Porto Allegre. The enemy were therefore masters of the lake by water. It was thought impossible for the Republicans to pass through the outlet which leads from the lake to the sea, and as that was the only water passage, we were obliged to prepare to effect a way of communication by land. This could be done only by transporting the launches on carts over the intermediate country. In the northern part of the lake is a deep bay, called Cassibani, which takes its name from a small river that empties in at its further side. That bay was

chosen as the place for landing the launches; and the operation was performed on the right bank. An inhabitant of that part of the province, named De Abrea, had prepared wheels of great solidity, connected two and two by axles, proportioned to the weight of the vessels. About two hundred domestic oxen were then collected, with the assistance of the neighboring inhabitants, and, by their labor, the launches were drawn to the shore and got into the water, being carried on wheels, placed at proportionate distances from each other. Care, however, was taken to keep them in such positions that the center of gravity should be preserved, by supporting the vessels laterally, without disturbing the free action of the wheels. Very strong ropes were, of course, provided, to attach the oxen to the wheels.

Thus the vessels of the Republican squadron started off, navigating across the fields. The oxen worked well, they being well placed and prepared for drawing freely in the most convenient manner. They traveled a distance of fifty-four miles without any difficulty, presenting a curious and unprecedented spectacle in those regions. On the shore of Lake Tramandai the launches were taken from the carts and put into the water, and then loaded with necessaries and rigged for sailing.

Lake Tramandai, which is formed by the streams falling from the chain of Espenasso, empties into the Atlantic, but is very shallow, having only about four feet of water at high tide; besides, on that coast, which is very open and alluvial, the sea is never tranquil, even in the most favorable weather: but the numerous breakers incessantly stun the ear, and from a distance of many miles their roar sounds like peals of thunder.

Being ready to sail, we awaited the hour of the tide and then ventured out, about four o'clock in the afternoon. In those circumstances, practical skill in guiding vessels among breakers was of great value, and without it it is hard to say how we could ever have succeeded in getting through them, for the propitious hour of the tide was passed, and the water was not deep enough. However, notwithstanding this, at the beginning of the night our exertions were crowned with entire success, and we cast anchor in the open sea,

outside of the furious breakers. It should be known here, and borne in mind, that no vessel of any kind had ever before passed out from the mouth of the Tramandai. At about eight in the evening we departed from that place, and at three in the afternoon of the following day were wrecked at the mouth of the Arevingua, with the loss of sixteen of the company in the Atlantic, and with the destruction of the launch Rio Pardo, which was under my command, in the terrible breakers of that coast. The particulars of that sad disaster were as follows:

Early in the evening the wind threatened from the south, preparing for a storm, and beginning to blow with violence. We followed the coast. The launch Rio Pardo, with thirty men on board, a twelve pounder on a pivot, and some extra rigging, taken for precaution, as I was unacquainted with that navigation, seemed strong and well-prepared for us to sail towards the enemy's country. But our vessels lay deep in the water, and sometimes sank so low into the sea, that they were in danger of foundering. They would occasionally remain several minutes under the waves. I determined to approach the land and find out where we were; but, the winds and waves increasing, we had no choice, and were compelled to stand off again, and were soon involved in the frightful breakers. I was at that moment on the top of the mast, hoping to discover some point of the coast less dangerous to approach. By a sudden turn the vessel was rolled violently to starboard, and I was thrown some distance overboard. Although in such a perilous situation, I did not even think of death; but, knowing I had many companions who were not seamen and were suffering from sea sickness, I endeavored to collect as many oars and other buoyant objects as possible, and brought them near the vessel, advising each man to take one to assist him in reaching the shore.

The first one who came near to me, holding to a shroud, was Eduardo Mutru; and to him I gave a dead-light, recommending to him not to let go of it on any account. Carniglia, the courageous man who was at the helm at the moment of the catastrophe, remained confined to the vessel on the windward side, being held down in such a manner, by a Calmuc jacket which confined his limbs, that he could not free

himself. He made me a sign that he wanted my assistance, and I sprang forward to relieve my dear friend. I had in the pocket of my trousers a small knife with a handle; this I took, and with all the strength I was master of, began to cut the collar, which was made of velvet. I had just divided it when the miserable instrument broke,—a surge came over us, and sunk the vessel and all that it contained.

I struck the bottom of the sea, like a shot; and the waters, which washed violently around me like whirlpools, half-suffocated me. I rose again: but my unfortunate friend was gone forever! A portion of the crew I found dispersed, and making every exertion to gain the coast by swimming. I succeeded among the first; and the next thing, after setting my feet upon the land, was to turn and discover the situation of my comrades. Eduardo appeared, at a short distance. He had left the dead-light which I had given him, or, as is more probable, the violence of the waves had torn it from his grasp, and was struggling alone, with an appearance that indicated that he was reduced to an extremity. I loved Eduardo like a brother, and was affected beyond measure at his condition. Ah! I was sensitive in those days! My heart had never been hardened; and I was generous. I rushed towards my dear friend, reaching out to him the piece of wood which had saved me on my way to the shore. I had got very near him; and, excited by the importance of the undertaking, should have saved him: but a surge rolled over us both; and I was under water for a moment. I rallied, and called out, not seeing him appear; I called in desperation,—but in vain. The friend dear to my heart was sunk in the waves of that ocean which he had not feared, in his desire to join with me in serving the cause of mankind. Another martyr to Italian liberty, without a stone, in a foreign land!

The bodies of sixteen of my companions, drowned in the sea, were transported a distance of thirty miles, to the northern coast, and buried in its immense sands. Several of the remainder were brought to land. There were seven Italians. I can mention Luigi Carniglia, Eduardo Mutru, Luigi Stadirini, Giovanni D.,—but three other names I do not remember. Some were good swimmers. In vain I looked

among those who were saved, to discover any Italian faces. All my countrymen were dead. My feelings overpowered me. The world appeared to me like a desert. Many of the company who were neither seamen nor swimmers were saved.

I found a barrel of brandy, which I thought a valuable acquisition, and told Manuel Rodriguez to open it, and give some to each of the survivors, to invigorate them. Efforts were made to open the cask: but, fatigued as we all were, much time was spent in performing the task; and, in the meantime, the men became so much chilled, that they might have perished, if the thought had not occurred to me to set them all running, in order to restore their strength by keeping their blood in circulation. "Come, let us run!" I said to them; and then, starting off myself and running as fast as I could towards the north, they would follow me, until unable to go further. I repeated this until I thought they no longer required exercise; and am sure that my own life, at least, was saved by the expedient,—for without the effort, I must have fallen a victim to fatigue and cold. Thus running along the shore, we encouraged each other, to go further and further. It made a bend, at some distance; and on the inner side is the Arasingua, which runs almost parallel with the sea at that place, to its mouth, half a mile distant. We then followed the right bank; and, after going about four miles, found an inhabited house, where we were received with the greatest hospitality.

The *Seival*, our other launch, commanded by Griggs, being of a different construction from the *Rio Pardo*, was better able to sustain itself, although but little larger, against the violence of the storm, and had held on her course.

VIII

THAT part of the Province of St. Catherine where we had been shipwrecked, fortunately had risen in insurrection against the empire on receiving the news of the approach of the Republican forces; and therefore we were well received, found friends, were feasted, and at once obtained everything necessary, at least everything which those good people had to offer. We were soon furnished with what we needed to enable us to join the vanguard of Canabarro, commanded by

Colonel Terceira, which was setting off on a rapid march, to surprise Laguna. And, indeed, the enterprise was very successful. The garrison of that little city, consisting of about four hundred men, took up a forced march in retreat; and three small vessels of war surrendered after a short resistance. I went with my shipwrecked sailors on board the sloop Itaparica, which had seven guns. Fortune smiled so much on the Republicans in those first days of the usurpation, that it seemed as if Providence was pleased to grant us success. The Imperialists, not knowing and not believing that such an expedition could be sent so suddenly to Laguna, but having information that an invasion was meditated by us, had a supply of arms and ammunition then on the way, which, with soldiers and everything, fell into our hands. The inhabitants received us like brothers and liberators: a character which we well merited, and which we sustained during our stay among those very kind and good people.

At that time occurred one of the most important events of my life. I had never thought of matrimony, but had considered myself incapable of it from being of too independent a disposition, and too much inclined to adventure. To have a wife and children appeared to me decidedly repulsive, as I had devoted my whole life to one principle, which, however good it might be, could not leave me the quietness necessary to the father of a family. But my destiny guided me in a different direction from what I had designed for myself. By the loss of Luigi Carniglia, Eduardo and my other comrades, I was left in a state of complete isolation, and felt as if alone in the world. Not one of those friends of my heart remained. I felt the greatest possible need of them. All the friends I now had were new ones: good, it is true, but not one of them really an intimate one. And this change had been made so unexpectedly, and in so terrible a manner, that it was impossible to overcome the impressions it had made upon my feelings. I felt the want of some one to love me, and a desire that such a one might be very soon supplied, as my present state of mind seemed insupportable.

Rosetti was a brother to me: but he could not live with me, and I could see him but rarely. I desired a friend

of a different character; for, although still young, I had considerable knowledge of men, and knew enough to understand what was necessary for me in a true friend. One of the other sex, I thought must supply the vacant place, for I had always regarded woman as the most perfect of creatures, and believe it far easier to find a loving heart among that sex.

I walked the deck of the Itaparica, with my mind revolving these things, and finally came to the conclusion to seek for some lady possessing the character which I desired. I one day cast a casual glance at a house in the Burra, (the eastern part of the entrance of the Jayuna,) and there observed a young female whose appearance struck me as having something very extraordinary. So powerful was the impression made upon me at the moment, though from some cause which I was not able fully to ascertain, that I gave orders and was transported towards the house. But then I knew of no one to whom I could apply for an introduction. I soon, however, met with a person, an inhabitant of the town, who had been acquainted with me from the time of arrival. I soon received an invitation to take coffee with his family, and the first person who entered was the lady whose appearance had so mysteriously but irresistibly drawn me to the place. I saluted her; we were soon acquainted; and I found that the hidden treasure which I had discovered was of rare and inestimable worth. But I have since reproached myself for removing her from her peaceful native retirement to scenes of danger, toil and suffering. I felt most deeply self-reproach on that day when, at the mouth of the Po, having landed, in our retreat from an Austrian squadron, while still hoping to restore her to life, on taking her pulse I found her a corpse, and sang the hymn of despair. I prayed for forgiveness, for I thought of the sin of taking her from her home.

Little or nothing of importance, after this, took place in the Lagoon. The building of our launches was commenced; and the materials were obtained from the remains of the prizes, and by the assistance of the neighboring inhabitants, who were always friendly, and forward in aiding me. Two launches having been completed and armed, the band were called to Itaparica, to coöperate with the army, then besieging the capital of the province, Porto Allegre.

The three vessels which were armed, and destined to make an excursion on the ocean, were the Rio Pardo, which was under my command, and the Casapava, under Griggs—both schooners—and lastly, the Seival, which had come from Rio Grande, commanded by the Italian, Lorenzo. The mouth of the Lagoon was blockaded by Imperial vessels of war; but we went out by night, without falling in with any of them, and steered north. When we had reached the latitude of Santos, we met an Imperial corvette, which chased us two days in vain,—when we approached the Island of Abrigo, where we captured two Sumacas. This is a kind of vessel, so named by the Brazilians, being a sort of sloop. We then proceeded on the cruise, and took several other prizes. After eight days' sailing we returned towards the Lagoon.

I had conceived a singular presentiment of the state of things in that region, because, before my departure, the people of St. Catherine's had begun to show a bad humor, and it was known that a strong corps of troops was approaching, commanded by General Andrea, who was famous for precipitation, and his atrocious system of warfare, which made him much feared. When off St. Catherine's, on our return, we met a Brazilian patachio, which is a sort of brig-schooner,—the Rio Pardo and the Seival being together, the Casapava having parted company a few nights before, when it was very dark.

We were discovered; and there was no escape. We therefore attacked them, and opened a fire. The enemy replied bravely; but the action could produce but little effect, because the sea was very rough. The result, however, was the loss of several of our prizes, the commanders of some of which, being frightened by the superior force of the enemy, struck their flags, while others steered for the neighboring coast. Only one of the prizes was saved, that commanded by the brave Ignacio Bilbao, which went ashore in the port of Imbituba, and remained in our possession. The Seival had her gun dismounted in the engagement, and having sprung a leak, took the same direction, and I was obliged to abandon the prizes.

We entered Imbituba with a northerly wind, which changed to the south in the night, and thus rendered it impossible to enter the Lagoon. It was to be presumed that we would be

attacked by the Imperial vessels stationed at the island of St. Catherine's, because information would be carried to them by that with which we had the engagement. It was therefore necessary to make preparations; and the *Seival's* dismounted gun was placed on a promontory which forms the bay on the eastern side, and a battery was formed of gabions. At daylight three Imperial vessels were discovered approaching. The *Rio Pardo*, which was at anchor at the bottom of the bay, commenced the action, which was rather a singular one, the Imperialists being in incomparably superior force. The enemy, being favored by the wind in maneuvering, kept under sail, and gave a furious fire, from favorable positions, all of them upon my one poor little schooner. She, however, maintained the fight with resolution, and at close quarters,—even carbines being used on both sides.

But the injuries done were in inverse proportion to the forces of the two parties; for the Republican vessel was soon strewn with dead bodies, while the hull was riddled and the spars destroyed. We had resolved to fight to the last; and this resolution was increased by the Brazilian *Amazon* on board. My wife not only refused to land, but took an active part in the engagement. If the crew fought with resolution, they received no little aid from the brave *Manuel Rodriguez*, who commanded the battery, and kept up a well-directed and effective fire. The enemy were very determined, but operated chiefly against the schooner; and I several times believed, as they came up, that they were going to board us,—and was prepared for everything, except to submit.

At length, after several hours spent in active fight, the enemy retired, on account, as was said, of the death of the commander of the *Bella Americana*, one of their vessels. We spent the remainder of the day in burying our dead and in repairing our greatest damages.

During the following day the enemy remained at a distance, and we made preparations for fighting, and also for escape by sailing to the Lagoon, the wind being then more favorable.

IX

CHANGES were expected to take place at Laguna on the approach of the enemy, who were very strong on land; and little good-will shown by St. Catherine's induced some of the towns to rise against the Republican authority. Among these was the town of Jamaica, a place situated at the extremity of the lake. Canabarro gave me a peremptory charge to reduce it, and, as a punishment, to sack it. The garrison had made preparations for defense towards the water; but I landed at the distance of three miles, and attacked them unexpectedly from the mountains. The garrison being discomfited and put to flight, the troops under my command were soon in possession of the town. I wish, for myself, and for every other person who has not forgotten to be a man, to be exempt from the necessity of witnessing the sack of a town. A long and minute description would not be sufficient to give a just idea of the baseness and wickedness of such a deed. May God save me from such a spectacle hereafter! I never spent a day of such wretchedness and in such lamentation. I was filled with horror; and the fatigue I endured in restraining personal violence was excessive. As for preventing robbery, that was impossible. A terrible state of disorder prevailed. The authority of a commander availed nothing; nor could all the exertions made by myself and a few officers control their unbridled cupidity. It had no effect to threaten them that the enemy would return to the fight in much greater numbers, and if they should take them by surprise, disbanded and intoxicated, would make a sacrifice of them,—though that was true to the letter. Nothing would prevent them from engaging in a general scene of pillage. The town, though small, unfortunately contained a vast quantity of spirits; and drunkenness soon became general. The men who were with me were new levies, whom I did not know, and wholly undisciplined. I am sure that if even fifty of the enemy had appeared, in those circumstances, we should have been lost.

After a long time, by threats, blows, and some wounds, those wild beasts were marched out and embarked; several pipes of spirits were shipped for the division, and we returned to the Lagoon, while the Republican vanguard was

retiring before the enemy, who were advancing with celerity, and very strong.

When we reached the Lagoon, we took the baggage across to the right shore.

That day I had much to do; for, if the men were not very numerous, there were many embarrassments, and many horses to be taken care of. And besides, the outlet of the Lagoon was narrow at the entrance, the current was strong, and when this was not found, the shores were not distant. I had to labor, therefore, from morning until near noon, to get the division over, and then stood near the bar to observe the enemy's vessels, which were advancing in combination with the land forces with a great number of troops on board.

Before ascending the mountain, I had already sent information to the General that the enemy were preparing to force the passage of the bar, having been able to discover the enemy's vessels while I was effecting the transport. Having reached the other side, I satisfied myself of the fact. The enemy had twenty-two vessels, all adapted to the entrance. I then repeated the message; but either the General was doubtful, or his men wanted to eat or to rest. The fact was, that not a man arrived in time to assist in operating at the point where our infantry had been posted, and where we might have made great havoc with the enemy. Resistance was made by the battery situated on the eastern point, commanded by the brave Captain Capotto; but, in consequence of the want of practice on the part of the cannoniers, very little damage was done. The same result was experienced by the three vessels under my command, the crews of which were very small, many of the men that day being on land; and thus some would rest, and others would not expose themselves to the tremendous battle which was preparing. I was at my post in the Rio Pardo; and my wife, the incomparable Anita, fired the first shot, putting the match to the gun with her own hand, and animating with her voice the timid and the hesitating.

The battle was short, but a murderous one. Not many were killed, because very few were on board; but I was the only officer in the three vessels left alive. All the enemy's squadron entered, making a tremendous fire, favored by the wind and

the current flowing in, by which their velocity was much increased, and anchored at the distance of a cannon-shot from our vessels, still keeping up their cannonade. I asked Canabarro for men to continue the battle; but received, in answer, an order to destroy the vessels and retire, with all the remainder that could be landed. I had sent Anna with the message, directing her to remain on shore; but she returned on board with the answer, showing a coolness and courage which excited my astonishment and highest admiration. To her boldness and exertions was due the saving of the ammunition, which was safely landed. When this was effected, I remained alone on board, having yet to perform the last act of setting the little flotilla on fire. The enemy still continued their severe cannonade. I had to contemplate a terrible spectacle on every vessel, as I visited them all in succession, the decks being strewn with the dead.

Among the many sufferings of my stormy life, I have not been without happy moments; and among them, I count that in which, at the head of the few men remaining to me after numerous conflicts, and who had gained the character of bravery, I first mounted, and commenced my march, with my wife at my side, in a career which had always attractions for me, even greater than that of the sea. It seemed to me of little importance that my entire property was that which I carried, and that I was in the service of a poor republic, unable to pay anybody. I had a saber and a carbine, which I carried on the front of my saddle. My wife was my treasure, and no less fervent in the cause of the people than myself; and she looked upon battles as an amusement, and the inconveniences of a life in the field as a pastime. Then, whatever might happen, I was looked upon with smiles; and the more wild the extensive and desert American plains appeared, the more beautiful and delightful they seemed to our eyes. I thought myself in the performance of my duty, in encountering and overcoming the dangers to which I exposed myself, as the object I had in view was the good of men who needed my aid.

X

I HAVE served the cause of the people in America, and served it with sincerity, as I everywhere fought against absolutism. Being warmly attached to the system corresponding with my convictions, I was equally opposed in my feelings to the opposite system. I have always rather pitied than hated men who have been led to selfishness by misfortune; and, when now viewing the scenes I passed through, from a far distant country, and long after their occurrence, the accounts contained in the succeeding pages may be regarded as impartial, with the care which has been taken in recording facts, reviewing occurrences, and making allowances for men and circumstances.

It may be unhesitatingly asserted that "*The Sons of the Continent*," (the name given to the people of Rio Grande,) were most ardent and intrepid men. This character I claim for them, after having had many opportunities to form a correct opinion. The occupation of Lages by our troops was therefore a very bold step, with the intention of defending it against an enemy ten times superior and victorious, and divided from them only by the river Canoas, which could not be defended, and far from any auxiliaries who might have wished to aid the Republicans. Many days passed before the junction of Aranha and Portinho; and, during all that time, the enemy were kept at bay by a small band of men. The reinforcements had no sooner arrived, than the Republicans marched resolutely against the enemy: but the Imperialists did not accept the offer of a battle, but retired when we approached, making a stand in the Province of San Paolo, where they were to be joined by large reënforcements of infantry and cavalry. The Republicans then felt the defect and the evils of being composed chiefly of men brave indeed, but who did not know the importance of keeping their ranks, except when the enemy appeared, and relaxed in discipline whenever they were either far distant, or remained near without showing inclination of a speedy battle.

That fault was almost their ruin, and a more enterprising enemy would have known how to take advantage of it. The Serranos, (or people of the neighboring mountains,) began

to leave the files, and throw their lazos, not only over their own horses, but over those belonging to the division. Those of Portinho, (the people of the Province of Missions,) followed their example; and the force was soon so far reduced, that they were obliged to abandon Lages, and retire to the province of Rio Grande, fearing an attack from the enemy. The rest of the forces, being thus weakened, and in want of necessaries, especially clothing, which was quite indispensable in consequence of the commencement of cold weather so early in those elevated regions, began to lose their spirits, and demanded, with a loud voice, to return to their homes. Colonel Terceira was then obliged to yield to so many necessities, and ordered me to descend the Serra and rejoin the army, while he prepared to follow me.

XI

THE enemy, for the purpose of making excursions into the country, had partly garrisoned with infantry the strong places. San Jose del Norte was in such a situation. That place, which stands on the north shore of the outlet of the Lake Dos Patos, was one of its keys; and the possession of it would have been sufficient to change the face of things. The town was taken, and the Republican troops gave themselves up to pillage and riot.

In the meantime the Imperialists, having recovered from their surprise, assembled in a strong quarter, and made head. The Republicans assaulted them and were repulsed. The combatants endeavored to renew the attack, but did not meet, or, if they met, they were unfit for fighting. Some had damaged their muskets by breaking doors, and others had lost their flints. The enemy lost no time. A few vessels of war lay in the harbor. They took positions and raked the streets occupied by the Republicans, sent to Southern Rio Grande for aid, and occupied the only fort which they had not taken.

The largest fort, called the Emperor's Fort, situated in the center of the line of fortifications, and which had cost them a great assault, was rendered useless by a tremendous explosion, which killed and wounded a great number. In short, the greatest triumph was changed, towards noon, to a shameful

retreat, almost to a flight. Good men wept with anger and disappointment. The loss of the Republicans was comparatively immense. From that time their infantry was a mere skeleton. A few cavalry belonged to the expedition, and they served as a protection on the retreat. The division marched to their barracks of Buena Vista, and I remained at San Simon with the marine, which was reduced to about fifty individuals, including officers and soldiers.

My object in staying at that place was to prepare some canoes, (boats made of single trees,) and to open communications with the other parts of the lake; but, in the months which I spent there, the canoes did not make their appearance; and for the reason that they had existed only in idea. Instead of boats, I therefore occupied myself with procuring horses, there being an abundance of wild ones, which furnished much occupation to the sailors, who became so many knights, though all of them did not manage their steeds with superior dexterity. And San Simon is a very beautiful and spacious place, although at that time destroyed and abandoned. It was said to belong to an exiled Count San Simon, or his exiled heirs, who had left home because of opinions different from those of the Republicans. There being no masters there, we strangers fed on the cattle and rode the horses.

At that place our first child was born, on the 10th of September, 1840. The young mother, although so short a time before united to her martial husband, had already passed through many trials and dangers. After the terrible affair with the Brazilian men of war, she had accompanied me on the marches, and even in the battles described in the preceding pages, and had endured great fatigue and hunger, and had several falls from her horse. During her stay at the house of an inhabitant of the place, she received the greatest kindness from the family and their neighbors; and I shall ever entertain to those who have shown kindness to me, and especially to my wife, "*Sarò reconscientissimo, a quella buona gente, tutta la mia vita*" (I shall be most thankful to those good people all my life). It was of the highest importance that she had the comforts of that house and those friends at that time, for the miseries suffered by the army then rose to their height, and I was absolutely destitute of

everything necessary for my wife and little son; and in order to procure some clothes, I determined to make a journey to Settembrina, where I had several friends, particularly the kind-hearted Blingini, who would cheerfully supply me with some things I wished to procure for them.

I accordingly set out to cross the inundated fields of that part of the province, then all drenched by the rains. I traveled day after day in water up to my horse's belly, and crossed the *Rossa Velha*, (an old cultivated field,) where I met Captain Massimo, of the Free Lancers, who treated me like a true and good friend, as he was. He was posted for the guard of the *Cavalladas*. I arrived at that place at evening, in a heavy rain, and spent the night; and the next day the storm having increased, the good Captain determined to detain me at all hazards,—but I was too much in haste to accomplish my object, to be willing to defer my journey, and I set off again, in spite of every remonstrance, to brave the flood. After going a few miles, I heard several musket-shots in the direction of the place I had left, which raised some suspicion in my mind, but I could only go on. Having reached Settembrina, I bought some little articles of clothing, and set out on my return towards San Simon. When I had recrossed the *Rossa Velha*, I learned the cause of the firing I had heard, and the most melancholy accident which happened on the day of my departure.

Moringue, the man who surprised me at Camacua, had now surprised Captain Massimo, and notwithstanding a very brave resistance, left him dead, with almost all his thirty lancers of the garrison. Most of the horses, including the best of them, had been embarked, the remaining ones were almost all killed. Moringue executed the operation with vessels of war and infantry, and then reëmbarked the infantry, going himself by land towards Rio Grande del Norte, alarming all the little forces, which, thinking themselves safe, were scattered about that territory. Among these was my band of sailors, who were obliged to take their clubs and go into the woods, taking my wife with them, who mounted the saddle, to avoid the enemy, with her infant, then only twelve days old, although it was in the midst of the storm.

On my return I could not find any of my men, or any of

the friends with whom I had left my family; but I discovered them at length in the edge of a wood, where they remained without any certain news of the enemy. We went back to San Simon, where I remained some time, and then removed my camp to the left bank of the Capivari.

XII

IN the meantime the situation of the Republican army grew worse and worse. Every day their necessities became more pressing, while, at the same time, the difficulty of satisfying them became greater. The two battles of Taguare and Norte had destroyed the infantry, so that the battalions had become mere skeletons. Prevailing wants produced discontent, and that led to desertions. The inhabitants, as usually happens in long wars, were wearied, and looked with indifference upon the forces of the two parties. In such a state of things the Imperialists made proposals for an arrangement which, although advantageous, considering the circumstances of the Republicans, were not acceptable and not accepted by the most generous portion of the enemy. Their rejection much increased the discontent of the extreme and disgusted party, and finally the abandonment of the siege, and the retreat were decisive. The Canabarro division, of which the marine formed a part, was to begin the movement, and climb the passes of the Serra, occupied by General Labattue. Bento Gonzales, with the rest of the army, was to march behind, covering the movements.

The retreat was commenced in the worst season, among the broken ridges of the mountain, in an almost unintermitted rain, and was the most disagreeable and terrible which I had ever seen. We had supplied ourselves with a few cows, which we brought with us, there being no animals among the toilsome paths which we were to travel, made impracticable by the rains. The numerous rivers were extremely swollen, and much of the baggage was carried away by the torrents. The troops marched in the rain, and without food; encamped without food in the rain. Between one river and another, those who were appointed to keep near the cows, had meat, but the others were in a terrible condition, especially the poor infantry, for everything failed them except horse-flesh.

There were some dreadful scenes. Many women followed the army, according to the custom of the country, and many children. But few of the latter came out of the forest, and some were picked up by the horsemen, one of whom, here and there, was fortunate enough to save his horse, and with him a poor little creature, left by its dead or dying mother, who had fallen a victim to hunger, fatigue, and cold.

Anna was much distressed by the apprehension of losing her little son, Menotti, who was saved with difficulty, and as if by a miracle. In the most difficult parts of the road, and in crossing rivers, I carried my poor little child, then three months old, in a handkerchief tied round my neck, contriving to keep him warm with my breath. Of about a dozen animals—horses and mules—with which we entered the woods, some of them used for the saddle and some for baggage, there remained only two horses and two mules. The others had tired, and were abandoned. To crown our misfortunes, the guides had mistaken the road; and that was one of the reasons which induced us to cross the terrible woods of Las Antas. The word "Anta" signifies a harmless animal, of the size of an ass, whose flesh is exquisite, and whose hide serves for making many strong and many ornamental articles. This animal, however, I never had the fortune to see.

Although the troops continued to proceed, they could not find the end of the piccada; and I remained in the woods, with two tired mules, and sent Anna, with her servant and the child, to endeavor to find a clear place where they might obtain some food for themselves and the animals. The two remaining horses, which were used alternately, with the surprising courage of the mother, overcame every difficulty. She succeeded in getting beyond the piccada, and fortunately found some of the soldiers with a fire, a very rare thing, and then not always to be obtained, on account of the continued rain, and the miserable condition to which we were all reduced. The men warmed some cloths, took the infant and wrapped him in them, and thus resuscitated him. The poor mother who had given up almost every hope of his life, took him again and cherished him with the tenderest care, while the good-hearted soldiers went to seek for some kind of food to restore the exhausted strength of the mother. I labored

in vain to save the mules. Being left alone with them, I cut as many as I could of the leaves of the baguara, a species of cane, and gave them to eat; but it was of no use. I was obliged to abandon them, and seek to get out of the forest on foot, and exceedingly fatigued.

XIII

THE corps of Free Lancers, being entirely dismounted, were obliged to supply themselves with wild colts; and it was a fine sight which was presented almost every day, to see a multitude of those robust young black men, leaping upon the backs of their wild coursers, and rushing across the fields like a thunderstorm. The animal used every exertion to gain his freedom and to throw off his hated rider; while the man, with admirable dexterity, strength and courage, continued to press him with his legs, drawing in his feet against his sides like pincers, whip and drive him, until he at length tired out the superb son of the desert.

In that part of America the colt comes from the field lassoed, and is saddled, bridled, and ridden by the domator, or horse-breaker, and in a few days obeys the bit. Experienced men obtain many excellent horses in a short time; but few come out well broken from the hands of soldiers, especially when they are on a march, where neither the necessary conveniences can be obtained, nor the necessary care taken to break them well.

Having passed the Mattos Portuguez and Castellano, we descended into the province of "Misiones," proceeding towards Cruz Alta, its chief town. It is a very small place, but well built, situated on a high plain and in a beautiful position; as fine, indeed, as all that part of the State of Rio Grande. The troops marched from Cruz Alta to San Gabriel, where the headquarters were established and barracks were constructed for the encampment of the army. I built a cottage, and spent some time in it with my little family; but six years of a life of dangers and sufferings, far from the company of old friends, my father and mother, from whom I had no news, among that people, isolated by the war with the empire, made me wish to return to some place where I might obtain information concerning my parents. I now found

that although, amidst the scenes of bustle and trial through which I had passed, I had been able to banish the recollection of their affection for a time, my love for them remained lively and warm in my heart. It was necessary to improve my circumstances, for the benefit of my wife and child, and I determined to make a journey to Montevideo, even if but for a short time. I asked and obtained permission from the President, who also allowed me to take a small herd of young cattle, to pay the expenses of traveling.

XIV

As has been said, the war in Montevideo was caused by the personal ambition of the two generals, Ouribes and Rivera, who were aspirants for the Presidency of the republic. The former was defeated by the latter, about the year 1840, and obliged to emigrate to Buenos Ayres.

The catastrophe of Arroyo Grande, and the certainty that the implacable ex-president would come, meditating terrible revenge, stimulated the population of the State of Montevideo to take up arms *en masse* and repel the invasion by force. It should here be observed, that the war had changed its character, and it was no longer a personal consideration in favor of Rivera which induced the people to take up arms; but the fear of becoming subject to the depredations and excesses of a foreign and barbarous enemy, led them to fight for the independence of the country.

The beginning of patriotism, which then animated the people, was the same which led them to so many heroic deeds, and to sustain the most desperate of struggles, at the cost of unheard of sacrifices. Then began the glorious contest carried on by the Montevideans, which still continues, and which will astonish the world, when its events are exactly known.

General Paz, reduced to Montevideo, after the unfortunate occurrences in the Argentine State, was received with acclamation by the government and people, as general of the nascent army; and to him are certainly due the beginnings of bravery and discipline by which it was distinguished, as well as the system of defense which was adopted.

Rivera kept the field, made skillful movements, and was

defeated by Ouribes at India Muerta. The errors of Rivera and his conflicts completed his discredit, and entirely removed him from the scene of events. He is now an emigrant in Rio Janeiro, and I do not think his influence can produce any disturbance on the Rio de la Plata.

The question of Montevideo, therefore, reduces itself to the following, at the present epoch [1850]:

Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres, and chiefly interested in the humiliation of Montevideo, maintains an army in besieging that city, in order to destroy it. That army is commanded by a Montevidean, who wishes, at any cost, to command in his country; and the people of Montevideo are fighting against that army, because they are not willing to submit to the hated and abominated domination of Rosas and Ouribes.

Indignant at the sight of such a scene of arrogant and inhuman oppression as that presented in Buenos Ayres and the Argentine Republic, I was impelled to present myself in opposition to the Dictator, and to adopt the cause of the injured as my own. Having mingled with the people in my own country, and all my experience, short as it was, having taught me to sympathize with them, against the old and hereditary aristocracy of Europe, I could not regard with indifference the upstart oppressor, Rosas, so treacherous to the principles of equality and republicanism, which he pretended to love, while violating them, in the grossest manner, for his own insatiable ambition. Notwithstanding the depressed condition of the true patriot party in Montevideo, on my arrival in that city, circumstances ere long proved favorable; and on their beginning to renew their movements, I appeared among them with my native activity and zeal.

I conceived the idea of performing an important service for my own country, while devoting myself to that in which I was residing. I soon perceived that the spirit and character of the Italians needed great efforts, to raise them from the depressed state in which they existed in fact, as well as in the opinion of the world; and I was determined to elevate them, by such a practical training as alone could secure the end.

By means of Napoleon's treachery to the cause of liberty, which he had pretended to espouse on entering Italy, that

unhappy country had been led to a ruin more deep and complete than any of the other of his victims; for she had been, more than any other, reduced to spiritual slavery, as well as temporal. The allies (with Protestant Prussia and England among them,) had restored the papacy along with monarchy and aristocracy; and yet the Italians were vilified as a degenerate race, and falsely accused of having brought their misfortunes upon themselves, by their ignorance, fanaticism and pusillanimity.

XV

THERE were many Italians in Montevideo, whose condition and feelings I soon learned to appreciate. They were regarded with scorn by many of the other foreign residents, especially the French, who were in much greater numbers, and seemed to take pleasure in humiliating my poor and injured countrymen.

This was not the first case, though one of the most marked and unrighteous, in which the wronged and suffering party were made to bear the reproach of those very traits of character displayed by their strong and false-hearted conquerors. In exile and poverty, under the bitter and hourly personal experience of their national misfortunes, and reproached by the world with having brought them upon themselves, the Italians in South America were depressed and disheartened by their gloomy recollections, their present sorrows and their cloudy future. Many of them were occupying themselves with such labors and business as they could find or invent, to obtain the means of subsistence, and laying the foundations of the fortunes which they have since accumulated by industry and economy; but few formed any sanguine expectations of gaining that distinction for military prowess, which the more numerous and vaunting Frenchmen around them then arrogated to themselves. I, however, ere long, began to indulge in more daring anticipations; and the sequel will show the results.

I resolved to find employment for some of them, and to raise the courage and hopes of all, and at the same time to prepare them for future service as soldiers in Italy, by bringing them into the service which was offered to myself.

My progress and success will be seen in the following chapters.

On my entering the service of the Oriental Republic, I received the command of the sloop-of-war "Constitucion."

Three miles beyond Martin Garcia, the *Constitucion* was careened, but unfortunately at a time when the tide was falling; and it cost an immense amount of labor to get her afloat again. It was only due to the most persevering labor, that the flotilla was saved from being lost in those dangerous circumstances. While employed in removing heavy articles on board the *Procida*, the enemy's squadron appeared on the other side of the island, approaching under full sail. I was thus placed in a terrible condition,—the larger of my vessels lying on the sand, and deprived of her heaviest guns, which were placed in the *Procida*; the *Procida* being in consequence useless; and no vessel remaining except the *Terceira*, whose brave commander was near me with the greater part of his crew, assisting in his work.

In the meantime the enemy moved on proudly, presenting a superb sight, and hailed by the acclamations of the troops on the island, assured of victory, with seven strong ships of war. But I felt no despair—a feeling which I have never known. The cause I have never pretended to give. I did not think of my life at that moment; that appeared to me of little value: but it seemed that dying would not save honor, and it was impossible to fight in my position. Providence extended his hand over my destiny, and I desired no other. The ship of the Admiral grounded near the island; his pride was humbled, and the Republicans were safe. The enemy's misfortune redoubled their alacrity; in a few hours the *Constitucion* was afloat, and received her guns and loading. "Misfortunes never come single," says the proverb. A very thick fog concealed us, and everything we did, from the eyes of the enemy; and favored us greatly, by preventing them from knowing which way we went. This was of the greatest advantage: for, when the Imperialists got their ships under way, being ignorant of the direction we had taken, they sailed to pursue us, and went up the Uruguay, which we had not entered, and they consequently lost many days before they learned our course.

In the meantime I had entered the Paraná, under cover of

the fog and with the favor of the wind. I had the direction of the whole operation, and must pronounce it one of the most arduous of my life. But certainly, in that day, the pleasure afforded by the escape from that imminent danger, and the solicitude caused by reflecting on the greatness of the enterprise were embittered by the stupor and disaffection of my companions, who until that moment had believed they were going to the Uruguay. All declared that they were unacquainted with the Paraná, and that they refused all responsibility from that moment. Responsibility was of little importance to me; but something was to be done in some way or other. After a few inquiries, one man confessed that he knew a little of the river, but that he was confused by his fears; however, he was soon able to collect himself, and proved useful.

At Bajada, the capital of Entre Rios, where the army of Ouribes was stationed, I found the most formidable preparations on my arrival; and a battle seemed at first inevitable: but the wind being favorable, and we being able to pass at a considerable distance from the enemy's batteries, but little effect was produced by the heavy cannonade which was made by them. At Las Conchas, a few miles above La Bajada, I effected a landing by night, which procured me fourteen oxen, in spite of strong opposition made by the enemy. My men fought with great bravery. The enemy's artillery followed the coast, and profiting by the contrary wind and the narrowness of the river, cannonaded us whenever they could.

At Cerito, a position on the left bank of the stream, they established a battery of six guns. The wind was favorable, but light; and at that point, on account of the crookedness of the river, our vessels had to sail in face of them, so that it was necessary to go about two miles under a battery, which was as if suspended over our heads. A resolute battle was fought at that place. The greater part of my men seemed unable to rise, and did not show themselves. The others, at their guns, fought and labored with great alacrity. It should be remembered that the enemy belonged to a party rendered proud by their victory, who soon after conquered, at Arroyo Grande, the two combined armies of Montevideo and Corrientes. Every obstacle was overcome with very little loss;

and after having stopped all the enemy's fire, and dismounted several pieces of artillery, a number of merchant vessels, coming from Corrientes and Paraguay, which had been placed under the protection of the enemy's battery, fell into the power of the Republicans with very little trouble. Those prizes supplied us with provisions and means of all kinds.

We then proceeded on our arduous voyage up the river. The enemy watched us in order to throw obstacles in our way; but we arrived at Cavallo-quattia, (or the White Horse,) where we joined the Argentine flotilla, composed of two large launches and a balandra armed as a war-vessel. We were thus supplied with some fresh provisions, so that our condition was much improved. We had good and experienced men, but a reënforcement was agreeable enough, especially in its effects on the habits of our men. Having thus proceeded as far as the Brava coast, we were obliged to stop on account of the shallow water, the difference of which, with the draft of the *Constitucion*, was four palms. These difficulties began to excite some suspicions in my mind, concerning the final result of the expedition. I had no doubt that the enemy would do their utmost to defeat it; for if it should arrive at Corrientes the injury would have been very great to the enemy, by the Republicans having command of an intermediate part of the river, by holding an intermediate position between the interior provinces, the Paraguay and the capital of the Argentine confederation. It would have been a kind of nest of corsairs, to infest and destroy the enemy's commerce.

The enemy accordingly resorted to every measure for our ruin; and they were greatly favored by the want of water in the river, which was altogether unexampled for half a century, according to the declaration of Governor Ferri, of Corrientes. It being impossible to proceed further, I determined to put the flotilla in the best possible state for resistance. From the left bank of the Paraná, where the depth of water was greatest, I drew a line of vessels, beginning with a merchant *yate*, in which were placed four guns; the *Terceira* in the middle, and the *Constitucion* on the right wing, thus forming a row, at right angles to the shore, and presenting to the enemy all the force possible.

XVI

THE sun had not risen on the 16th of June, when the enemy began a cannonade, with all the force which they had been laboring to bring to the front in the night. The battle was then commenced; and it continued without interruption till nightfall, being sustained on both sides with great resolution. The first victim on board the *Constitucion* was again an Italian officer, of great bravery and of the highest promise, Giuseppe Barzone; and I regretted that I could not take charge of his remains, in consequence of the fury of the contest. Much damage was done on both sides. The Republican vessels were riddled and shattered. The corvette, in consequence of not having her shot-holes accurately stopped, leaked so much that she could not be kept afloat without great difficulty, the pumps being at work without cessation. The commandant of the *Terceira* had been killed in a most daring enterprise by land against the enemy's vessels. In him I lost my best and bravest companion. The killed were numerous, and still more the wounded. The remaining time I was constantly occupied on account of the sinking condition of the vessels. However, there were still powder and shot on board, and we must fight—not for victory, not to save ourselves, but for honor. Some men laugh at the honors of a soldier; but Italians have given strong proof of the existence and power of such a principle in their breasts, particularly in other places and at a later period than that to which we are now attending, especially when Rome was surrounded by the armies of four nations, in 1849, and long defended herself. Those who scoff at the idea of honor in an honest soldier who fights for his friends and country, can too often show base respect for men who abuse and assassinate their fellow-beings, or who claim to be the supporters of their political or religious opinions, though they may be monsters in cruelty or infamous in vice, especially if surrounded with the power of the great or the splendor of courts.

We fought for honor, although six hundred miles distant from Montevideo, with enemies from all quarters, after a series of battles, privations and misfortunes, and almost sure of losing everything. In the meantime Vidal, the minister of

war of the Republic, squandered doubloons to support his splendid banquets, in the first capitals of Europe. Such is the honor of the world! It is thus that the lives of generous Italians are despised and sacrificed, and they are buried in a land of exile, in the continent of their countryman, Columbus, or in other regions of the earth. Such was Castelli, who was beheaded at Buenos Ayres; Borso di Carminati, shot in Spain;—and this, although they were superior men, and had rendered great services to ungrateful foreigners.

Their sympathy those foreigners have shown for thee, O Italy! when thy aged and venerable head was raised for a moment in Rome, from the lethargy of opprobrium in which thy oppressors had conspired to hold thee, thou Mother, Instructress and Mistress of Nations! When thou once more shalt rouse thyself, they will tremble at the defeat of their united powers, combined in the league of Hell, to oppress and degrade thee. Be great, then, once more, O Italy! and then the powerful voice of the Almighty will be heard by all thy sons; and the hungry and cowardly vultures which destroy thee, will be stunned by its thundering sound.

On the night of the 16th all my men were occupied in preparing cartridges, which were almost entirely exhausted, and in cutting up chains to supply the want of balls, and in the incessant pumping of the leaky vessels. Manuel Rodriguez, the same Catalonian officer who had been saved with me from shipwreck on the coast of Santa Caterina, was occupied, with a few of the best, in fitting up several merchant vessels as fireships, with the greatest possible quantity of combustibles, and directing them towards the enemy. That expedient incommoded them during the night, but did not produce the effect desired; the chief defect of the Republicans being the extreme scarcity of men.

Between the various mishaps of that dreadful night, that which most afflicted me was the defection of the little squadron of Corrientes. Villegas, the commandant, like many others whom I have seen bold in a calm, became so much terrified by approaching danger, that it was impossible to make him useful in any way to the allied vessels, although they were manned with good sailors, and fitted for any kind of service on the river, by their swiftness. Seeing Villegas not quite

self-possessed, I ordered him to take his place behind the line of battle, where I had placed the hospital—a small vessel destined to that use. Towards evening he sent me word that he had changed his position to a short distance, for what motive I could not imagine. Needing his coöperation in the work of the fireships, I sent for Villegas in the night, and received the alarming news that he was nowhere to be found. Not being willing to think him capable of so much treachery, I went myself in a light palischermo, to satisfy myself of the truth. Not finding him, I proceeded several miles towards Corrientes, but in vain; and I returned, in bitterness of soul. My fears were unhappily too well founded, for most of the little vessels were destroyed in the service before the engagement began. I had counted on the Correntine vessels to receive the wounded and to contain the provisions necessary for all, as we were still far distant from the inhabited frontier of Corrientes. My last hope was now lost, by a cowardly retreat, which is the greatest of crimes when committed in the moment of danger.

I returned on board my vessel a short time before daybreak. A fight was inevitable, but I saw nothing around me but men lying down overcome with fatigue, and heard no sound except the lamentations of the unfortunate wounded, who had not yet been transported to the hospital. Being now unable to wait any longer, I gave the signal and ordered the men to their stations. I gave the orders and spoke a few words of comfort and encouragement, which were not in vain, as I found my companions, although spent with fatigue, with spirit remaining which could yet be excited. They replied with a general cry for battle, and every man was immediately at his post. The engagement was recommenced when it was hardly light; but, if the advantage appeared to be on our side in the previous affair, we now decidedly had the worst.

The new cartridges had been made of bad powder; we had used all the balls of proper size for the caliber of the guns, and those we now had were smaller, and, therefore, in going out, did much injury to the pieces, which had before done such service against the enemy. The latter observed the weakness of our fire, and being then informed of our condition by some deserters, showed great joy, while their vessels, which

were unable the day preceding to form a line, now effected it in security. Thus the condition and prospects of the Republicans were growing worse and worse, while those of their enemies every moment improved. At length a retreat became necessary, not with the vessels, for it was impossible to move them from their positions, in consequence of their broken condition, the want of water, and the miserable state of the crews. Nothing could be hoped for but the saving of their lives. I therefore gave orders for landing, in a few small boats which remained, the wounded, the arms, the little ammunition left, and all the provisions which they were able to take. In the meantime the fight continued; although on our part but very feebly, but with redoubled vigor by the victorious enemy.

The matches were then prepared, and the firemen stood ready to burn the vessels. All was ready; and, with the few men remaining with me, I got into the boats. The enemy, on discovering our preparations for debarking, naturally inferred our design of retreating, and put all their infantry on the march, to attack us. I was not disposed to meet them, with such inequality of numbers and arms, and in the condition of the enemy's infantry. Besides, an open river was to be crossed. But the burning of the vessels, by the Santa Barbara operation, blowing-up, was performed in a terrible manner, and gave the enemy clear notice of our movements.

The scene presented by the burning flotilla was very striking. The river lay as clear as crystal; and the burning cinders fell on both its banks, while a terrible noise of explosions was continually heard.

Towards evening, in our little boats, we approached the River Espinillo, and encamped on its right bank. During the voyage to Esquina, the first town in Corrientes, we spent three days, proceeding very painfully among islands and ponds, and reduced to one ration a day, consisting of a single biscuit, without anything else to eat. On reaching Esquina, our condition was considerably improved; the wounded were placed under shelter; and the men had meat in abundance. The inhabitants, who were good Republicans, showed us the greatest hospitality.

We spent some months in the Province of Corrientes,

without the occurrence of anything important. At length the Governor formed a plan to arm a flotilla of small vessels; but succeeded in nothing but losing time. I then received orders from Montevideo to march to the scene of revolution in San Francisco, in Uruguay, and place myself and my forces at the disposition of General Rivera, who was stationed with an army in that neighborhood.

At San Francisco, where I found General Aguyar staying on account of his health, I remained only a short time, when I received orders from him to collect all the disposable forces, and a few hundred militia, called *Aguerridos*, commanded by Colonel Guerra, and march to the Pass of Vessilles, to cooperate actively with the enemy. I reached that place with the vessels, and there found the remains of the army's residence, but not a single person. I sent scouts, to search the surrounding country; but discovered nothing! That day was the fatal sixth of December; and every man had been called to the field of battle, which was decided at the distance of eighteen miles from the spot, on the bank of the Arroyo Grande. There sometimes seems to be something in the depths of our minds superior to understanding; at least so it seemed to me on that occasion. Without pretending to explain it, I thought I felt its effects; which, although in a confused manner, seemed something like looking into the future.

On that day I felt a solemn impression on my heart, mingled with bitterness, like the feelings of warriors left languishing on a field of battle, and trampled on by the insolent soldier, by the hoof of the war-horse of the cruel, the implacable conqueror. Very few were saved from that terrible battle; and the whole band, with me, experienced feelings difficult to describe, indeed, quite unspeakable. Sadness was mingled with a prevailing presentiment of disaster. Not being able to find any living being who could give information of the army, and having no orders from General Aguiar, I resolved to land all the troops, leaving only a small number in the boats, and to march in search of the army. It should be remarked, that I always pursued my favorite system of the Rio Grande, and never marched without a contingent of cavalry, taken from my amphibious companions in misfortune, men who had been thrown out of the cavalry of the

army, for some fault or perhaps some crime, but who fought well, and whom I severely punished when they deserved it.

Although no human beings were to be found in that region, we caught a number of horses which had been abandoned, and obtained a sufficient supply for the service. The abundance of horses in those countries greatly facilitates such an operation. All things were soon ready; and I was on the point of giving the order for marching, when, well for me, an order was received from General Aguiar, recalling me to San Francisco. But for this, I and my troops would doubtless have fallen victims: for the army was so completely broken up on that day, that it would have been impossible to find anything but the mere wreck of it, while we must have met the victorious enemy, from whom escape would have been very difficult, if not impossible.

The troops, therefore, reëmbarked, without the object being known even to their commander, and without obtaining any news whatever of the events of the day. On reaching San Francisco, I received a note from Colonel Esteves, beginning with the following terrible words:

“Our army has suffered a reverse!”

General Aguiar had marched along the left bank of the Uruguay, to collect the fugitives, and requested me to stay in San Francisco, to guard the great quantity of materials of every kind remaining there.

XVII

IN the period which elapsed between the battle of Arroyo Grande and the beginning of the siege of Montevideo, that confusion prevailed which is common in such cases, when plans are by turns formed, rejected, and again adopted. Fear, desertion, and irresolution existed; but they were found only in rare and individual cases. The people stood firm and heroic, at the voice of noble-hearted men, who proclaimed that the Republic was in danger, and called upon all to rise in its defense. In a short time there was a new army, which, although neither so large nor so well disciplined as the former, was, at least, more full of energy and enthusiasm, and more strongly impressed with the sacred cause which impelled

them. It was no longer the cause of a single man which stimulated the multitude: the star of that man had sunk in the late battle, and in vain endeavored again to rise. It was the cause of the nation, in the presence of which personal hatred and dissention were silenced. Foreigners were preparing to invade the territory of the Republic; and every citizen came out with arms and horses, to range himself under the banner, to repel him. The danger increased, and with it the zeal and devotion of that generous people. Not a single voice was heard to utter the word "submission," or "accommodation." Since the battle of Novara, in Piedmont, I could never compare my countrymen with the Montevideans without blushing. However, all Italy desired not to submit to foreign dominion, but panted for battle; and I am convinced that Italians, like Montevideans, possess constancy and generous devotion to liberty. But they have so many and such powerful influences to keep them enslaved!

Many leaders, forgotten and not fond of wars in which only individual interests were engaged, made their appearance in the files of the defenders, and increased the enthusiasm and confidence of the troops. A line of fortifications was to be drawn around the city towards the accessible part from the country, and they labored with alacrity until it was completed. Before the enemy's approach, manufactories of arms and ammunition, foundries of cannon, shops for making clothes and accouterments for soldiers, all sprang up at once, as if by a miracle. Cannons, which, from the days of the Spaniards, had been judged useless, and placed as guards at the borders of the sidewalks in the streets, were dug out and mounted for defense.

I was appointed to organize a flotilla, for which several small vessels were chosen. A favorable incident proved very valuable to me, by enabling me to commence that armament. The enemy's brig Oscar, in sailing at night in the neighborhood of the coast, ran upon the point of the Cerro. That is the name of a mountain west of Montevideo, which forms, with its base, the western side of the harbor. In spite of every effort made by the enemy to get the vessel afloat, they were obliged to abandon her. We profited much by that shipwreck. From the first the enemy endeavored to prevent

our saving her, and sent the sloop of war *Palmar* to cannonade us; but not obtaining much advantage from this, and the Republicans showing much obstinacy in seizing their prey, they soon left them at liberty to pursue their work.

Among the numerous objects removed from the wreck, were five cannons, which served to arm three small vessels, the first in the new flotilla, and which were immediately put to use in covering the left flank of the line of fortifications. I regarded the loss of the *Oscar* as a good augury of the terrible defeat which was preparing.

XVIII

GENERAL PAZ, profiting by the increase of forces, established an exterior line, at the distance of a cannon-shot beyond the walls. From that time the system of defense was settled, and the enemy were no more able to approach the city.

While I had charge of the flotilla, with the organizing of which I was proceeding, Angelo Mancini was placed in command of the legion—a man of infamous memory; and he was accepted. The flotilla performed its first service in a sortie; and, as might be supposed, made no favorable figure. Italian bravery was despised, and I consequently burned with shame. The Legion was appointed to form part of an expedition to the Cerro; and I was to accompany it. General Bauza, an experienced and good soldier, but an old man, had the command. He appeared in the presence of the enemy, marching and counter-marching, without accomplishing any effect. It was, perhaps, prudent not to attack an enemy, who, if not more numerous, were more experienced and warlike. I endeavored to excite the veteran general, but in vain, when fortune sent General Pacheco from Montevideo, who was then Minister of War. His appearance gratified me very much, as I knew him to be an enterprising and brave man. We were soon acquainted, and I was treated by the new chief with confidence and familiarity. I requested leave to drive the enemy from a position beyond a ditch, which then served as a dividing line to the besiegers. He not only assented, but ordered General Bauza to support the movement of the Italian Legion. We attacked the left wing of the enemy, who fearlessly awaited us with a firm front and a terrible volley of

musketry. But the Italian Legion was victorious that day. Although numbers fell wounded, their comrades pressed on fearlessly, and at length charged with bayonets, when the enemy fled, and were pursued to a considerable distance. The center and right were also victorious, and took forty-two prisoners, besides killed and wounded.

That action, although of little importance in itself, was of very great value in its effects,—greatly strengthening the spirit of the Republican army, and diminishing that of the enemy, while it established, from that day, the military character of the Italian Legion. It was also the precursor of many great deeds performed by that corps, which was never conquered.

The next day the Italian Legion was in the principal square of the metropolis, in view of the whole population, receiving the praises of the Minister of War and the acclamations of all the people. The impressive words of General Pacheco had resounded among the multitude. I had never heard words more adapted to rouse a nation.

The Italian Legion had now fought for the first time and by itself, and there was that same Captain Giacomo Minuto who was afterwards captain of cavalry in Rome, and there received a wound in the breast from a ball, and died in consequence of loosening the bandages at the news of the entrance of the French.

Thus it was, that by insignificant, or at least small but successful enterprises, a cause was fostered and raised up, which had been considered by many as desperate. A patriotic and excellent administration of the government, at the head of which was Pacheco; the management of the war by the incomparable General Paz; the fearless and powerful support given by the people, then purged from their few traitors and cowards; and the arming of the foreign Legions,—in short, everything promised a happy result.

The Italian Legion, whose formation was ridiculed by some, and especially by the French, had now acquired so much fame, that they were envied by the best troops. They had never been beaten, though they had shared in the most difficult enterprises and most arduous battles.

At Tres Cruces, (the Three Crosses,) where the fearless

Colonel Neva, from an excess of courage, had fallen within the enemy's lines, the Legion sustained one of those Homeric battles described in history, fighting hand to hand, and driving the troops of Ouribes from their strongest position, until they brought away the dead body of the chief of the line. The losses of the Legion on that day were considerable, compared with their small numbers, but on that account they gained more honor. That success, which seemed as if it might exhaust it, on the contrary fostered it exceedingly. It grew in numbers, with new recruits, soldiers of a day, but who fought like veterans! Such is the Italian soldier; such are the sons of the despised nation, when struck with the generous idea of what is noble.

During the first years of the siege of Montevideo, the Italian Legion sustained innumerable conflicts. They suffered the loss of many killed and wounded; but in no engagement did they disgrace themselves.

General Rivera was defeated at India Muerta; but the capital was not conquered with him. The corps belonging to it were trained to war by daily fighting, and also gained moral advantage over the besiegers. The English and French intervention took place, and then all parties anticipated a happy result of the war.

A project for operations, combined by the government and the admirals of the two allied nations, was an expedition in the Uruguay; and it was placed under my command. In the period now past, the national flotilla had been increased by the addition of several vessels, some of which were chartered, like the first, and others sequestrated from certain enemies of the Republic, and others still were prizes made from the enemy, who sent their vessels to the Bucco and other places on the coast in possession of the forces of Ouribes. Then, between the acquisition of the above-mentioned vessels, and of two others of the Argentine squadron, sequestered by the English and French, and placed at the disposition of the Oriental government, the expedition for the Uruguay was composed of about fifteen vessels, the largest of which was the Cagancha, a brig of sixteen guns, and the smallest were several boats.

The landing corps was thus composed: the Italian Legion

of about two hundred men, about two hundred Nationals, under command of Colonel Battle, and about a hundred cavalry, with two four pounders and six horses in all.

XIX

It was near the close of the year 1845 when the expedition left Montevideo for the Uruguay, beginning an honorable campaign with brilliant but fruitless results, for the generous but unfortunate Oriental nation. We arrived at Colonia, where the English and French squadrons were awaiting us, to assail the city. It was not a very arduous enterprise, under the protection of the superfluous guns of the vessels. I landed with my Legionaries; and the enemy opposed no resistance under the walls: but, on getting outside of them, they were found ready for battle. The allies then debarked, and requested their commanders to support me in driving the enemy away. A force of each of the two nations accordingly came out for my assistance. But the Italians had hardly begun to fight, and obtained some advantage, when the allies retired within the city walls. The reason for this unexpected movement was never explained to me; but I was compelled to follow their example, in consequence of the great inferiority of my force compared with that of the enemy.

When the other party proposed to abandon the city, they obliged the inhabitants to evacuate it, and then endeavored to give it to the flames. From that time, therefore, many of the houses presented the sad spectacle of the effects of conflagration, the furniture having been broken, and everything lying in confusion. When the Legion landed, and the Nationals, they had immediately followed the enemy who were retreating; and the allies, landing afterwards, occupied the empty city, sending out a part of their forces to support them. Now it was difficult, between the obstacles presented by the ruins and the fire, to maintain the discipline necessary to prevent some depredations; and the English and French soldiers, in spite of the severe injunctions of the Admirals, did not fail to take the clothes which were scattered about the streets and in the deserted houses. The Italians followed their example, and, in spite of every exertion made by me and my officers to prevent them, some of them persisted in the

work for a time; and I have the mortification of acknowledging that I did not entirely succeed in my efforts to prevent them. The most important articles taken by the Italians, however, were eatables; and this afforded some consolation, as the fact was less discreditable to my countrymen than if they had chosen objects of lasting pecuniary value. I feel also most confident in saying, that nothing of that disgraceful conduct would have happened, but for the beginning made by the allied troops.

At the beginning of the year 1846, we received news that General Medina, with a number of emigrants from the Oriental, was coming from Corrientes for Salto. The discomfiture of Vergara had given the Republicans an advantage, but had not produced the results that might have been expected. Lamas, who was not far off, and engaged in breaking horses, came up on receiving intelligence of the defeat, and ordered the collecting of men. Both established their camps, and recommenced the siege, driving away the animals. Their superiority in cavalry expedited that proceeding. General Medina then came, who had been appointed head of the army, and it was necessary to secure his entrance. Colonel Baez, as has been mentioned already, had assumed the command of the cavalry, and regularly organized it, skilled as he was in that kind of troops. Being possessed of uncommon activity, he greatly increased the number of horses, and provided the city and the troops with cattle. Mundell and Juan de la Cruz were at his orders, and at that time both were detached, with commissions to catch wild horses. Colonel Baez, better known than General Medina, was in direct relation with him, and knew that he was to be in sight of Salto on the 8th of February; and it was therefore arranged that I should accompany him with the cavalry.

At dawn of day on the 8th of February, 1846, we left Salto, and took the direction of the little river San Antonio, on the left bank of which they were to await the approach of General Medina and his army. The enemy, according to their custom in that region, showed several troops of cavalry on the heights on the right, which approached at times as if to observe whether they were collecting animals, and to interrupt them. Colonel Baez stationed a line of marksmen of the

cavalry against those troops, and employed himself several hours in skirmishing with them. The infantry had halted near the little stream, at a place called Tapera di Don Vicenzio. I was separated from the infantry, and observing the guerrillas fighting conducted by Baez. That kind of warfare afforded the Italians an amusing sight: but the enemy concealed their "wasp's nest" under that kind of military game, having put forward so feeble a force only to deceive their opponents, and give their strong body, which was behind, opportunity to advance.

The country, in all parts of the department of Salto, is hilly, as is also that of San Antonio. Therefore the large force which was advancing was able to approach within a short distance without being discovered.

When I had reached the place of observation, and cast my eyes on the other side of San Antonio, I was overwhelmed with surprise by discovering, on the west of a neighboring hill, where only a few of the enemy had before been seen, a multitude of troops, as was shown by a forest of lances: seven squadrons of cavalry, with banners displayed, and a corps of infantry, double in size of our own, who, having come up on horseback, within two musket shots, dismounted, formed in line of battle, and were marching, at quick step, to charge with the bayonet. Baez said to me: "Let us retire." But, seeing that to be impossible, I replied: "There is not time enough; and we must fight."

I then ran to the Italian Legionaries; and, in order to destroy, or at least to mitigate the impression which might be produced on them by the appearance of so formidable an enemy, said: "We will fight! The cavalry we are resolved to conquer. To-day we have them, although we are a small body of infantry."

At the place where we took position there were numerous wooden posts standing planted in the ground, which had served in the walls of an old wooden edifice; and to each beam was assigned a Legionary. The remainder, forming three small parties, were placed in column behind the building, and covered by walls of masonry of the northern end of the same building, which was in form a room, capable of containing about thirty men, and covering almost the front

of the little column. On the right of the infantry, Baez was posted, with the cavalry, those being dismounted, who were armed with carbines, while the lancers remained on horseback. The whole force comprised about a hundred cavalry, and a hundred and eighty-six Legionaries. The enemy had nine hundred cavalry, (some said twelve hundred,) and three hundred infantry. The Republicans, therefore, had only one thing left that could be done—to defend themselves—resist, and repel the charge of the enemy's infantry. I then ran forward at full speed and gave them all the attention in my power.

If the enemy, instead of charging in line of battle, forming an extended line, had charged in column, or in alternate platoons, they must have destroyed our force. By the impetus of their column they would certainly have penetrated into our position, and mingled with the defenders; and then their cavalry would have completed our ruin and exterminated us. Then the fields of San Antonio would have been, to this day, whitened with Italian bones! But, instead of this, the enemy advanced in line, beating the charge, and bravely withholding their fire until within a few yards. The Legionaries had orders not to fire until very near. When the enemy reached the appointed distance, they halted and gave a general discharge. The moment was decisive. Many of the defenders fell under that fire: but the assailants were thrown into disorder, being thinned by shots from the Republicans, who fired from behind the timbers, and then charged them, not in order, but yet in a body, and forced them to turn their backs, by falling upon them with bayonets, like madmen. That there occurred for the Republicans a moment of disorder and hesitation, it cannot be denied. There were among us a number of prisoners, who, not expecting a successful termination to the desperate defense, cast about their eyes to find some way open for escape. But they were prevented from doing anything, by some of our brave men, who then, at the cry of "The enemy run!" threw themselves upon them like lions.

From the moment when I directed my attention upon the enemy's infantry, I saw nothing more of Colonel Baez and the cavalry. Five or six horsemen remained with my men,

whom I put there under the command of a brave Oriental officer, Jose Maria.

After the defeat of the enemy's infantry, I had hopes of safety; and, taking advantage of the momentary calm produced by the stupefaction of the enemy, I put my men again in order. Among the dead remaining on the ground, especially those lying where the enemy halted, we found abundant supplies of cartridges; and the muskets of the killed and wounded served an important purpose, being taken, to arm those of the soldiers who were in want, and some of the officers.

The enemy, having failed in their first charge, repeated it several times, many of their dragoons dismounting; and with them and masses of cavalry, they attacked us, but succeeded only in increasing their loss. I was always ready, with some of the bravest of the Legionaries, who awaited the charge; and, when the enemy had made their attack, invariably charged them in return. The enemy several times endeavored to get a position near us; but I then posted the best marksmen among our soldiers, and made them harass them, until they took to flight.

XX

THE fighting began about one o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted until near nine in the evening. Night came on, and found us surrounded by many corpses and wounded men. About nine o'clock preparations were made for a retreat. The number of wounded was very large, including almost all the officers, viz.: Morrochetti, Casana, Sacchi, Ramorino, Rodi, Beruti, Zaccorello, Amero, and Fereti. Only Carone, Traverse, and a few others, were unhurt. It was an arduous and painful undertaking to remove them from the ground where they lay. Some were placed upon horses, which were numerous, while others, who were able to stand, were helped on, each by two of his comrades. When the arrangements had been made for the accommodation of the wounded, the other soldiers were formed in four platoons; and as fast as they were put in order, they were made to load themselves with some remaining ammunition, the less to expose themselves to the continual fire of the enemy.

The retreat was then commenced, and I thought it a fine sight,—though there was but a handful of men, in close column, with orders not to fire a single shot before making the edge of the wood which borders the river Uruguay. I had directed the vanguard to take the wounded, feeling confident that the charges of the enemy would be made on our rear and flanks. As was natural, those unfortunate men fell into some disorder, which it was impossible to prevent; but they yet went on, all, it is believed, except two. The little column proceeded in the most admirable manner, so that I must ever speak of their conduct with pride. The soldiers fixed their bayonets before setting off; and keeping close ranks, they reached the designed place, though not for want of any exertions, on the part of the enemy, to hinder them: for every effort was made, by repeated charges from all quarters, and with their whole force. In vain did their lancers come up and give wounds to men in the ranks; the only return made was with the bayonet, while the soldiers pressed themselves more compactly together. On reaching the verge of the wood, we halted; and the order was given, “to the right about!” when immediately a general volley filled the enemy’s files with dead, and they were all instantly driven back.

One of the most severe sufferings endured that day was from thirst, especially among the wounded.

Having reached the bank of the river, it may be imagined with what avidity the soldiers ran to the water. Some of them stopped to drink, while the others kept the enemy at a distance. The success of the first part of the retreat, now performed, secured the retreating troops less molestation on the remainder of their way. A chain of sharpshooters was formed to protect the left flank, who kept up a continual fire, almost until they entered the city; and thus we moved along the bank of the river.

Anzani was waiting for us at the entrance of the city, and could not satiate himself with embracing me and my companions. He had never despaired, although the enterprise was so arduous. He had collected the few remaining men in the fortress, and replied to the enemy’s summons to surrender, which they made during the battle, with a threat to blow up everything before he would submit. It is to be remarked, that

the enemy not only assured him that all the Italians were killed or prisoners, but also the greater part of the soldiers with Baez. Still Anzani did not despair; and I have mentioned him to those of my fellow-citizens who at different times have despaired of Italy. Ah! there are few like Anzani! But he that despairs is a coward!

Our retreating troops entered Salto at midnight, and even at that hour we found all the soldiers and all the inhabitants awake. The latter came out with alacrity, and gave all possible attention and care to the wounded, bringing everything necessary for their relief and comfort. Poor people! Poor people, who suffered so much in the various vicissitudes of war, I shall never think of you but with a deep sense of gratitude!

I had several severe losses to lament in that remarkable affair, though the enemy were much the greater sufferers.

General Servando Gomez, who was the author of the surprise, and who seemed as if he would annihilate us forever, commenced his retreat on the 9th, hastily taking with him his shattered division towards Paisandu, with a great number of wounded men, and leaving the fields of San Antonio covered with dead. The first day after our arrival was occupied in giving attention to the wounded; and two French physicians rendered them the most important services. They were the physicians of the French ship *L'Eclair*, whose names have not been obtained, and Dr. Desroseaux, another young man, then for some time connected with the Italian Legion. He had fought all the way as a common soldier, and then devoted himself to the care of his wounded companions. But what most availed at that painful time were the delicate cares of the ladies of Salto.

The succeeding days were occupied in collecting and burying our dead. The battle had been so extraordinary, that I thought it ought to be commemorated by an unusual mode of interring the victims, and I chose a spot, on the top of the hill which overlooks Salto, and which had been the scene of successful battles. There was dug a trench for all, and then handfuls of earth were thrown in by the soldiers, until a tumulus rose, to stand as a memorial. A cross was then placed on the top, with this inscription on one side:

“Legione Italiana, Marina e Cavalleria Orientale.”

On the other side :

*“8th febbrajo, 1846.”*¹

The names of those killed and wounded in that brave fight have been preserved in the journals kept by Anzani.

XXI

GENERAL MEDINA was now able freely to enter Salto with his suite; and he retained the superior command until the revolution made by Rivera's friends in Montevideo. Nothing important, however, took place in all that period.

The revolution in Montevideo in favor of Rivera gave a terrible blow to the affairs of the Republic. The war ceased to be national, and was directed by miserable factions. About the same time occurred the revolution in Corrientes, brought about by Madariaga, against General Paz. Those young chiefs, who had become illustrious by surprising deeds in delivering their country from the oppressive dominion of Rosas, now, for jealousy and thirst of power, debased themselves by the meanest treachery, and thus ruined the cause of their people. General Paz was obliged to leave the army of Corrientes, and retire to Brazil. Paraguay recalled her army after his departure; the troops of Madariaga, reduced by neglect to their own resources alone, were completely beaten by Urquiza; and Corrientes fell into the power of the Dictator.

The affair of Montevideo also proceeded no better, and few events of importance occurred. The Italian Legion, so justly esteemed for their honorable and daring exploits, had continued their accustomed service of advanced posts, alternating with the other corps of the capital. Anzani was with them; and, although no very important engagements took place, they never failed to prove themselves worthy of their fame.

I occupied myself more with the marine, fitting up some of the vessels which were most needed, and in cruising on the river Plata, in the schooner “Maypú.”

¹The Italian Legion, and the Oriental Marine and Cavalry.—8th February, 1846.

In the meantime the French intervention proceeded every day, and no more coercive measure was it proposed to apply to the solution of the problem; but several diplomatists, whom Rosas deluded and mocked at, were sent to negotiate, but obtained nothing from him better than insignificant armistices, which had no effect but to waste the limited means collected with difficulty in the besieged city. With her change of policy, France had changed her agents. Such men as Diffandis and Ouseley for ambassadors, and L'Ainé and Inglefield for admirals, worthy to sustain a generous policy, and dear to the public, were removed; and such men were substituted as were devoted to a policy inevitably ruinous to the people.

The Oriental government, powerless from the want of means, was obliged to submit to the dictates of the intervention. Deplorable situation!

Rivera, being restored to power by his partisans, removed all others. Most of those who had engaged in the noble defense from disinterested love of country, had retired, weary of the enterprise, or were displaced to make room for devotees of Rivera, and unfit men. I found, however, at Montevideo, (that city of marvelous changes,) the new elements of another army, and transported them to Las Vacas, on the left bank of the Uruguay. The soldiers of Montevideo were made for conquerors; and they proved it in their first encounters with the enemy in the country. At Mercedes, especially, they performed prodigies of valor; but the evil influence which misled Rivera at Arroyo Grande and India Muerta, beset him at Paisandu, where, after a victory, he saw his army defeated. At Maldonado he embarked again, to return to Brazil, whether more unfortunate or more culpable, it is difficult to determine.

The government of Montevideo having fallen into the power of Rivera, I was left mourning over it, and apprehending public sufferings. The old General Medina, appointed General-in-chief by the government, with the consent of the former not only yielded to events, but, the better to recommend himself to the favor of the new patron, intrigued against my friend; but they deceived themselves. Both Italians and Orientals loved him in Salto, and he would have been able,

without fear of any one, to rise independent of the new and illegal power. But the cause of that unhappy people was too sacred in his eyes. He loved them, and ever denominated them as good-hearted and generous. To increase their distresses, by fomenting their internal dissensions, was wholly incompatible with his views and feelings.

To establish Rivera in power, the public squares of Montevideo were made scenes of bloodshed. At Salto the same fatal game was planned; but it proved impracticable. I contented myself with making reprisals, assuming, as at first, the command of the forces. At that time occurred the successful battle against the troops of Lamas and Vergara, on the 20th of May, 1846. Those two divisions, after the affair of San Antonio, where they fought under the command of Servando Gomez, had been reformed and reënforced; and they again occupied their positions around Salto, changing their encampments, but always keeping at some leagues' distance. We did not fail, now and then, to disturb our enemies as much as we could, especially when they went out to catch animals. One Major Dominguez, who had been sent for that purpose by General Medina, was completely discomfited, losing all his horses and some men. I had the positions of the enemy's camp examined by spies, and in the night of May 19th, I marched to attack him. I had with me about three hundred cavalry and a hundred legionaries—the remains of a battalion. Poor youths! they have since been sadly decimated! My object was to surprise the enemy's camp at early dawn; and we arrived at the spot, for once, exactly at the desired moment. I had the aid of Captain Pablo, an American Indian, and a brave soldier. His infantry were mounted, and they marched all night, and before break of day came in sight of the enemy's forces in the camp of General Vergara, on the right bank of the Dayman. The infantry then dismounted, and were ordered to attack. The victory was very easily obtained. The troops of Vergara immediately took to flight, and were driven into the river. They left their arms, horses, and a few men, who were taken prisoners. But the triumph was far from being complete; for the troops were to return, and we set off as the daylight increased. The camp of Lamas was separated from that of

Vergara by a small stream; and, at the first alarm, the former had taken position on the top of a hill, which commanded both camps. Vergara, with the greater part of his men, had succeeded in joining Lamas. They were warlike and brave soldiers, made at the opening of the war.

Having collected, in the abandoned camp, all the serviceable horses, I pursued the enemy, but without success. Most of my cavalry were mounted on *Rodomones*, that is, horses caught and broken only a few days before; and the enemy were better supplied. It was therefore necessary to desist from pursuing them, and be content with the advantages gained, and take the road to Salto. We were, however, very unexpectedly favored, and in an important manner. While pursuing our march for Salto, we were in the following order: a squadron of cavalry in platoons, at the head; the infantry in column, in the center; the remaining cavalry for the rear guard, likewise in column. Two strong lines of cavalry, commanded by Majors Carvallo and N. Fausto, covered our right flank; and the *cavallada*, with the horses of the infantry, marched on the left. The enemy, having reorganized, as has been said, and reconcentrated all their detachments, amounted to about five hundred men in cavalry. Being acquainted with my force, the enemy flanked us on the right, at a short distance, so that he seemed disposed to revenge himself.

I had placed Colonel Celesto Centurion in command of the cavalry,—a very brave man; while Carone commanded the infantry. The latter was particularly urged by me to guard against any confusion or disorder in his ranks, and to prevent it at any sacrifice. He was to preserve their order, which was that of close column, and never to make a movement by conversion, but only by flanks and right-about-face. The infantry was to serve as a point of support to Centurion, and also to re-form in any event that might happen. The enemy were emboldened, being increased by detachments.

Our troops proceeded over beautiful hills, for about two miles from the banks of the Dayman. The grass had but just begun to grow, but was very green; and the surface of the ground was undulated like the waves of the ocean, but lay in all the majesty of stillness, while not a tree or a

bush formed any obstacle. It offered indeed a battle-field, and for the mightiest hosts.

XXII

HAVING reached the border of a brook, I thought it better not to cross it, because our small force might be disordered in the passage, and the hill on the right concealed the great body of the enemy, who were not far off, and marching in a direction parallel to our own. I thought we would be attacked at that point; and the result justified my expectation. I halted, and, wishing to discover the enemy's condition, sent orders to Major Carvello, to "charge that line of the enemy quite to the hill." The charge was made, and with bravery, as far as the eminence, where the assailants stopped, and an adjutant came galloping up to me, to inform me that the enemy were marching towards us at a trot, and with their whole force in order of battle. No time was to be lost. The cavalry on the wings wheeled to the right, and were reënforced by the line, suddenly concentrated. The infantry formed on the right flank and towards the enemy. When the line reached the top of the hill, the enemy's line was marching upon us within pistol shot.

I must confess that the enemy had made a movement of which my troops would not have been capable, and which proved that they were brave, warlike, and well commanded. Seeing this, without taking time for reflection, I gave the signal for a charge: for as soon as I discovered them, the enemy were converging, from the center to the wings, laterally; and, after having made about half a circle beyond our flanks, they charged our cavalry by platoons in flank, and so rendered our infantry useless. I did not hesitate, but ordered my cavalry to close in, and charge, to avoid losing the advantage of the impetus of the horses. And indeed they charged well, and fought bravely.

Several charges were made by the cavalry on both sides, and with different results. It would be difficult to decide which party displayed most valor. The enemy being superior in numbers, and in the excellence of their horses, drove back ours upon our infantry, and soon measured our lances with their bayonets. The latter, having reformed, with the aid

of their numbers, drove them back, fighting them hand to hand. The young Italians then performed their feats to admiration; and I remember them, and the 20th of May, with peculiar pleasure. Compact as a redoubt, exceedingly active, they ran to every point where their assistance was needed, always putting the assailants to flight. The enemy fired few muskets, but those few were deliberate and sure.

At last the enemy, having become disordered by numerous charges, became only a deranged mass; while, on the contrary, our troops, supported by the infantry, were always able to reorganize for fighting well. The engagement had lasted about half an hour, in that manner, when, being no longer approached by organized forces, we were drawn up anew and made a decisive charge. The enemy then broke, disbanded, and took to flight. A cloud of "*bollas*" whirled about in the air, and presented a curious spectacle.

The *bolla* is one of the most terrible weapons used by the South American horsemen. It consists of three balls, covered with leather, and fastened to three leathern cords, which are connected. One of the balls is held in the hand, while the other two are flourished in the air over the head, when the order is given to charge. When a horse is struck in the leg with one of them, it stops him, and sometimes makes him fall; and in this way many captures are made. The South American cavalry soldier is second to none in the world, in any kind of combat; and in a defeat, they retain their superiority in pursuing their enemy. They are stopped in their course by no obstacles in the field. If a tree does not allow them to pass while sitting erect, they throw themselves back upon the crupper of the half-wild horse, and disappear among the trappings of the animal. They arrive at a river, and plunge in, with their arms in their teeth; and sometimes wound their enemy in the middle of the stream. Besides the *bolla*, they carry the terrible *Coltelo*, or knife, which, as before has been mentioned, they keep with them all their lives, and manage with a dexterity peculiar to themselves. Woe to the soldier whose horse tires! "*Bollado*," or struck with the *bolla*, he cannot defend himself from the knife of his pursuer, who dismounts to strike him with it in the throat, and then mounts again, to overtake others. Such

customs prevail among them, that sometimes, when men of courage meet, even after a victory, scenes occur which would shock a reader if they were described.

One of those encounters I witnessed. It occurred at a short distance from a line, between a party of our soldiers and one of the enemy, whose horse had been killed. Having fallen to the ground, he rose and fought on foot, first with him who had dismounted him, whom he treated very roughly. Another then came to his assistance, then another; and at length he was engaged with six, when I reached the spot, in order to save the life of the brave man—but too late.

Our enemy was now entirely routed, and the victory complete. The pursuit was continued several miles. The immediate result, however, was not what it might have been, for the want of good horses, as many of the enemy escaped. But, notwithstanding this, during the whole time that the troops remained at Salto, we had the satisfaction of seeing that department free from the enemy.

The action of the 20th of May has been described at length, because of its remarkable success,—the fine, open field on which it was fought, and the fine climate and sky, which reminded me of Italy. The struggle was with a practiced enemy, superior in number, and better provided with horses, which are the principal element of that kind of warfare; and several single combats took place on horseback, with great valor. Our cavalry performed wonders that day, considering their inferiority. Of the infantry, it will be sufficient to mention the case of Major Carvallo, who was my companion at San Antonio and Dayman, and in both actions fought like a brave man, as he was. In each of them, also, he had the misfortune to be wounded in the face by a musket-shot. One struck two inches below his right eye, and the other, in the same spot on his left cheek, forming a strange symmetry in his face. He was wounded the second time in the beginning of the battle of Dayman; and after its close, he asked leave to return to Salto, to have his wounds dressed. Passing under the battery of the city, he was asked what was the fate of the day, when he replied, although he was able to speak but little: "The Italian Infantry are more solid than your battery."

The names of the dead and wounded in the engagement, as has before been said, are named in Anzani's "Journal of the Italian Legion."

XXIII

AFTER the battle of the 20th of May, at Dayman, nothing important occurred in the campaign of Uruguay. I received orders from the government to return to Montevideo, with the vessels of the flotilla, and the detachment of the Italian Legion. A few of the smaller vessels remained at Salto, and the place was left under the command of Commandant Artigos, a brave officer, who distinguished himself in the battle on the 20th of May. A few days after my departure, Colonel Blanco arrived, and took command of the place at the orders of General Rivera.

In consequence of errors committed at Corrientes and Montevideo, the cause of Rosas gained strength very rapidly, and that of the people of the Plata sunk into a desperate condition. The army of Corrientes was destroyed by Urquiza in a battle; and that unfortunate people, after swimming in blood, languished under despotism. Rivera, not profiting by the lessons of misfortune, ended as he had begun, by removing from office men who had executed their duties with faithfulness, and substituting his partisans, destroying the materials of an army of operations, which the courage and constancy of the people had created and maintained with incorruptible heroism, and expatriating himself under the contempt and malediction of all. The English and French intervention was watched by intriguers and faithless men. The positions in the interior fell, one after another, into the power of the enemy. Salto, which had been so honorably acquired and maintained, was taken by assault by Sevando Gomez, and Colonel Gomez perished in the defense—an old and brave soldier—with a considerable number of men. At length the defense of the generous Oriental people was once more reduced to Montevideo; and there were collected all the men who had become bound together like brothers, by six years of danger, exploits and misfortunes. There they had again to erect an edifice, which had been destroyed by mismanagement, almost to its foundations.

Villagran, a veteran of forty years of war, a man of virtue, of the greatest bravery, and reinvigorated by fighting; Diaz Bojes, shamefully banished by Rivera, because he would not serve him, but his country; and many other young officers, who have been dismissed by him, returned to their posts, with the conscience and the readiness of good men; and with them the resolute and the faithful returned to the files of the defenders.

Oriental, French and Italians marched to the succor of the country with alacrity; and not a word of discouragement was heard from any one. The siege of Montevideo, when better known in its details, will be counted among the noble defenses of a people fighting for independence, for courage, constancy, and sacrifices of all kinds. It will prove the power of a nation resolved not to submit to the will of a tyrant; and, whatever their fate may be, they merit the applause and the commiseration of the world.

From the time of my return to Montevideo, to that of my departure for Italy, in 1848, a period intervened marked by no important event.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

STATESMAN, PATRIOT AND MARTYR

1809-1865

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Lincoln wrote the following brief autobiography in 1860 when he had been nominated by the Republican party as their candidate for the presidency of the United States. The sketch of his life was written for a friend who was preparing a biography of the party's candidate to be used for the election. This will explain why Lincoln speaks of himself throughout in the third person, and why the account stops abruptly on a small political point before reaching the great Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858. Those debates were then fresh in all men's minds. They had won Lincoln the nomination, and they won him the election. The four following years of his gallant and splendid presidency, his inspired leadership and tragic death, will be forever fresh in the mind of every reader of the English language.

LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born February 12, 1809, then in Hardin, now in the more recently formed county of La Rue, Kentucky. His father, Thomas, and grandfather, Abraham, were born in Rockingham County, Virginia, whither their ancestors had come from Berks County, Pennsylvania. His lineage has been traced no farther back than this. The family were originally Quakers, though in later times they have fallen away from the peculiar habits of that people. The grandfather, Abraham, had four brothers—Isaac, Jacob, John, and Thomas. So far as known, the descendants of Jacob and John are still in Virginia. Isaac went to a place near where Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee join; and his descendants are in that region. Thomas came to Kentucky, and after many years died there, whence his descendants went to Missouri. Abraham, grandfather of the subject of this sketch, came to Kentucky,

and was killed by Indians about the year 1784. He left a widow, three sons, and two daughters. Thomas, the youngest son, and father of the present subject, by the early death of his father and very narrow circumstances of his mother, even in childhood was a wandering laboring boy and grew up literally without education. He never did more in the way of writing than to bunglingly write his own name. Before he was grown he passed one year as a hired hand with his uncle Isaac on Watauga, a branch of the Holston River. Getting back into Kentucky, and having reached his twenty-eighth year, he married Nancy Hanks—mother of the present subject—in the year 1806. She also was born in Virginia; and relatives of hers of the name of Hanks, and of other names, now reside in Coles, in Macon, and in Adams counties, Illinois, and also in Iowa. The present subject has no brother or sister of the whole or half blood. He had a sister, older than himself, who was grown and married, but died many years ago, leaving no child; also a brother, younger than himself, who died in infancy. Before leaving Kentucky, he and his sister were sent, for short periods, to A B C schools, the first kept by Zachariah Riney, and the second by Caleb Hazel.

At this time his father resided on Knob Creek, on the road from Bardstown, Kentucky, to Nashville, Tennessee, at a point three or three and a half miles south or southwest of Ather-ton's Ferry, on the Rolling Fork. From this place he removed to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in the autumn of 1816, Abraham then being in his eighth year. This removal was partly on account of slavery, but chiefly on account of the difficulty in land titles in Kentucky. He settled in an unbroken forest, and the clearing away of surplus wood was the great task ahead. Abraham, though very young, was large for his age, and had an ax put into his hands at once; and from that till within his twenty-third year he was almost constantly handling that most useful instrument—less, of course, in plowing and harvesting seasons.

At this place Abraham took an early start as a hunter, which was never much improved afterward. A few days before the completion of his eighth year, in the absence of his father, a flock of wild turkeys approached the new log cabin, and Abraham with a rifle-gun, standing inside, shot through

a crack and killed one of them. He has never since pulled a trigger on any larger game. In the autumn of 1818 his mother died; and a year afterward his father married Mrs. Sally Johnston, at Elizabethtown, Kentucky, a widow with three children of her first marriage. She proved a good and kind mother to Abraham, and is still living in Coles County, Illinois. There were no children of this second marriage. His father's residence continued at the same place in Indiana till 1830.

While here Abraham went to A B C schools by littles, kept successively by Andrew Crawford, — Sweeney, and Azel W. Dorsey. He does not remember any other. The family of Mr. Dorsey now resides in Schuyler County, Illinois. Abraham now thinks that the aggregate of all his schooling did not amount to one year. He was never in a college or academy as a student, and never inside a college or academy building till since he had a law license. What he has in the way of education he has picked up. After he was twenty-three and had separated from his father, he studied English grammar—imperfectly, of course, but so as to speak and write as well as he now does. He studied and nearly mastered the six books of Euclid since he was a member of Congress. He regrets his want of education, and does what he can to supply the want.

In his tenth year he was kicked by a horse, and apparently killed for a time. When he was nineteen, still residing in Indiana, he made his first trip upon a flatboat to New Orleans. He was a hired hand merely, and he and a son of the owner, without other assistance, made the trip. The nature of part of the "cargo-load," as it was called, made it necessary for them to linger and trade along the sugar-coast; and one night they were attacked by seven Negroes with intent to kill and rob them. They were hurt some in the *mêlée*, but succeeded in driving the Negroes from the boat, and then "cut cable," "weighed anchor," and left.

March 1, 1830, Abraham having just completed his twenty-first year, his father and family, with the families of the two daughters and sons-in-law of his stepmother, left the old homestead in Indiana and came to Illinois. Their mode of conveyance was wagons drawn by ox-teams, and Abraham drove one of the teams. They reached the county of Macon, and

stopped there some time within the same month of March. His father and family settled a new place on the north side of the Sangamon River, at the junction of the timber-land and prairie, about ten miles westerly from Decatur. Here they built a log cabin, into which they removed, and made sufficient of rails to fence ten acres of ground, fenced and broke the ground, and raised a crop of sown corn upon it the same year.

The sons-in-law were temporarily settled in other places in the county. In the autumn all hands were greatly afflicted with ague and fever, to which they had not been used, and by which they were greatly discouraged, so much so that they determined on leaving the county. They remained, however, through the succeeding winter, which was the winter of the very celebrated "deep snow" of Illinois. During that winter Abraham, together with his stepmother's son, John D. Johnston, and John Hanks, yet residing in Macon County, hired themselves to Denton Offutt to take a flatboat from Beardstown, Illinois, to New Orleans; and for that purpose were to join him—Offutt—at Springfield, Illinois, so soon as the snow should go off. When it did go off, which was about the first of March, 1831, the county was so flooded as to make traveling by land impracticable; to obviate which difficulty they purchased a large canoe, and came down the Sangamon River in it. This is the time and manner of Abraham's first entrance into Sangamon County. They found Offutt at Springfield, but learned from him that he had failed in getting a boat at Beardstown. This led to their hiring themselves to him for twelve dollars per month each, and getting the timber out of the trees and building a boat at Old Sangamon town on the Sangamon River, seven miles northwest of Springfield, which boat they took to New Orleans, substantially upon the old contract.

During this boat-enterprise acquaintance with Offutt, who was previously an entire stranger, he conceived a liking for Abraham, and believing he could turn him to account, he contracted with him to act as clerk for him, on his return from New Orleans, in charge of a store and mill at New Salem, then in Sangamon, now in Menard County. Hanks had not gone to New Orleans, but having a family, and being likely to be detained from home longer than at first expected, had turned

back from St. Louis. . . . Abraham's father, with his own family and others mentioned, had, in pursuance of their intention, removed from Macon to Coles County. John D. Johnston, the stepmother's son, went to them, and Abraham stopped indefinitely and for the first time, as it were, by himself at New Salem, before mentioned. This was in July, 1831. Here he rapidly made acquaintances and friends.

In less than a year Offutt's business was failing—had almost failed—when the Black Hawk war of 1832 broke out. Abraham joined a volunteer company, and, to his own surprise, was elected captain of it. He says he has not since had any success in life which gave him so much satisfaction. He went to the campaign, served nearly three months, met the ordinary hardships of such an expedition, but was in no battle. He now owns, in Iowa, the land upon which his own warrants for the service were located. Returning from the campaign, and encouraged by his great popularity among his immediate neighbors, he the same year ran for the legislature, and was beaten—his own precinct, however, casting its votes 277 for and 7 against him—and that, too, while he was an avowed Clay man, and the precinct the autumn afterward giving a majority of 115 to General Jackson over Mr. Clay. This was the only time Abraham was ever beaten on a direct vote of the people.

He was now without means and out of business, but was anxious to remain with his friends who had treated him with so much generosity, especially as he had nothing elsewhere to go to. He studied what he should do—thought of learning the blacksmith trade—thought of trying to study law—rather thought he could not succeed at that without a better education. Before long, strangely enough, a man offered to sell, and did sell, to Abraham and another as poor as himself, an old stock of goods, upon credit. They opened as merchants; and he says that was *the* store. Of course they did nothing but get deeper and deeper in debt. He was appointed postmaster at New Salem—the office being too insignificant to make his politics an objection. The store winked out. The surveyor of Sangamon offered to depute to Abraham that portion of his work which was within his part of the county. He accepted, procured a compass and

chain, studied Flint and Gibson a little, and went at it. This procured bread, and kept soul and body together.

The election of 1834 came, and he was then elected to the legislature by the highest vote cast for any candidate. Major John T. Stuart, then in full practice of the law, was also elected. During the canvass, in a private conversation he encouraged Abraham [to] study law. After the election he borrowed books of Stuart, took them home with him, and went at it in good earnest. He studied with nobody. He still mixed in the surveying to pay board and clothing bills. When the legislature met, the law-books were dropped, but were taken up again at the end of the session. He was reëlected in 1836, 1838, and 1840. In the autumn of 1836 he obtained a law license, and on April 15, 1837, removed to Springfield, and commenced the practice—his old friend Stuart taking him into partnership. March 3, 1837, by a protest entered upon the "Illinois House Journal" of that date, at pages 817 and 818, Abraham, with Dan Stone, another representative of Sangamon, briefly defined his position on the slavery question; and so far as it goes, it was then the same that it is now. The protest is as follows:

"Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the General Assembly at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

"They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of Abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different states.

"They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power, under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised unless at the request of the people of the District.

"The difference between these opinions and those contained in the above resolutions is their reason for entering this protest.

"DAN STONE,

"A. LINCOLN,

"Representatives from the County of Sangamon."

In 1838 and 1840, Mr. Lincoln's party voted for him as Speaker, but being in the minority he was not elected. After 1840 he declined a reelection to the legislature. He was on the Harrison electoral ticket in 1840, and on that of Clay in 1844, and spent much time and labor in both those canvasses. In November, 1842, he was married to Mary, daughter of Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky. They have three living children, all sons, one born in 1843, one in 1850, and one in 1853. They lost one, who was born in 1846.

In 1846 he was elected to the lower house of Congress, and served one term only, commencing in December, 1847, and ending with the inauguration of General Taylor, in March, 1849. All the battles of the Mexican war had been fought before Mr. Lincoln took his seat in Congress, but the American army was still in Mexico, and the treaty of peace was not fully and formally ratified till the June afterward. Much has been said of his course in Congress in regard to this war. A careful examination of the "Journal" and "Congressional Globe" shows that he voted for all the supply measures that came up, and for all the measures in any way favorable to the officers, soldiers, and their families, who conducted the war through: with the exception that some of these measures passed without yeas and nays, leaving no record as to how particular men voted. The "Journal" and "Globe" also show him voting that the war was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally begun by the President of the United States. This is the language of Mr. Ashmun's amendment, for which Mr. Lincoln and nearly or quite all other Whigs of the House of Representatives voted.

Mr. Lincoln's reasons for the opinion expressed by this vote were briefly that the President had sent General Taylor into an inhabited part of the country belonging to Mexico, and not to the United States, and thereby had provoked the first act of hostility, in fact the commencement of the war; that the place, being the country bordering on the east bank of the Rio Grande, was inhabited by native Mexicans born there under the Mexican Government, and had never submitted to, nor been conquered by, Texas or the United States, nor transferred to either by treaty; that although Texas claimed the Rio Grande as her boundary, Mexico had never recognized it, and

neither Texas nor the United States had ever enforced it; that there was a broad desert between that and the country over which Texas had actual control; that the country where hostilities commenced, having once belonged to Mexico, must remain so until it was somehow legally transferred, which had never been done.

Mr. Lincoln thought the act of sending an armed force among the Mexicans was unnecessary, inasmuch as Mexico was in no way molesting or menacing the United States or the people thereof; and that it was unconstitutional, because the power of levying war is vested in Congress, and not in the President. He thought the principal motive for the act was to divert public attention from the surrender of "Fifty-four, forty, or fight" to Great Britain, on the Oregon boundary question.

Mr. Lincoln was not a candidate for reelection. This was determined upon and declared before he went to Washington, in accordance with an understanding among Whig friends, by which Colonel Hardin and Colonel Baker had each previously served a single term in this same district.

In 1848, during his term in Congress, he advocated General Taylor's nomination for the presidency, in opposition to all others, and also took an active part for his election after his nomination, speaking a few times in Maryland, near Washington, several times in Massachusetts, and canvassing quite fully his own district in Illinois, which was followed by a majority in the district of over fifteen hundred for General Taylor.

Upon his return from Congress he went to the practice of the law with greater earnestness than ever before. In 1852 he was upon the Scott electoral ticket, and did something in the way of canvassing, but owing to the hopelessness of the cause in Illinois he did less than in previous presidential canvasses.

In 1854 his profession had almost superseded the thought of politics in his mind, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused him as he had never been before.

In the autumn of that year he took the stump with no broader practical aim or object than to secure, if possible, the reelection of Hon. Richard Yates to Congress. His speeches at once attracted a more marked attention than they had ever

before done. As the canvass proceeded he was drawn to different parts of the State outside of Mr. Yates's district. He did not abandon the law, but gave his attention by turns to that and politics. The state agricultural fair was at Springfield that year, and Douglas was announced to speak there.

In the canvass of 1856 Mr. Lincoln made over fifty speeches, no one of which, so far as he remembers, was put in print. One of them was made at Galena, but Mr. Lincoln has no recollection of any part of it being printed; nor does he remember whether in that speech he said anything about a Supreme Court decision. He may have spoken upon that subject, and some of the newspapers may have reported him as saying what is now ascribed to him; but he thinks he could not have expressed himself as represented.

THE END



CHARLES DARWIN

THE FOREMOST SCIENTIST OF HIS CENTURY

1809-1882

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

“The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin,” edited by his son Francis Darwin, has been widely accepted as among the best of modern biographies. It aims, as do most recent biographies, to let the subject speak for himself as much as possible through his own letters and remembered conversations. In accordance with this plan Mr. Francis Darwin incorporated into his book an account of his father’s life written by Charles Darwin’s own hand and intended only for his family. We are told that the elder Darwin had never expected this narrative to be published. The son, however, recognizing its unique value, gave it to the world. It is this autobiography which is here reprinted in full. Nothing could exceed its homely naturalness, simplicity and keenness of insight. Its honesty and self-understanding show us the ideal of what autobiography might be, but unfortunately seldom is.

Charles Robert Darwin will go down to future ages as the discoverer, or at least as the scientific establisher, of the doctrine of “natural selection,” more fully described as the principle that all forms of life develop and change and produce new species of life because of the tendency of the stronger individuals, those which are better fitted for life, to survive where weak or merely average individuals would perish. This is the stern doctrine of “the survival of the more fit” in the struggle for existence. Darwin’s book, “The Origin of Species,” explaining his theories, was published in 1859 and revolutionized the scientific world. For many years, however, a most bitter controversy raged about the new teaching and Darwin himself was widely misunderstood and misrepresented. We know him now to have been a man as remarkable for his high moral and spiritual character as he was for his intellect.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF MY
MIND AND CHARACTER

A GERMAN Editor having written to me for an account of the development of my mind and character with some sketch of my autobiography, I have thought that the attempt would amuse me, and might possibly interest my children or their children. I know that it would have interested me greatly to have read even so short and dull a sketch of the mind of my grandfather, written by himself, and what he thought and did, and how he worked. I have attempted to write the following account of myself, as if I were a dead man in another world looking back at my own life. Nor have I found this difficult, for life is nearly over with me. I have taken no pains about my style of writing.

I was born at Shrewsbury on February 12th, 1809, and my earliest recollection goes back only to when I was a few months over four years old, when we went to near Abergele for sea-bathing, and I recollect some events and places there with some little distinctness.

My mother died in July 1817, when I was a little over eight years old, and it is odd that I can remember hardly anything about her except her death-bed, her black velvet gown, and her curiously constructed work-table. In the spring of this same year I was sent to a day-school in Shrewsbury, where I stayed a year. I have been told that I was much slower in learning than my younger sister Catherine, and I believe that I was in many ways considered a rather naughty boy.

By the time I went to this day-school my taste for natural history, and more especially for collecting, was well developed. I tried to make out the names of plants, and collected all sorts of things, shells, seals, franks, coins, and minerals. The passion for collecting which leads a man to be a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso, or a miser, was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brother ever had this taste.

One little event during this year has fixed itself very firmly in my mind, and I hope that it has done so from my conscience having been afterwards sorely troubled by it; it is

curious as showing that apparently I was interested at this early age in the variability of plants! I told another little boy (I believe it was Leighton, who afterwards became a well-known lichenologist and botanist), that I could produce variously colored polyantheses and primroses by watering them with certain colored fluids, which was of course a monstrous fable, and had never been tried by me. I may here also confess that as a little boy I was much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this was always done for the sake of causing excitement. For instance, I once gathered much valuable fruit from my father's trees and hid it in the shrubbery, and then ran in breathless haste to spread the news that I had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit.

I must have been a very simple little fellow when I first went to the school. A boy of the name of Garnett took me into a cake shop one day, and bought some cakes for which he did not pay, as the shopman trusted him. When we came out I asked him why he did not pay for them, and he instantly answered, "Why, do you not know that my uncle left a great sum of money to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatever was wanted without payment to any one who wore his old hat and moved [it] in a particular manner?" and he then showed me how it was moved. He then went into another shop where he was trusted, and asked for some small article, moving his hat in the proper manner, and of course obtained it without payment. When we came out he said, "Now if you like to go by yourself into that cake-shop (how well I remember its exact position) I will lend you my hat, and you can get whatever you like if you move the hat on your head properly." I gladly accepted the generous offer, and went in and asked for some cakes, moved the old hat and was walking out of the shop, when the shopman made a rush at me, so I dropped the cakes and ran for dear life, and was astonished by being greeted with shouts of laughter by my false friend Garnett.

I can say in my own favor that I was as a boy humane, but I owed this entirely to the instruction and example of my sisters. I doubt indeed whether humanity is a natural or innate quality. I was very fond of collecting eggs, but I never took more than a single egg out of a bird's nest, except on

one single occasion, when I took all, not for their value, but from a sort of bravado.

I had a strong taste for angling, and would sit for any number of hours on the bank of a river or pond watching the float; when at Maer¹ I was told that I could kill the worms with salt and water, and from that day I never spitted a living worm, though at the expense probably of some loss of success.

Once as a very little boy whilst at the day school, or before that time, I acted cruelly, for I beat a puppy, I believe, simply from enjoying the sense of power; but the beating could not have been severe, for the puppy did not howl, of which I feel sure, as the spot was near the house. This act lay heavily on my conscience, as is shown by my remembering the exact spot where the crime was committed. It probably lay all the heavier from my love of dogs being then, and for a long time afterwards, a passion. Dogs seemed to know this, for I was an adept in robbing their love from their masters.

I remember clearly only one other incident during this year whilst at Mr. Case's daily school,—namely, the burial of a dragoon soldier; and it is surprising how clearly I can still see the horse with the man's empty boots and carbine suspended to the saddle, and the firing over the grave. This scene deeply stirred whatever poetic fancy there was in me.

In the summer of 1818 I went to Dr. Butler's great school in Shrewsbury, and remained there for seven years till Midsummer 1825, when I was sixteen years old. I boarded at this school, so that I had the great advantage of living the life of a true schoolboy; but as the distance was hardly more than a mile to my home, I very often ran there in the longer intervals between the callings over and before locking up at night. This, I think, was in many ways advantageous to me by keeping up home affections and interests. I remember in the early part of my school life that I often had to run very quickly to be in time, and from being a fleet runner was generally successful; but when in doubt I prayed earnestly to God to help me, and I well remember that I attributed my success to the prayers and not to my quick running, and marveled how generally I was aided.

¹The house of his uncle, Josiah Wedgwood.

I have heard my father and elder sister say that I had, as a very young boy, a strong taste for long solitary walks; but what I thought about I know not. I often became quite absorbed, and once, whilst returning to school on the summit of the old fortifications round Shrewsbury, which had been converted into a public foot-path with no parapet on one side, I walked off and fell to the ground, but the height was only seven or eight feet. Nevertheless the number of thoughts which passed through my mind during this very short, but sudden and wholly unexpected fall, was astonishing, and seem hardly compatible with what physiologists have, I believe, proved about each thought requiring quite an appreciable amount of time.

Nothing could have been worse for the development of my mind than Dr. Butler's school, as it was strictly classical, nothing else being taught, except a little ancient geography and history. The school as a means of education to me was simply a blank. During my whole life I have been singularly incapable of mastering any language. Especial attention was paid to verse-making, and this I could never do well. I had many friends, and got together a good collection of old verses, which by patching together, sometimes aided by other boys, I could work into any subject. Much attention was paid to learning by heart the lessons of the previous day; this I could effect with great facility, learning forty or fifty lines of Virgil or Homer, whilst I was in morning chapel; but this exercise was utterly useless, for every verse was forgotten in forty-eight hours. I was not idle, and with the exception of versification, generally worked conscientiously at my classics, not using cribs. The sole pleasure I ever received from such studies, was from some of the odes of Horace, which I admired greatly.

When I left the school I was for my age neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew and whose memory I love with all my

heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words.

Looking back as well as I can at my character during my school life, the only qualities which at this period promised well for the future, were, that I had strong and diversified tastes, much zeal for whatever interested me, and a keen pleasure in understanding any complex subject or thing. I was taught Euclid by a private tutor, and I distinctly remember the intense satisfaction which the clear geometrical proofs gave me. I remember, with equal distinctness, the delight which my uncle gave me (the father of Francis Galton) by explaining the principle of the vernier of a barometer. With respect to diversified tastes, independently of science, I was fond of reading various books, and I used to sit for hours reading the historical plays of Shakespeare, generally in an old window in the thick walls of the school. I read also other poetry, such as Thomson's "Seasons," and the recently published poems of Byron and Scott. I mention this because later in life I wholly lost, to my great regret, all pleasure from poetry of any kind, including Shakespeare. In connection with pleasure from poetry, I may add that in 1822 a vivid delight in scenery was first awakened in my mind, during a riding tour on the borders of Wales, and this has lasted longer than any other æsthetic pleasure.

Early in my school days a boy had a copy of the "Wonders of the World," which I often read, and disputed with other boys about the veracity of some of the statements; and I believe that this book first gave me a wish to travel in remote countries, which was ultimately fulfilled by the voyage of the *Beagle*. In the latter part of my school life I became passionately fond of shooting; I do not believe that any one could have shown more zeal for the most holy cause than I did for shooting birds. How well I remember killing my first snipe, and my excitement was so great that I had much difficulty in reloading my gun from the trembling of my hands. This taste long continued, and I became a very good shot. When at Cambridge I used to practice throwing up my gun to my shoulder before a looking-glass to see that I threw it up straight. Another and better plan was to get a friend to wave about a lighted candle, and then to fire at it with a cap on the nipple,

and if the aim was accurate the little puff of air would blow out the candle. The explosion of the cap caused a sharp crack, and I was told that the tutor of the college remarked, "What an extraordinary thing it is, Mr. Darwin seems to spend hours in cracking a horse-whip in his room, for I often hear the crack when I pass under his windows."

I had many friends amongst the schoolboys, whom I loved dearly, and I think that my disposition was then very affectionate.

With respect to science, I continued collecting minerals with much zeal, but quite unscientifically—all that I cared about was a new-named mineral, and I hardly attempted to classify them. I must have observed insects with some little care, for when ten years old (1819) I went for three weeks to Plas Edwards on the sea-coast in Wales, I was very much interested and surprised at seeing a large black and scarlet Hemipterous insect, many moths (*Zygæna*), and a *Cicindela* which are not found in Shropshire. I almost made up my mind to begin collecting all the insects which I could find dead, for on consulting my sister I concluded that it was not right to kill insects for the sake of making a collection. From reading White's "Selborne," I took much pleasure in watching the habits of birds, and even made notes on the subject. In my simplicity I remember wondering why every gentleman did not become an ornithologist.

Towards the close of my school life, my brother worked hard at chemistry, and made a fair laboratory with proper apparatus in the tool-house in the garden, and I was allowed to aid him as a servant in most of his experiments. He made all the gases and many compounds, and I read with great care several books on chemistry, such as Henry and Parkes' "Chemical Catechism." The subject interested me greatly, and we often used to go on working till rather late at night. This was the best part of my education at school, for it showed me practically the meaning of experimental science. The fact that we worked at chemistry somehow got known at school, and as it was an unprecedented fact, I was nicknamed "Gas." I was also once publicly rebuked by the head-master, Dr. Butler, for thus wasting my time on such useless subjects; and he called me very unjustly a "poco curante," and as I

did not understand what he meant, it seemed to me a fearful reproach.

As I was doing no good at school, my father wisely took me away at a rather earlier age than usual, and sent me (Oct. 1825) to Edinburgh University with my brother, where I stayed for two years or sessions. My brother was completing his medical studies, though I do not believe he ever really intended to practice, and I was sent there to commence them. But soon after this period I became convinced from various small circumstances that my father would leave me property enough to subsist on with some comfort, though I never imagined that I should be so rich a man as I am; but my belief was sufficient to check any strenuous efforts to learn medicine.

The instruction at Edinburgh was altogether by lectures, and these were intolerably dull, with the exception of those on chemistry by Hope; but to my mind there are no advantages and many disadvantages in lectures compared with reading. Dr. Duncan's lectures on *Materia Medica* at 8 o'clock on a winter's morning are something fearful to remember. Dr. — made his lectures on human anatomy as dull as he was himself, and the subject disgusted me. It has proved one of the greatest evils in my life that I was not urged to practice dissection, for I should soon have got over my disgust; and the practice would have been invaluable for all my future work. This has been an irremediable evil, as well as my incapacity to draw. I also attended regularly the clinical wards in the hospital. Some of the cases distressed me a good deal, and I still have vivid pictures before me of some of them; but I was not so foolish as to allow this to lessen my attendance. I cannot understand why this part of my medical course did not interest me in a greater degree; for during the summer before coming to Edinburgh I began attending some of the poor people, chiefly children and women in Shrewsbury: I wrote down as full an account as I could of the case with all the symptoms, and read them aloud to my father, who suggested further inquiries and advised me what medicines to give, which I made up myself. At one time I had at least a dozen patients, and I felt a keen interest in the work. My father, who was by far the best judge of character

whom I ever knew, declared that I should make a successful physician,—meaning by this one who would get many patients. He maintained that the chief element of success was exciting confidence; but what he saw in me which convinced him that I should create confidence I know not. I also attended on two occasions the operating theater in the hospital at Edinburgh, and saw two very bad operations, one on a child, but I rushed away before they were completed. Nor did I ever attend again, for hardly any inducement would have been strong enough to make me do so; this being long before the blessed days of chloroform. The two cases fairly haunted me for many a long year.

My brother stayed only one year at the University, so that during the second year I was left to my own resources; and this was an advantage, for I became well acquainted with several young men fond of natural science. One of these was Ainsworth, who afterwards published his travels in Assyria; he was a Wernerian geologist, and knew a little about many subjects. Dr. Coldstream was a very different young man, prim, formal, highly religious, and most kind-hearted; he afterwards published some good zoölogical articles. A third young man was Hardie, who would, I think, have made a good botanist, but died early in India. Lastly, Dr. Grant, my senior by several years, but how I became acquainted with him I cannot remember; he published some first-rate zoölogical papers, but after coming to London as Professor in University College, he did nothing more in science, a fact which has always been inexplicable to me. I knew him well; he was dry and formal in manner, with much enthusiasm beneath this outer crust. He one day, when we were walking together, burst forth in high admiration of Lamarck and his views on evolution. I listened in silent astonishment, and as far as I can judge without any effect on my mind.

I had previously read the "Zoonomia" of my grandfather, in which similar views are maintained, but without producing any effect on me. Nevertheless it is probable that the hearing rather early in life such views maintained and praised may have favored my upholding them under a different form in my "Origin of Species." At this time I admired greatly the "Zoonomia;" but on reading it a second time after an interval

of ten or fifteen years, I was much disappointed; the proportion of speculation being so large to the facts given.

Drs. Grant and Coldstream attended much to marine Zoology, and I often accompanied the former to collect animals in the tidal pools, which I dissected as well as I could. I also became friends with some of the Newhaven fishermen, and sometimes accompanied them when they trawled for oysters, and thus got many specimens. But from not having had any regular practice in dissection, and from possessing only a wretched microscope, my attempts were very poor. Nevertheless I made one interesting little discovery, and read, about the beginning of the year 1826, a short paper on the subject before the Plinian Society. This was that the so-called ova of *Flustra* had the power of independent movement by means of cilia, and were in fact larvæ. In another short paper I showed that the little globular bodies which had been supposed to be the young state of *Fucus loreus* were the egg-cases of the wormlike *Pontobdella muricata*.

The Plinian Society was encouraged and, I believe, founded by Professor Jameson: it consisted of students and met in an underground room in the University for the sake of reading papers on natural science and discussing them. I used regularly to attend, and the meetings had a good effect on me in stimulating my zeal and giving me new congenial acquaintances. One evening a poor young man got up, and after stammering for a prodigious length of time, blushing crimson, he at last slowly got out the words, "Mr. President, I have forgotten what I was going to say." The poor fellow looked quite overwhelmed, and all the members were so surprised that no one could think of a word to say to cover his confusion. The papers which were read to our little society were not printed, so that I had not the satisfaction of seeing my paper in print; but I believe Dr. Grant noticed my small discovery in his excellent memoir on *Flustra*.

I was also a member of the Royal Medical Society, and attended pretty regularly; but as the subjects were exclusively medical, I did not much care about them. Much rubbish was talked there, but there were some good speakers, of whom the best was the present Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth. Dr. Grant took me occasionally to the meetings of the Wernerian So-

ciety, where various papers on natural history were read, discussed, and afterwards published in the "Transactions." I heard Audubon deliver there some interesting discourses on the habits of N. American birds, sneering somewhat unjustly at Waterton. By the way, a negro lived in Edinburgh, who had traveled with Waterton, and gained his livelihood by stuffing birds, which he did excellently: he gave me lessons for payment, and I used often to sit with him, for he was a very pleasant and intelligent man.

Mr. Leonard Horner also took me once to a meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, where I saw Sir Walter Scott in the chair as President, and he apologized to the meeting as not feeling fitted for such a position. I looked at him and at the whole scene with some awe and reverence, and I think it was owing to this visit during my youth, and to my having attended the Royal Medical Society, that I felt the honor of being elected a few years ago an honorary member of both these Societies, more than any other similar honor. If I had been told at that time that I should one day have been thus honored, I declare that I should have thought it as ridiculous and improbable, as if I had been told that I should be elected King of England.

During my second year at Edinburgh I attended ——'s lectures on Geology and Zoölogy, but they were incredibly dull. The sole effect they produced on me was the determination never as long as I lived to read a book on Geology, or in any way to study the science. Yet I feel sure that I was prepared for a philosophical treatment of the subject; for an old Mr. Cotton in Shropshire, who knew a good deal about rocks, had pointed out to me two or three years previously a well-known large erratic boulder in the town of Shrewsbury, called the "bell-stone"; he told me that there was no rock of the same kind nearer than Cumberland or Scotland, and he solemnly assured me that the world would come to an end before any one would be able to explain how this stone came where it now lay. This produced a deep impression on me, and I meditated over this wonderful stone. So that I felt the keenest delight when I first read of the action of icebergs in transporting bowlders, and I gloried in the progress of Geology. Equally striking is the fact that I, though now

only sixty-seven years old, heard the Professor, in a field lecture at Salisbury Craigs, discoursing on a trapdyke, with amygdaloidal margins and the strata indurated on each side, with volcanic rocks all around us, say that it was a fissure filled with sediment from above, adding with a sneer that there were men who maintained that it had been injected from beneath in a molten condition. When I think of this lecture, I do not wonder at all that I determined never to attend to Geology.

From attending ——'s lectures, I became acquainted with the curator of the museum, Mr. Macgillivray, who afterwards published a large and excellent book on the birds of Scotland. I had much interesting natural-history talk with him, and he was very kind to me. He gave me some rare shells, for I at that time collected marine mollusca, but with no great zeal.

My summer vacations during these two years were wholly given up to amusements, though I always had some book in hand, which I read with interest. During the summer of 1826 I took a long walking tour with two friends with knapsacks on our backs through North Wales. We walked thirty miles most days, including one day the ascent of Snowdon. I also went with my sister a riding tour in North Wales, a servant with saddle-bags carrying our clothes. The autumns were devoted to shooting chiefly at Mr. Owen's, at Woodhouse, and at my Uncle Jos's, at Maer. My zeal was so great that I used to place my shooting-boots open by my bed-side when I went to bed, so as not to lose half a minute in putting them on in the morning; and on one occasion I reached a distant part of the Maer estate, on the 20th of August for black-game shooting, before I could see: I then toiled on with the game-keeper the whole day through thick heath and young Scotch firs.

I kept an exact record of every bird which I shot throughout the whole season. One day when shooting at Woodhouse with Captain Owen, the eldest son, and Major Hill, his cousin, afterwards Lord Berwick, both of whom I liked very much, I thought myself shamefully used, for every time after I had fired and thought that I had killed a bird, one of the two acted as if loading his gun, and cried out, "You must not count that bird, for I fired at the same time," and the game-

keeper, perceiving the joke, backed them up. After some hours they told me the joke, but it was no joke to me, for I had shot a large number of birds, but did not know how many, and could not add them to my list, which I used to do by making a knot in a piece of string tied to a button-hole. This my wicked friends had perceived.

How I did enjoy shooting! but I think that I must have been half-consciously ashamed of my zeal, for I tried to persuade myself that shooting was almost an intellectual employment; it required so much skill to judge where to find most game and to hunt the dogs well.

One of my autumnal visits to Maer in 1827 was memorable from meeting there Sir J. Mackintosh, who was the best converser I ever listened to. I heard afterwards with a glow of pride that he had said, "There is something in that young man that interests me." This must have been chiefly due to his perceiving that I listened with much interest to everything which he said, for I was as ignorant as a pig about his subjects of history, politics, and moral philosophy. To hear of praise from an eminent person, though no doubt apt or certain to excite vanity, is, I think, good for a young man, as it helps to keep him in the right course.

My visits to Maer during these two or three succeeding years were quite delightful, independently of the autumnal shooting. Life there was perfectly free; the country was very pleasant for walking or riding; and in the evening there was much very agreeable conversation, not so personal as it generally is in large family parties, together with music. In the summer the whole family used often to sit on the steps of the old portico, with the flower-garden in front, and with the steep wooded bank opposite the house reflected in the lake, with here and there a fish rising or a water-bird paddling about. Nothing has left a more vivid picture on my mind than these evenings at Maer. I was also attached to and greatly revered my Uncle Jos; he was silent and reserved, so as to be a rather awful man; but he sometimes talked openly with me. He was the very type of an upright man, with the clearest judgment. I do not believe that any power on earth could have made him swerve an inch from what he considered the right course. I used to apply to him in my mind the

well-known ode of Horace, now forgotten by me, in which the words "nec vultus tyranni, &c.," come in.

Cambridge 1828-1831.—After having spent two sessions in Edinburgh, my father perceived, or he heard from my sisters, that I did not like the thought of being a physician, so he proposed that I should become a clergyman. He was very properly vehement against my turning into an idle sporting man, which then seemed my probable destination. I asked for some time to consider, as from what little I had heard or thought on the subject I had scruples about declaring my belief in all the dogmas of the Church of England; though otherwise I liked the thought of being a country clergyman. Accordingly I read with care "Pearson on the Creed," and a few other books on divinity; and as I did not then in the least doubt the strict and literal truth of every word in the Bible, I soon persuaded myself that our Creed must be fully accepted.

Considering how fiercely I have been attacked by the orthodox, it seems ludicrous that I once intended to be a clergyman. Nor was this intention and my father's wish ever formally given up, but died a natural death when, on leaving Cambridge, I joined the *Beagle* as naturalist. If the phrenologists are to be trusted, I was well fitted in one respect to be a clergyman. A few years ago the secretaries of a German psychological society asked me earnestly by letter for a photograph of myself; and some time afterwards I received the proceedings of one of the meetings, in which it seemed that the shape of my head had been the subject of a public discussion, and one of the speakers declared, with much positiveness, that I had the bump of reverence developed enough for ten priests.

As it was decided that I should be a clergyman, it was necessary that I should go to one of the English universities and take a degree; but as I had never opened a classical book since leaving school, I found to my dismay, that in the two intervening years I had actually forgotten, incredible as it may appear, almost everything which I had learnt, even to some few of the Greek letters. I did not therefore proceed to Cambridge at the usual time in October, but worked with a private tutor in Shrewsbury, and went to Cambridge after

the Christmas vacation, early in 1828. I soon recovered my school standard of knowledge, and could translate easy Greek books, such as Homer and the Greek Testament, with moderate facility.

During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as the academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school. I attempted mathematics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor (a very dull man) to Barmouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra. This impatience was very foolish, and in after years I have deeply regretted that I did not proceed far enough at least to understand something of the great leading principles of mathematics, for men thus endowed seem to have an extra sense. But I do not believe that I should ever have succeeded beyond a very low grade. With respect to Classics I did nothing except attend a few compulsory college lectures, and the attendance was almost nominal. In my second year I had to work for a month or two to pass the Little-Go, which I did easily. Again, in my last year I worked with some earnestness for my final degree of B.A., and brushed up my Classics, together with a little Algebra and Euclid, which latter gave me much pleasure, as it did at school. In order to pass the B.A. examination, it was also necessary to get up Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," and his "Moral Philosophy." This was done in a thorough manner, and I am convinced that I could have written out the whole of the "Evidences" with perfect correctness, but not of course in the clear language of Paley. The logic of this book and, as I may add, of his "Natural Theology," gave me as much delight as did Euclid. The careful study of these works, without attempting to learn any part by rote, was the only part of the academical course which, as I then felt and as I still believe, was of the least use to me in the education of my mind. I did not at that time trouble myself about Paley's premises; and taking these on trust, I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation. By answering well the examination questions in Paley, by doing Euclid well, and by not failing miserably in Classics, I gained a

good place among the *οἱ πολλοὶ* or crowd of men who do not go in for honors. Oddly enough, I cannot remember how high I stood, and my memory fluctuates between the fifth, tenth, or twelfth, name on the list.

Public lectures on several branches were given in the University, attendance being quite voluntary; but I was so sickened with lectures at Edinburgh that I did not even attend Sedgwick's eloquent and interesting lectures. Had I done so I should probably have become a geologist earlier than I did. I attended, however, Henslow's lectures on Botany, and liked them much for their extreme clearness, and the admirable illustrations; but I did not study botany. Henslow used to take his pupils, including several of the older members of the University, field excursions, on foot or in coaches, to distant places, or in a barge down the river, and lectured on the rarer plants and animals which were observed. These excursions were delightful.

Although, as we shall presently see, there were some redeeming features in my life at Cambridge, my time was sadly wasted there, and worse than wasted. From my passion for shooting and for hunting, and, when this failed, for riding across country, I got into a sporting set, including some dissipated low-minded young men. We used often to dine together in the evening, though these dinners often included men of a higher stamp, and we sometimes drank too much, with jolly singing and playing at cards afterwards. I know that I ought to feel ashamed of days and evenings thus spent, but as some of my friends were very pleasant, and we were all in the highest spirits, I cannot help looking back to these times with much pleasure.

But I am glad to think that I had many other friends of a widely different nature. I was very intimate with Whitley, who was afterwards Senior Wrangler, and we used continually to take long walks together. He inoculated me with a taste for pictures and good engravings, of which I bought some. I frequently went to the Fitzwilliam Gallery, and my taste must have been fairly good, for I certainly admired the best pictures, which I discussed with the old curator. I read also with much interest Sir Joshua Reynolds' book. This taste, though not natural to me, lasted for several years, and

many of the pictures in the National Gallery in London gave me much pleasure; that of Sebastian del Piombo exciting in me a sense of sublimity.

I also got into a musical set, I believe by means of my warm-hearted friend, Herbert, who took a high wrangler's degree. From associating with these men, and hearing them play, I acquired a strong taste for music, and used very often to time my walks so as to hear on week days the anthem in King's College Chapel. This gave me intense pleasure, so that my backbone would sometimes shiver. I am sure that there was no affectation or mere imitation in this taste, for I used generally to go by myself to King's College, and I sometimes hired the chorister boys to sing in my rooms. Nevertheless I am so utterly destitute of an ear, that I cannot perceive a discord, or keep time and hum a tune correctly; and it is a mystery how I could possibly have derived pleasure from music.

My musical friends soon perceived my state, and sometimes amused themselves by making me pass an examination, which consisted in ascertaining how many tunes I could recognize when they were played rather more quickly or slowly than usual. "God save the King," when thus played, was a sore puzzle. There was another man with almost as bad an ear as I had, and strange to say he played a little on the flute. Once I had the triumph of beating him in one of our musical examinations.

But no pursuit at Cambridge was followed with nearly so much eagerness or gave me so much pleasure as collecting beetles. It was the mere passion for collecting, for I did not dissect them, and rarely compared their external characters with published descriptions, but got them named anyhow. I will give a proof of my zeal: one day, on tearing off some old bark, I saw two rare beetles, and seized one in each hand; then I saw a third and new kind, which I could not bear to lose, so that I popped the one which I held in my right hand into my mouth. Alas! it ejected some intensely acrid fluid, which burnt my tongue so that I was forced to spit the beetle out, which was lost, as was the third one.

I was very successful in collecting, and invented two new methods; I employed a laborer to scrape during the winter,

moss off old trees and place it in a large bag, and likewise to collect the rubbish at the bottom of the barges in which reeds are brought from the fens, and thus I got some very rare species. No poet ever felt more delighted at seeing his first poem published than I did at seeing, in Stephens' "Illustrations of British Insects," the magic words, "captured by C. Darwin, Esq." I was introduced to entomology by my second cousin, W. Darwin Fox, a clever and most pleasant man, who was then at Christ's College, and with whom I became extremely intimate. Afterwards I became well acquainted, and went out collecting, with Albert Way of Trinity, who in after years became a well-known archæologist; also with H. Thompson of the same College, afterwards a leading agriculturist, chairman of a great railway, and Member of Parliament. It seems therefore that a taste for collecting beetles is some indication of future success in life!

I am surprised what an indelible impression many of the beetles which I caught at Cambridge have left on my mind. I can remember the exact appearance of certain posts, old trees and banks where I made a good capture. The pretty *Panagæus crux-major* was a treasure in those days, and here at Down I saw a beetle running across a walk, and on picking it up instantly perceived that it differed slightly from *P. crux-major*, and it turned out to be *P. quadripunctatus*, which is only a variety or closely allied species, differing from it very slightly in outline. I had never seen in those old days *Licinus* alive, which to an uneducated eye hardly differs from many of the black Carabidous beetles; but my sons found here a specimen, and I instantly recognized that it was new to me; yet I had not looked at a British beetle for the last twenty years.

I have not as yet mentioned a circumstance which influenced my whole career more than any other. This was my friendship with Professor Henslow. Before coming up to Cambridge, I had heard of him from my brother as a man who knew every branch of science, and I was accordingly prepared to reverence him. He kept open house once every week when all undergraduates, and some older members of the University, who were attached to science, used to meet in the evening. I soon got, through Fox, an invitation, and went

there regularly. Before long I became well acquainted with Henslow, and during the latter half of my time at Cambridge took long walks with him on most days; so that I was called by some of the dons "the man who walks with Henslow;" and in the evening I was very often asked to join his family dinner. His knowledge was great in botany, entomology, chemistry, mineralogy, and geology. His strongest taste was to draw conclusions from long-continued minute observations. His judgment was excellent, and his whole mind well balanced; but I do not suppose that any one would say that he possessed much original genius. He was deeply religious, and so orthodox that he told me one day he should be grieved if a single word of the Thirty-nine Articles were altered. His moral qualities were in every way admirable. He was free from every tinge of vanity or other petty feelings; and I never saw a man who thought so little about himself or his own concerns. His temper was imperturbably good, with the most winning and courteous manners; yet, as I have seen, he could be roused by any bad action to the warmest indignation and prompt action.

I once saw in his company in the streets of Cambridge almost as horrid a scene as could have been witnessed during the French Revolution. Two body-snatchers had been arrested, and whilst being taken to prison had been torn from the constable by a crowd of the roughest men, who dragged them by their legs along the muddy and stony road. They were covered from head to foot with mud, and their faces were bleeding either from having been kicked or from the stones; they looked like corpses, but the crowd was so dense that I got only a few momentary glimpses of the wretched creatures. Never in my life have I seen such wrath painted on a man's face as was shown by Henslow at this horrid scene. He tried repeatedly to penetrate the mob; but it was simply impossible. He then rushed away to the mayor, telling me not to follow him, but to get more policemen. I forget the issue, except that the two men were got into the prison without being killed.

Henslow's benevolence was unbounded, as he proved by his many excellent schemes for his poor parishioners, when in after years he held the living of Hitcham. My intimacy

with such a man ought to have been, and I hope was, an inestimable benefit. I cannot resist mentioning a trifling incident, which showed his kind consideration. Whilst examining some pollen-grains on a damp surface, I saw the tubes exerted, and instantly rushed off to communicate my surprising discovery to him. Now I do not suppose any other professor of botany could have helped laughing at my coming in such a hurry to make such a communication. But he agreed how interesting the phenomenon was, and explained its meaning, but made me clearly understand how well it was known; so I left him not in the least mortified, but well pleased at having discovered for myself so remarkable a fact, but determined not to be in such a hurry again to communicate my discoveries.

Dr. Whewell was one of the older and distinguished men who sometimes visited Henslow, and on several occasions I walked home with him at night. Next to Sir J. Mackintosh he was the best converser on grave subjects to whom I ever listened. Leonard Jenyns, who afterwards published some good essays in Natural History, often stayed with Henslow, who was his brother-in-law. I visited him at his parsonage on the borders of the Fens [Swaffham Bulbeck], and had many a good walk and talk with him about Natural History. I became also acquainted with several other men older than I, who did not care much about science, but were friends of Henslow. One was a Scotchman, brother of Sir Alexander Ramsay, and tutor of Jesus College: he was a delightful man, but did not live for many years. Another was Mr. Dawes, afterwards Dean of Hereford, and famous for his success in the education of the poor. These men and others of the same standing, together with Henslow, used sometimes to take distant excursions into the country, which I was allowed to join, and they were most agreeable.

Looking back, I infer that there must have been something in me a little superior to the common run of youths, otherwise the above-mentioned men, so much older than I and higher in academical position, would never have allowed me to associate with them. Certainly I was not aware of any such superiority, and I remember one of my sporting friends, Turner, who saw me at work with my beetles, saying

that I should some day be a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the notion seemed to me preposterous.

During my last year at Cambridge, I read with care and profound interest Humboldt's "Personal Narrative." This work, and Sir J. Herschel's "Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy," stirred up in me a burning zeal to add even the most humble contribution to the noble structure of Natural Science. No one or a dozen other books influenced me nearly so much as these two. I copied out from Humboldt long passages about Teneriffe, and read them aloud on one of the above-mentioned excursions, to (I think) Henslow, Ramsay, and Dawes, for on a previous occasion I had talked about the glories of Teneriffe, and some of the party declared they would endeavor to go there; but I think that they were only half in earnest. I was, however, quite in earnest, and got an introduction to a merchant in London to enquire about ships; but the scheme was, of course, knocked on the head by the voyage of the *Beagle*.

My summer vacations were given up to collecting beetles, to some reading, and short tours. In the autumn my whole time was devoted to shooting, chiefly at Woodhouse and Maer, and sometimes with young Eyton of Eyton. Upon the whole the three years which I spent at Cambridge were the most joyful in my happy life; for I was then in excellent health, and almost always in high spirits.

As I had at first come up to Cambridge at Christmas, I was forced to keep two terms after passing my final examination, at the commencement of 1831; and Henslow then persuaded me to begin the study of geology. Therefore on my return to Shropshire I examined sections, and colored a map of parts round Shrewsbury. Professor Sedgwick intended to visit North Wales in the beginning of August to pursue his famous geological investigations amongst the older rocks, and Henslow asked him to allow me to accompany him. Accordingly he came and slept at my father's house.

A short conversation with him during this evening produced a strong impression on my mind. Whilst examining an old gravel-pit near Shrewsbury, a laborer told me that he had found in it a large worn tropical *Volute* shell, such as may be seen on the chimney-pieces of cottages; and as he

would not sell the shell, I was convinced that he had really found it in the pit. I told Sedgwick of the fact, and he at once said (no doubt truly) that it must have been thrown away by some one into the pit; but then added, if really embedded there it would be the greatest misfortune to geology, as it would overthrow all that we know about the superficial deposits of the Midland Counties. These gravel-beds belong in fact to the glacial period, and in after years I found in them broken arctic shells. But I was then utterly astonished at Sedgwick not being delighted at so wonderful a fact as a tropical shell being found near the surface in the middle of England. Nothing before had ever made me thoroughly realize, though I had read various scientific books, that science consists in grouping facts so that general laws or conclusions may be drawn from them.

Next morning we started for Llangollen, Conway, Bangor, and Capel Curig. This tour was of decided use in teaching me a little how to make out the geology of a country. Sedgwick often sent me on a line parallel to his, telling me to bring back specimens of the rocks and to mark the stratification on a map. I have little doubt that he did this for my good, as I was too ignorant to have aided him. On this tour I had a striking instance of how easy it is to overlook phenomena, however conspicuous, before they have been observed by any one. We spent many hours in Cwm Idwal, examining all the rocks with extreme care, as Sedgwick was anxious to find fossils in them; but neither of us saw a trace of the wonderful glacial phenomena all around us; we did not notice the plainly scored rocks, the perched boulders, the lateral and terminal moraines. Yet these phenomena are so conspicuous that, as I declared in a paper published many years afterwards in the "Philosophical Magazine," a house burnt down by fire did not tell its story more plainly than did this valley. If it had still been filled by a glacier, the phenomena would have been less distinct than they now are.

At Capel Curig I left Sedgwick and went in a straight line by compass and map across the mountains to Barmouth, never following any track unless it coincided with my course. I thus came on some strange wild places, and enjoyed much this manner of traveling. I visited Barmouth to see some

Cambridge friends who were reading there, and thence returned to Shrewsbury and to Maer for shooting; for at that time I should have thought myself mad to give up the first days of partridge-shooting for geology or any other science.

VOYAGE OF THE "BEAGLE" FROM DECEMBER 27, 1831, TO OCTOBER 2, 1836

On returning home from my short geological tour in North Wales, I found a letter from Henslow, informing me that Captain Fitz-Roy was willing to give up part of his own cabin to any young man who would volunteer to go with him without pay as naturalist to the Voyage of the *Beagle*. I have given, as I believe, in my MS. Journal an account of all the circumstances which then occurred; I will here only say that I was instantly eager to accept the offer, but my father strongly objected, adding the words, fortunate for me, "If you can find any man of common sense who advises you to go I will give my consent." So I wrote that evening and refused the offer. On the next morning I went to Maer to be ready for September 1st, and, whilst out shooting, my uncle sent for me, offering to drive me over to Shrewsbury and talk with my father, as my uncle thought it would be wise in me to accept the offer. My father always maintained that he was one of the most sensible men in the world, and he at once consented in the kindest manner. I had been rather extravagant at Cambridge, and to console my father, said, "that I should be deuced clever to spend more than my allowance whilst on board the *Beagle*;" but he answered with a smile, "But they tell me you are very clever."

Next day I started for Cambridge to see Henslow, and thence to London to see Fitz-Roy, and all was soon arranged. Afterwards, on becoming very intimate with Fitz-Roy, I heard that I had run a very narrow risk of being rejected, on account of the shape of my nose! He was an ardent disciple of Lavater, and was convinced that he could judge of a man's character by the outline of his features; and he doubted whether any one with my nose could possess sufficient energy and determination for the voyage. But I think he was afterwards well satisfied that my nose had spoken falsely.

Fitz-Roy's character was a singular one, with very many

noble features: he was devoted to his duty, generous to ■ fault, bold, determined, and indomitably energetic, and an ardent friend to all under his sway. He would undertake any sort of trouble to assist those whom he thought deserved assistance. He was a handsome man, strikingly like a gentleman, with highly courteous manners, which resembled those of his maternal uncle, the famous Lord Castlereagh, as I was told by the Minister at Rio. Nevertheless he must have inherited much in his appearance from Charles II., for Dr. Wallich gave me a collection of photographs which he had made, and I was struck with the resemblance of one to Fitz-Roy; and on looking at the name, I found it Ch. E. Sobieski Stuart, Count d'Albanie, a descendant of the same monarch.

Fitz-Roy's temper was a most unfortunate one. It was usually worst in the early morning, and with his eagle eye he could generally detect something amiss about the ship, and was then unsparing in his blame. He was very kind to me, but was a man very difficult to live with on the intimate terms which necessarily followed from our messing by ourselves in the same cabin. We had several quarrels; for instance, early in the voyage at Bahia, in Brazil, he defended and praised slavery, which I abominated, and told me that he had just visited a great slave-owner, who had called up many of his slaves and asked them whether they were happy, and whether they wished to be free, and all answered "No." I then asked him, perhaps with a sneer, whether he thought that the answer of slaves in the presence of their master was worth anything? This made him excessively angry, and he said that as I doubted his word we could not live any longer together. I thought that I should have been compelled to leave the ship; but as soon as the news spread, which it did quickly, as the captain sent for the first lieutenant to assuage his anger by abusing me, I was deeply gratified by receiving an invitation from all the gun-room officers to mess with them. But after a few hours Fitz-Roy showed his usual magnanimity by sending an officer to me with an apology and a request that I would continue to live with him.

His character was in several respects one of the most noble which I have ever known.

The voyage of the *Beagle* has been by far the most impor-

tant event in my life, and has determined my whole career; yet it depended on so small a circumstance as my uncle offering to drive me thirty miles to Shrewsbury, which few uncles would have done, and on such a trifle as the shape of my nose. I have always felt that I owe to the voyage the first real training or education of my mind; I was led to attend closely to several branches of natural history, and thus my powers of observation were improved, though they were always fairly developed.

The investigation of the geology of all the places visited was far more important, as reasoning here comes into play. On first examining a new district nothing can appear more hopeless than the chaos of rocks; but by recording the stratification and nature of the rocks and fossils at many points, always reasoning and predicting what will be found elsewhere, light soon begins to dawn on the district, and the structure of the whole becomes more or less intelligible. I had brought with me the first volume of Lyell's "Principles of Geology," which I studied attentively; and the book was of the highest service to me in many ways. The very first place which I examined, namely St. Jago in the Cape de Verde islands, showed me clearly the wonderful superiority of Lyell's manner of treating geology, compared with that of any other author, whose works I had with me or ever afterwards read.

Another of my occupations was collecting animals of all classes, briefly describing and roughly dissecting many of the marine ones; but from not being able to draw, and from not having sufficient anatomical knowledge, a great pile of MS. which I made during the voyage has proved almost useless. I thus lost much time, with the exception of that spent in acquiring some knowledge of the Crustaceans, as this was of service when in after years I undertook a monograph of the Cirripedia.

During some part of the day I wrote my Journal, and took much pains in describing carefully and vividly all that I had seen; and this was good practice. My Journal served also, in part, as letters to my home, and portions were sent to England whenever there was an opportunity.

The above various special studies were, however, of no

importance compared with the habit of energetic industry and of concentrated attention to whatever I was engaged in, which I then acquired. Everything about which I thought or read was made to bear directly on what I had seen or was likely to see; and this habit of mind was continued during the five years of the voyage. I feel sure that it was this training which has enabled me to do whatever I have done in science.

Looking backwards, I can now perceive how my love for science gradually preponderated over every other taste. During the first two years my old passion for shooting survived in nearly full force, and I shot myself all the birds and animals for my collection; but gradually I gave up my gun more and more, and finally altogether, to my servant, as shooting interfered with my work, more especially with making out the geological structure of a country. I discovered, though unconsciously and insensibly, that the pleasure of observing and reasoning was a much higher one than that of skill and sport. That my mind became developed through my pursuits during the voyage is rendered probable by a remark made by my father, who was the most acute observer whom I ever saw, of a skeptical disposition, and far from being a believer in phrenology; for on first seeing me after the voyage, he turned round to my sisters, and exclaimed, "Why, the shape of his head is quite altered."

To return to the voyage. On September 11th (1831), I paid a flying visit with Fitz-Roy to the *Beagle* at Plymouth. Thence to Shrewsbury to wish my father and sisters a long farewell. On October 24th I took up my residence at Plymouth, and remained there until December 27th, when the *Beagle* finally left the shores of England for her circumnavigation of the world. We made two earlier attempts to sail, but were driven back each time by heavy gales. These two months at Plymouth were the most miserable which I ever spent, though I exerted myself in various ways. I was out of spirits at the thought of leaving all my family and friends for so long a time, and the weather seemed to me inexpressibly gloomy. I was also troubled with palpitation and pain about the heart, and like many a young ignorant man, especially one with a smattering of medical knowledge, was con-

vinced that I had heart disease. I did not consult any doctor, as I fully expected to hear the verdict that I was not fit for the voyage, and I was resolved to go at all hazards.

I need not here refer to the events of the voyage—where we went and what we did—as I have given a sufficiently full account in my published Journal. The glories of the vegetation of the Tropics rise before my mind at the present time more vividly than anything else; though the sense of sublimity, which the great deserts of Patagonia and the forest-clad mountains of Tierra del Fuego excited in me, has left an indelible impression on my mind. The sight of a naked savage in his native land is an event which can never be forgotten. Many of my excursions on horseback through wild countries, or in the boats, some of which lasted several weeks, were deeply interesting: their discomfort and some degree of danger were at that time hardly a drawback, and none at all afterwards. I also reflect with high satisfaction on some of my scientific work, such as solving the problem of coral islands, and making out the geological structure of certain islands, for instance, St. Helena. Nor must I pass over the discovery of the singular relations of the animals and plants inhabiting the several islands of the Galapagos archipelago, and of all of them to the inhabitants of South America.

As far as I can judge of myself, I worked to the utmost during the voyage from the mere pleasure of investigation, and from my strong desire to add a few facts to the great mass of facts in Natural Science. But I was also ambitious to take a fair place among scientific men,—whether more ambitious or less so than most of my fellow-workers, I can form no opinion.

The geology of St. Jago is very striking, yet simple: a stream of lava formerly flowed over the bed of the sea, formed of triturated recent shells and corals, which it has baked into a hard white rock. Since then the whole island has been upheaved. But the line of white rock revealed to me a new and important fact, namely, that there had been afterwards subsidence round the craters, which had since been in action, and had poured forth lava. It then first dawned on me that I might perhaps write a book on the geology of the various countries visited, and this made me thrill with delight. That

was a memorable hour to me, and how distinctly I can call to mind the low cliff of lava beneath which I rested, with the sun glaring hot, a few strange desert plants growing near, and with living corals in the tidal pools at my feet. Later in the voyage, Fitz-Roy asked me to read some of my Journal, and declared it would be worth publishing; so here was a second book in prospect!

Towards the close of our voyage I received a letter whilst at Ascension, in which my sisters told me that Sedgwick had called on my father, and said that I should take a place among the leading scientific men. I could not at the time understand how he could have learnt anything of my proceedings, but I heard (I believe afterwards) that Henslow had read some of the letters which I wrote to him before the Philosophical Society of Cambridge, and had printed them for private distribution. My collection of fossil bones, which had been sent to Henslow, also excited considerable attention amongst palæontologists. After reading this letter, I clambered over the mountains of Ascension with a bounding step, and made the volcanic rocks resound under my geological hammer. All this shows how ambitious I was; but I think that I can say with truth that in after years, though I cared in the highest degree for the approbation of such men as Lyell and Hooker, who were my friends, I did not care much about the general public. I do not mean to say that a favorable review or a large sale of my books did not please me greatly, but the pleasure was a fleeting one, and I am sure that I have never turned one inch out of my course to gain fame.

FROM MY RETURN TO ENGLAND (OCTOBER 2, 1836) TO MY MARRIAGE (JANUARY 29, 1839)

These two years and three months were the most active ones which I ever spent, though I was occasionally unwell, and so lost some time. After going backwards and forwards several times between Shrewsbury, Maer, Cambridge, and London, I settled in lodgings at Cambridge on December 13th, where all my collections were under the care of Henslow. I stayed here three months, and got my minerals and rocks examined by the aid of Professor Miller.

I began preparing my "Journal of Travels," which was not hard work, as my MS. Journal had been written with care, and my chief labor was making an abstract of my more interesting scientific results. I sent also, at the request of Lyell, a short account of my observations on the elevation of the coast of Chile to the Geological Society.

On March 7th, 1837, I took lodgings in Great Marlborough Street in London, and remained there for nearly two years, until I was married. During these two years I finished my Journal, read several papers before the Geological Society, began preparing the MS. for my "Geological Observations," and arranged for the publication of the "Zoölogy of the Voyage of the *Beagle*." In July I opened my first note-book for facts in relation to the Origin of Species, about which I had long reflected, and never ceased working for the next twenty years.

During these two years I also went a little into society, and acted as one of the honorary secretaries of the Geological Society. I saw a great deal of Lyell. One of his chief characteristics was his sympathy with the work of others, and I was as much astonished as delighted at the interest which he showed when, on my return to England, I explained to him my views on coral reefs. This encouraged me greatly, and his advice and example had much influence on me. During this time I saw also a good deal of Robert Brown; I used often to call and sit with him during his breakfast on Sunday mornings, and he poured forth a rich treasure of curious observations and acute remarks, but they almost always related to minute points, and he never with me discussed large or general questions in science.

During these two years I took several short excursions as a relaxation, and one longer one to the Parallel Roads of Glen Roy, an account of which was published in the "Philosophical Transactions." This paper was a great failure, and I am ashamed of it. Having been deeply impressed with what I had seen of the elevation of the land of South America, I attributed the parallel lines to the action of the sea; but I had to give up this view when Agassiz propounded his glacier-lake theory. Because no other explanation was possible under our then state of knowledge, I argued in favor of sea-action;

and my error has been a good lesson to me never to trust in science to the principle of exclusion.

As I was not able to work all day at science, I read a good deal during these two years on various subjects, including some metaphysical books; but I was not well fitted for such studies. About this time I took much delight in Wordsworth's and Coleridge's poetry; and can boast that I read the "Excursion" twice through. Formerly Milton's "Paradise Lost" had been my chief favorite, and in my excursions during the voyage of the *Beagle*, when I could take only a single volume, I always chose Milton.

FROM MY MARRIAGE, JANUARY 29, 1839, AND RESIDENCE IN UPPER GOWER STREET, TO OUR LEAVING LONDON AND SETTLING AT DOWN, SEPTEMBER 14, 1842.

After speaking of his happy married life, and of his children, he continues:—

During the three years and eight months whilst we resided in London, I did less scientific work, though I worked as hard as I possibly could, than during any other equal length of time in my life. This was owing to frequently recurring unwellness, and to one long and serious illness. The greater part of my time, when I could do anything, was devoted to my work on "Coral Reefs," which I had begun before my marriage, and of which the last proof-sheet was corrected on May 6th, 1842. This book, though a small one, cost me twenty months of hard work, as I had to read every work on the islands of the Pacific and to consult many charts. It was thought highly of by scientific men, and the theory therein given is, I think, now well established.

No other work of mine was begun in so deductive a spirit as this, for the whole theory was thought out on the west coast of South America, before I had seen a true coral reef. I had therefore only to verify and extend my views by a careful examination of living reefs. But it should be observed that I had during the two previous years been incessantly attending to the effects on the shores of South America of the intermittent elevation of the land, together with denudation and the deposition of sediment. This necessarily led me to reflect much on the effects of subsidence, and it was easy to

replace in imagination the continued deposition of sediment by the upward growth of corals. To do this was to form my theory of the formation of barrier-reefs and atolls.

Besides my work on coral-reefs, during my residence in London, I read before the Geological Society papers on the Erratic Boulders of South America, on Earthquakes, and on the Formation by the Agency of Earth-worms of Mold. I also continued to superintend the publication of the "Zoology of the Voyage of the *Beagle*." Nor did I ever intermit collecting facts bearing on the origin of species; and I could sometimes do this when I could do nothing else from illness.

In the summer of 1842 I was stronger than I had been for some time, and took a little tour by myself in North Wales, for the sake of observing the effects of the old glaciers which formerly filled all the larger valleys. I published a short account of what I saw in the "Philosophical Magazine." This excursion interested me greatly, and it was the last time I was ever strong enough to climb mountains or to take long walks such as are necessary for geological work.

During the early part of our life in London, I was strong enough to go into general society, and saw a good deal of several scientific men, and other more or less distinguished men. I will give my impressions with respect to some of them, though I have little to say worth saying.

I saw more of Lyell than of any other man, both before and after my marriage. His mind was characterized, as it appeared to me, by clearness, caution, sound judgment, and a good deal of originality. When I made any remark to him on Geology, he never rested until he saw the whole case clearly, and often made me see it more clearly than I had done before. He would advance all possible objections to my suggestion, and even after these were exhausted would long remain dubious. A second characteristic was his hearty sympathy with the work of other scientific men.

On my return from the voyage of the *Beagle*, I explained to him my views on coral-reefs, which differed from his, and I was greatly surprised and encouraged by the vivid interest which he showed. His delight in science was ardent, and he felt the keenest interest in the future progress of mankind.

He was very kind-hearted, and thoroughly liberal in his religious beliefs, or rather disbeliefs; but he was a strong theist. His candor was highly remarkable. He exhibited this by becoming a convert to the Descent theory, though he had gained much fame by opposing Lamarck's views, and this after he had grown old. He reminded me that I had many years before said to him, when discussing the opposition of the old school of geologists to his new views, "What a good thing it would be if every scientific man was to die when sixty years old, as afterwards he would be sure to oppose all new doctrines." But he hoped that now he might be allowed to live.

The science of Geology is enormously indebted to Lyell—more so, as I believe, than to any other man who ever lived. When [I was] starting on the voyage of the *Beagle*, the sagacious Henslow, who, like all other geologists, believed at that time in successive cataclysms, advised me to get and study the first volume of the "Principles," which had then just been published, but on no account to accept the views therein advocated. How differently would any one now speak of the "Principles"! I am proud to remember that the first place, namely, St. Jago, in the Cape de Verde archipelago, in which I geologized, convinced me of the infinite superiority of Lyell's views over those advocated in any other work known to me.

I saw a good deal of Robert Brown, "facile Princeps Botanicorum," as he was called by Humboldt. He seemed to me to be chiefly remarkable for the minuteness of his observations, and their perfect accuracy. His knowledge was extraordinarily great, and much died with him, owing to his excessive fear of ever making a mistake. He poured out his knowledge to me in the most unreserved manner, yet was strangely jealous on some points. I called on him two or three times before the voyage of the *Beagle*, and on one occasion he asked me to look through a microscope and describe what I saw. This I did, and believe now that it was the marvelous currents of protoplasm in some vegetable cell. I then asked him what I had seen; but he answered me, "That is my little secret."

He was capable of the most generous actions. When old,

much out of health, and quite unfit for any exertion, he daily visited (as Hooker told me) an old man-servant, who lived at a distance (and whom he supported), and read aloud to him. This is enough to make up for any degree of scientific penuriousness or jealousy.

I may here mention a few other eminent men, whom I have occasionally seen, but I have little to say about them worth saying. I felt a high reverence for Sir J. Herschel, and was delighted to dine with him at his charming house at the Cape of Good Hope, and afterwards at his London house. I saw him, also, on a few other occasions. He never talked much, but every word which he uttered was worth listening to.

I once met at breakfast at Sir R. Murchison's house the illustrious Humboldt, who honored me by expressing a wish to see me. I was a little disappointed with the great man, but my anticipations probably were too high. I can remember nothing distinctly about our interview, except that Humboldt was very cheerful and talked much.

——— reminds me of Buckle whom I once met at Hensleigh Wedgwood's. I was very glad to learn from him his system of collecting facts. He told me that he bought all the books which he read, and made a full index, to each, of the facts which he thought might prove serviceable to him, and that he could always remember in what book he had read anything, for his memory was wonderful. I asked him how at first he could judge what facts would be serviceable, and he answered that he did not know, but that a sort of instinct guided him. From his habit of making indices, he was enabled to give the astonishing number of references on all sorts of subjects, which may be found in his "History of Civilization." This book I thought most interesting, and read it twice, but I doubt whether his generalizations are worth anything. Buckle was a great talker, and I listened to him saying hardly a word, nor indeed could I have done so for he left no gaps. When Mrs. Farrer began to sing, I jumped up and said that I must listen to her; after I had moved away he turned around to a friend and said (as was overheard by my brother), "Well, Mr. Darwin's books are much better than his conversation."

Of other great literary men, I once met Sydney Smith at Dean Milman's house. There was something inexplicably amusing in every word which he uttered. Perhaps this was partly due to the expectation of being amused. He was talking about Lady Cork, who was then extremely old. This was the lady who, as he said, was once so much affected by one of his charity sermons, that she *borrowed* a guinea from a friend to put in the plate. He now said, "It is generally believed that my dear old friend Lady Cork has been overlooked," and he said this in such a manner that no one could for a moment doubt that he meant that his dear old friend had been overlooked by the devil. How he managed to express this I know not.

I likewise once met Macaulay at Lord Stanhope's (the historian's) house, and as there was only one other man at dinner, I had a grand opportunity of hearing him converse, and he was very agreeable. He did not talk at all too much; nor indeed could such a man talk too much, as long as he allowed others to turn the stream of his conversation, and this he did allow.

Lord Stanhope once gave me a curious little proof of the accuracy and fullness of Macaulay's memory: many historians used often to meet at Lord Stanhope's house, and in discussing various subjects they would sometimes differ from Macaulay, and formerly they often referred to some book to see who was right; but latterly, as Lord Stanhope noticed, no historian ever took this trouble, and whatever Macaulay said was final.

On another occasion I met at Lord Stanhope's house, one of his parties of historians and other literary men, and amongst them were Motley and Grote. After luncheon I walked about Chevening Park for nearly an hour with Grote, and was much interested by his conversation and pleased by the simplicity and absence of all pretension in his manners.

Long ago I dined occasionally with the old Earl, the father of the historian; he was a strange man, but what little I knew of him I liked much. He was frank, genial, and pleasant. He had strongly marked features, with a brown complexion, and his clothes, when I saw him, were all brown. He seemed to believe in everything which was to others utter-

ly incredible. He said one day to me, "Why don't you give up your fiddle-faddle of geology and zoölogy, and turn to the occult sciences?" The historian, then Lord Mahon, seemed shocked at such a speech to me, and his charming wife much amused.

The last man whom I will mention is Carlyle, seen by me several times at my brother's house, and two or three times at my own house. His talk was very racy and interesting, just like his writings, but he sometimes went on too long on the same subject. I remember a funny dinner at my brother's, where, amongst a few others, were Babbage and Lyell, both of whom liked to talk. Carlyle, however, silenced every one by haranguing during the whole dinner on the advantages of silence. After dinner Babbage, in his grimmest manner, thanked Carlyle for his very interesting lecture on silence.

Carlyle sneered at almost every one: one day in my house he called Grote's "History" "a fetid quagmire, with nothing spiritual about it." I always thought, until his "Reminiscences" appeared, that his sneers were partly jokes, but this now seems rather doubtful. His expression was that of a depressed, almost despondent yet benevolent, man; and it is notorious how heartily he laughed. I believe that his benevolence was real, though stained by not a little jealousy. No one can doubt about his extraordinary power of drawing pictures of things and men—far more vivid, as it appears to me, than any drawn by Macaulay. Whether his pictures of men were true ones is another question.

He has been all-powerful in impressing some grand moral truths on the minds of men. On the other hand, his views about slavery were revolting. In his eyes might was right. His mind seemed to me a very narrow one; even if all branches of science, which he despised, are excluded. It is astonishing to me that Kingsley should have spoken of him as a man well fitted to advance science. He laughed to scorn the idea that a mathematician, such as Whewell, could judge, as I maintained he could, of Goethe's views on light. He thought it a most ridiculous thing that any one should care whether a glacier moved a little quicker or a little slower, or moved at all. As far as I could judge, I never met a man with a mind so ill adapted for scientific research.

Whilst living in London, I attended as regularly as I could the meetings of several scientific societies, and acted as secretary to the Geological Society. But such attendance, and ordinary society, suited my health so badly that we resolved to live in the country, which we both preferred and have never repented of.

RESIDENCE AT DOWN FROM SEPTEMBER 14, 1842, TO THE PRESENT TIME, 1876.

After several fruitless searches in Surrey and elsewhere, we found this house and purchased it. I was pleased with the diversified appearance of vegetation proper to a chalk district, and so unlike what I had been accustomed to in the Midland counties; and still more pleased with the extreme quietness and rusticity of the place. It is not, however, quite so retired a place as a writer in a German periodical makes it, who says that my house can be approached only by a mule-track! Our fixing ourselves here has answered admirably in one way, which we did not anticipate, namely, by being very convenient for frequent visits from our children.

Few persons can have lived a more retired life than we have done. Besides short visits to the houses of relations, and occasionally to the seaside or elsewhere, we have gone nowhere. During the first part of our residence we went a little into society, and received a few friends here; but my health almost always suffered from the excitement, violent shivering and vomiting attacks being thus brought on. I have therefore been compelled for many years to give up all dinner-parties; and this has been somewhat of a deprivation to me, as such parties always put me into high spirits. From the same cause I have been able to invite here very few scientific acquaintances.

My chief enjoyment and sole employment throughout life has been scientific work; and the excitement from such work makes me for the time forget, or drives quite away, my daily discomfort. I have therefore nothing to record during the rest of my life, except the publication of my several books. Perhaps a few details how they arose may be worth giving.

My several Publications.—In the early part of 1844, my

observations on the volcanic islands visited during the voyage of the *Beagle* were published. In 1845, I took much pains in correcting a new edition of my "Journal of Researches," which was originally published in 1839 as part of Fitz-Roy's work. The success of this, my first literary child, always tickles my vanity more than that of any of my other books. Even to this day it sells steadily in England and the United States, and has been translated for the second time into German and into French and other languages. This success of a book of travels, especially of a scientific one, so many years after its first publication, is surprising. Ten thousand copies have been sold in England of the second edition. In 1846 my "Geological Observations on South America" were published. I record in a little diary, which I have always kept, that my three geological books ("Coral Reefs" included) consumed four and a half years' steady work; "and now it is ten years since my return to England. How much time have I lost by illness?" I have nothing to say about these three books except that to my surprise new editions have lately been called for.

In October, 1846, I began to work on "Cirripedia." When on the coast of Chile, I found a most curious form, which burrowed into the shells of *Concholepas*, and which differed so much from all other Cirripedes that I had to form a new sub-order for its sole reception. Lately an allied burrowing genus has been found on the shores of Portugal. To understand the structure of my new Cirripede I had to examine and dissect many of the common forms; and this gradually led me on to take up the whole group. I worked steadily on this subject for the next eight years, and ultimately published two thick volumes, describing all the known living species, and two thin quartos of the extinct species. I do not doubt that Sir E. Lytton Bulwer had me in his mind when he introduced in one of his novels a Professor Long, who had written two huge volumes on limpets.

Although I was employed during eight years on this work, yet I record in my diary that about two years out of this time was lost by illness. On this account I went in 1848 for some months to Malvern for hydropathic treatment, which did me much good, so that on my return home I was able to

resume work. So much was I out of health that when my dear father died on November 13th, 1848, I was unable to attend his funeral or to act as one of his executors.

My work on the Cirripedia possesses, I think, considerable value, as besides describing several new and remarkable forms, I made out the homologies of the various parts—I discovered the cementing apparatus, though I blundered dreadfully about the cement glands—and lastly I proved the existence in certain genera of minute males complementary to and parasitic on the hermaphrodites. This latter discovery has at last been fully confirmed; though at one time a German writer was pleased to attribute the whole account to my fertile imagination. The Cirripedes form a highly varying and difficult group of species to class; and my work was of considerable use to me, when I had to discuss in the "Origin of Species" the principles of a natural classification. Nevertheless, I doubt whether the work was worth the consumption of so much time.

From September 1854 I devoted my whole time to arranging my huge pile of notes, to observing, and to experimenting in relation to the transmutation of species. During the voyage of the *Beagle* I had been deeply impressed by discovering in the Pampean formation great fossil animals covered with armor like that on the existing armadillos; secondly, by the manner in which closely allied animals replace one another in proceeding southwards over the Continent; and thirdly, by the South American character of most of the productions of the Galapagos archipelago, and more especially by the manner in which they differ slightly on each island of the group; none of the islands appearing to be very ancient in a geological sense.

It was evident that such facts as these, as well as many others, could only be explained on the supposition that species gradually become modified; and the subject haunted me. But it was equally evident that neither the action of the surrounding conditions, nor the will of the organisms (especially in the case of plants) could account for the innumerable cases in which organisms of every kind are beautifully adapted to their habits of life—for instance, a woodpecker or a tree-frog to climb trees, or a seed for dispersal by hooks or

plumes. I had always been much struck by such adaptations, and until these could be explained it seemed to me almost useless to endeavor to prove by indirect evidence that species have been modified.

After my return to England it appeared to me that by following the example of Lyell in *Geology*, and by collecting all facts which bore in any way on the variation of animals and plants under domestication and nature, some light might perhaps be thrown on the whole subject. My first note-book was opened in July 1837. I worked on true Baconian principles, and without any theory collected facts on a wholesale scale, more especially with respect to domesticated productions, by printed enquiries, by conversation with skillful breeders and gardeners, and by extensive reading. When I see the list of books of all kinds which I have read and abstracted, including whole series of Journals and Transactions, I am surprised at my industry. I soon perceived that selection was the keystone of man's success in making useful races of animals and plants. But how selection could be applied to organisms living in a state of nature remained for some time a mystery to me.

In October 1838, that is, fifteen months after I had begun my systematic enquiry, I happened to read for amusement "Malthus on Population," and being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on from long-continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favorable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavorable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species. Here then I had at last got a theory by which to work; but I was so anxious to avoid prejudice, that I determined not for some time to write even the briefest sketch of it. In June 1842 I first allowed myself the satisfaction of writing a very brief abstract of my theory in pencil in 35 pages; and this was enlarged during the summer of 1844 into one of 230 pages, which I had fairly copied out and still possess.

But at that time I overlooked one problem of great importance; and it is astonishing to me, except on the principle of Columbus and his egg, how I could have overlooked it and

its solution. This problem is the tendency in organic beings descended from the same stock to diverge in character as they become modified. That they have diverged greatly is obvious from the manner in which species of all kinds can be classed under genera, genera under families, families under sub-orders and so forth; and I can remember the very spot in the road, whilst in my carriage, when to my joy the solution occurred to me; and this was long after I had come to Down. The solution, as I believe, is that the modified offspring of all dominant and increasing forms tend to become adapted to many and highly diversified places in the economy of nature.

Early in 1856 Lyell advised me to write out my views pretty fully, and I began at once to do so on a scale three or four times as extensive as that which was afterwards followed in my "Origin of Species;" yet it was only an abstract of the materials which I had collected, and I got through about half the work on this scale. But my plans were overthrown, for early in the summer of 1858 Mr. Wallace, who was then in the Malay archipelago, sent me an essay "On the Tendency of Varieties to depart indefinitely from the Original Type;" and this essay contained exactly the same theory as mine. Mr. Wallace expressed the wish that if I thought well of his essay, I should send it to Lyell for perusal.

The circumstances under which I consented at the request of Lyell and Hooker to allow of an abstract from my MS., together with a letter to Asa Gray, dated September 5, 1857, to be published at the same time with Wallace's Essay, are given in the "Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnean Society," 1858, p. 45. I was at first very unwilling to consent, as I thought Mr. Wallace might consider my doing so unjustifiable, for I did not then know how generous and noble was his disposition. The extract from my MS. and the letter to Asa Gray had neither been intended for publication, and were badly written. Mr. Wallace's essay, on the other hand, was admirably expressed and quite clear. Nevertheless, our joint productions excited very little attention, and the only published notice of them which I can remember was by Professor Haughton of Dublin, whose verdict was that all

that was new in them was false, and what was true was old. This shows how necessary it is that any new view should be explained at considerable length in order to arouse public attention.

In September 1858 I set to work by the strong advice of Lyell and Hooker to prepare a volume on the transmutation of species, but was often interrupted by ill-health, and short visits to Dr. Lane's delightful hydropathic establishment at Moor Park. I abstracted the MS. begun on a much larger scale in 1856, and completed the volume on the same reduced scale. It cost me thirteen months and ten days' hard labor. It was published under the title of the "Origin of Species," in November 1859. Though considerably added to and corrected in the later editions, it has remained substantially the same book.

It is no doubt the chief work of my life. It was from the first highly successful. The first small edition of 1250 copies was sold on the day of publication, and a second edition of 3000 copies soon afterwards. Sixteen thousand copies have now (1876) been sold in England; and considering how stiff a book it is, this is a large sale. It has been translated into almost every European tongue, even into such languages as Spanish, Bohemian, Polish, and Russian. It has also, according to Miss Bird, been translated into Japanese, and is there much studied. Even an essay in Hebrew has appeared on it, showing that the theory is contained in the Old Testament! The reviews were very numerous; for some time I collected all that appeared on the "Origin" and on my related books, and these amount (excluding newspaper reviews) to 265; but after a time I gave up the attempt in despair. Many separate essays and books on the subject have appeared; and in Germany a catalogue or bibliography on "Darwinismus" has appeared every year or two.

The success of the "Origin" may, I think, be attributed in large part to my having long before written two condensed sketches, and to my having finally abstracted a much larger manuscript, which was itself an abstract. By this means I was enabled to select the more striking facts and conclusions. I had, also, during many years followed a golden rule, namely, that whenever a published fact, a new observation or thought came across me, which was opposed to my general results, to

make a memorandum of it without fail and at once; for I had found by experience that such facts and thoughts were far more apt to escape from the memory than favorable ones. Owing to this habit, very few objections were raised against my views which I had not at least noticed and attempted to answer.

It has sometimes been said that the success of the "Origin" proved "that the subject was in the air," or "that men's minds were prepared for it." I do not think that this is strictly true, for I occasionally sounded not a few naturalists, and never happened to come across a single one who seemed to doubt about the permanence of species. Even Lyell and Hooker, though they would listen with interest to me, never seemed to agree. I tried once or twice to explain to able men what I meant by Natural Selection, but signally failed. What I believe was strictly true is that innumerable well-observed facts were stored in the minds of naturalists ready to take their proper places as soon as any theory which would receive them was sufficiently explained. Another element in the success of the book was its moderate size; and this I owe to the appearance of Mr. Wallace's essay; had I published on the scale in which I began to write in 1856, the book would have been four or five times as large as the "Origin," and very few would have had the patience to read it.

I gained much by my delay in publishing from about 1839, when the theory was clearly conceived, to 1859; and I lost nothing by it, for I cared very little whether men attributed most originality to me or Wallace; and his essay no doubt aided in the reception of the theory. I was forestalled in only one important point, which my vanity has always made me regret, namely, the explanation by means of the Glacial period of the presence of the same species of plants and of some few animals on distant mountain summits and in the arctic regions. This view pleased me so much that I wrote it out in extenso, and I believe that it was read by Hooker some years before E. Forbes published his celebrated memoir on the subject. In the very few points in which we differed, I still think that I was in the right. I have never, of course, alluded in print to my having independently worked out this view.

Hardly any point gave me so much satisfaction when I was at work on the "Origin," as the explanation of the wide difference in many classes between the embryo and the adult animal, and of the close resemblance of the embryos within the same class. No notice of this point was taken, as far as I remember, in the early reviews of the "Origin," and I recollect expressing my surprise on this head in a letter to Asa Gray. Within late years several reviewers have given the whole credit to Fritz Müller and Hæckel, who undoubtedly have worked it out much more fully, and in some respects more correctly than I did. I had materials for a whole chapter on the subject, and I ought to have made the discussion longer; for it is clear that I failed to impress my readers; and he who succeeds in doing so deserves, in my opinion, all the credit.

This leads me to remark that I have almost always been treated honestly by my reviewers, passing over those without scientific knowledge as not worthy of notice. My views have often been grossly misrepresented, bitterly opposed and ridiculed, but this has been generally done, as I believe, in good faith. On the whole I do not doubt that my works have been over and over again greatly overpraised. I rejoice that I have avoided controversies, and this I owe to Lyell, who many years ago, in reference to my geological works, strongly advised me never to get entangled in a controversy, as it rarely did any good whatsoever and caused a miserable loss of time and temper.

Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, or that my work has been imperfect, and when I have been contemptuously criticized, and even when I have been overpraised, so that I have felt mortified, it has been my greatest comfort to say hundreds of times to myself that "I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this." I remember when in Good Success Bay, in Tierra del Fuego, thinking (and, I believe, that I wrote home to the effect) that I could not employ my life better than in adding a little to Natural Science. This I have done to the best of my abilities, and critics may say what they like, but they cannot destroy this conviction.

During the two last months of 1859, I was fully occupied

in preparing a second edition of the "Origin," and by an enormous correspondence. On January 1st, 1860, I began arranging my notes for my work on the "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication;" but it was not published until the beginning of 1868; the delay having been caused partly by frequent illnesses, one of which lasted seven months, and partly by being tempted to publish on other subjects which at the time interested me more.

On May 15th, 1862, my little book on the "Fertilization of Orchids," which cost me ten months' work, was published: most of the facts had been slowly accumulated during several previous years. During the summer of 1839, and, I believe, during the previous summer, I was led to attend to the cross-fertilization of flowers by the aid of insects, from having come to the conclusion in my speculations on the origin of species, that crossing played an important part in keeping specific forms constant. I attended to the subject more or less during every subsequent summer; and my interest in it was greatly enhanced by having procured and read in November 1841, through the advice of Robert Brown, a copy of C. K. Sprengel's wonderful book, "Das entdeckte Geheimniss der Natur." For some years before 1862 I had specially attended to the fertilization of our British orchids; and it seemed to me the best plan to prepare as complete a treatise on this group of plants as well as I could, rather than to utilize the great mass of matter which I had slowly collected with respect to other plants.

My resolve proved a wise one; for since the appearance of my book, a surprising number of papers and separate works on the fertilization of all kinds of flowers have appeared: and these are far better done than I could possibly have effected. The merits of poor old Sprengel, so long overlooked, are now fully recognized many years after his death.

During the same year I published in the "Journal of the Linnean Society" a paper "On the Two Forms, or Dimorphic Condition of Primula," and during the next five years, five other papers on dimorphic and trimorphic plants. I do not think anything in my scientific life has given me so much satisfaction as making out the meaning of the structure of

these plants. I had noticed in 1838 or 1839 the dimorphism of *Linum flavum*, and had at first thought that it was merely a case of unmeaning variability. But on examining the common species of *Primula* I found that the two forms were much too regular and constant to be thus viewed. I therefore became almost convinced that the common cowslip and primrose were on the high road to become dicecious;—that the short pistil in the one form, and the short stamens in the other form were tending towards abortion. The plants were therefore subjected under this point of view to trial; but as soon as the flowers with short pistil fertilized with pollen from the short stamens, were found to yield more seeds than any other of the four possible unions, the abortion-theory was knocked on the head. After some additional experiment, it became evident that the two forms, though both were perfect hermaphrodites, bore almost the same relation to one another as do the two sexes of an ordinary animal. With *Lythrum* we have the still more wonderful case of three forms standing in a similar relation to one another. I afterwards found that the offspring from the union of two plants belonging to the same forms presented a close and curious analogy with hybrids from the union of two distinct species.

In the autumn of 1864 I finished a long paper on “Climbing Plants,” and sent it to the Linnean Society. The writing of this paper cost me four months; but I was so unwell when I received the proof-sheets that I was forced to leave them very badly and often obscurely expressed. The paper was little noticed, but when in 1875 it was corrected and published as a separate book it sold well. I was led to take up this subject by reading a short paper by Asa Gray, published in 1858. He sent me seeds, and on raising some plants I was so much fascinated and perplexed by the revolving movements of the tendrils and stems, which movements are really very simple, though appearing at first sight very complex, that I procured various other kinds of climbing plants, and studied the whole subject. I was all the more attracted to it, from not being at all satisfied with the explanation which Henslow gave us in his lectures, about twining plants, namely, that they had a natural tendency to grow up in a spire. This explanation proved quite erroneous. Some of the adaptations displayed

by Climbing Plants are as beautiful as those of Orchids for ensuring cross-fertilization.

My "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication" was begun, as already stated, in the beginning of 1860, but was not published until the beginning of 1868. It was a big book, and cost me four years and two months' hard labor. It gives all my observations and an immense number of facts collected from various sources, about our domestic productions. In the second volume the causes and laws of variation, inheritance, &c., are discussed as far as our present state of knowledge permits. Towards the end of the work I give my well-abused hypothesis of Pangenesis. An unverified hypothesis is of little or no value; but if any one should hereafter be led to make observations by which some such hypothesis could be established, I shall have done good service, as an astonishing number of isolated facts can be thus connected together and rendered intelligible. In 1875 a second and largely corrected edition, which cost me a good deal of labor, was brought out.

My "Descent of Man" was published in February, 1871. As soon as I had become, in the year 1837 or 1838, convinced that species were mutable productions, I could not avoid the belief that man must come under the same law. Accordingly I collected notes on the subject for my own satisfaction, and not for a long time with any intention of publishing. Although in the "Origin of Species" the derivation of any particular species is never discussed, yet I thought it best, in order that no honorable man should accuse me of concealing my views, to add that by the work "light would be thrown on the origin of man and his history." It would have been useless and injurious to the success of the book to have paraded, without giving any evidence, my conviction with respect to his origin.

But when I found that many naturalists fully accepted the doctrine of the evolution of species, it seemed to me advisable to work up such notes as I possessed, and to publish a special treatise on the origin of man. I was the more glad to do so, as it gave me an opportunity of fully discussing sexual selection—a subject which had always greatly interested me. This subject, and that of the variation of our domestic productions, together with the causes and laws of variation, inheritance,

and the intercrossing of plants, are the sole subjects which I have been able to write about in full, so as to use all the materials which I have collected. The "Descent of Man" took me three years to write, but then as usual some of this time was lost by ill health, and some was consumed by preparing new editions and other minor works. A second and largely corrected edition of the "Descent" appeared in 1874.

My book on the "Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals" was published in the autumn of 1872. I had intended to give only a chapter on the subject in the "Descent of Man," but as soon as I began to put my notes together, I saw that it would require a separate treatise.

My first child was born on December 27th, 1839, and I at once commenced to make notes on the first dawn of the various expressions which he exhibited, for I felt convinced, even at this early period, that the most complex and fine shades of expression must all have had a gradual and natural origin. During the summer of the following year, 1840, I read Sir C. Bell's admirable work on expression, and this greatly increased the interest which I felt in the subject, though I could not at all agree with his belief that various muscles had been specially created for the sake of expression. From this time forward I occasionally attended to the subject, both with respect to man and our domesticated animals. My book sold largely; 5267 copies having been disposed of on the day of publication.

In the summer of 1860 I was idling and resting near Hartfield, where two species of *Drosera* abound; and I noticed that numerous insects had been entrapped by the leaves. I carried home some plants, and on giving them insects saw the movements of the tentacles, and this made me think it probable that the insects were caught for some special purpose. Fortunately a crucial test occurred to me, that of placing a large number of leaves in various nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous fluids of equal density; and as soon as I found that the former alone excited energetic movements, it was obvious that here was a fine new field for investigation.

During subsequent years, whenever I had leisure, I pursued my experiments, and my book on "Insectivorous Plants" was published in July 1875—that is, sixteen years after my

first observations. The delay in this case, as with all my other books, has been a great advantage to me; for a man after a long interval can criticize his own work, almost as well as if it were that of another person. The fact that a plant should secrete, when properly excited, a fluid containing an acid and ferment, closely analogous to the digestive fluid of an animal, was certainly a remarkable discovery.

During this autumn of 1876 I shall publish on the "Effects of Cross and Self-Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom." This book will form a complement to that on the "Fertilization of Orchids," in which I showed how perfect were the means for cross-fertilization, and here I shall show how important are the results. I was led to make, during eleven years, the numerous experiments recorded in this volume, by a mere accidental observation; and indeed it required the accident to be repeated before my attention was thoroughly aroused to the remarkable fact that seedlings of self-fertilized parentage are inferior, even in the first generation, in height and vigor to seedlings of cross-fertilized parentage. I hope also to republish a revised edition of my book on Orchids, and hereafter my papers on dimorphic and trimorphic plants, together with some additional observations on allied points which I never have had time to arrange. My strength will then probably be exhausted, and I shall be ready to exclaim "Nunc dimittis."

Written May 1st, 1881.—"The Effects of Cross and Self-Fertilization" was published in the autumn of 1876; and the results there arrived at explain, as I believe, the endless and wonderful contrivances for the transportal of pollen from one plant to another of the same species. I now believe, however, chiefly from the observations of Hermann Müller, that I ought to have insisted more strongly than I did on the many adaptations for self-fertilization; though I was well aware of many such adaptations. A much enlarged edition of my "Fertilization of Orchids" was published in 1877.

In this same year "The Different Forms of Flowers, &c.," appeared, and in 1880 a second edition. This book consists chiefly of the several papers on Heterostyled flowers originally published by the Linnean Society, corrected, with much new matter added, together with observations on some other cases

in which the same plant bears two kinds of flowers. As before remarked, no little discovery of mine ever gave me so much pleasure as the making out the meaning of heterostyled flowers. The results of crossing such flowers in an illegitimate manner, I believe to be very important, as bearing on the sterility of hybrids; although these results have been noticed by only a few persons.

In 1879, I had a translation of Dr. Ernst Krause's "Life of Erasmus Darwin" published, and I added a sketch of his character and habits from material in my possession. Many persons have been much interested by this little life, and I am surprised that only 800 or 900 copies were sold.

In 1880 I published, with [my son] Frank's assistance, our "Power of Movement in Plants." This was a tough piece of work. The book bears somewhat the same relation to my little book on "Climbing Plants," which "Cross-Fertilization," did to the "Fertilization of Orchids;" for in accordance with the principle of evolution it was impossible to account for climbing plants having been developed in so many widely different groups unless all kinds of plants possess some slight power of movement of an analogous kind. This I proved to be the case; and I was further led to a rather wide generalization, viz. that the great and important classes of movements, excited by light, the attraction of gravity, &c., are all modified forms of the fundamental movement of circumnutation. It has always pleased me to exalt plants in the scale of organized beings; and I therefore felt an especial pleasure in showing how many and what admirably well adapted movements the tip of a root possesses.

I have now (May 1, 1881) sent to the printers the MS. of a little book on "The Formation of Vegetable Mold, through the Action of Worms." This is a subject of but small importance; and I know not whether it will interest any readers, but it has interested me. It is the completion of a short paper read before the Geological Society more than forty years ago, and has revived old geological thoughts.

I have now mentioned all the books which I have published, and these have been the milestones in my life, so that little remains to be said. I am not conscious of any change in my mind during the last thirty years, excepting in

one point presently to be mentioned; nor, indeed, could any change have been expected unless one of general deterioration. But my father lived to his eighty-third year with his mind as lively as ever it was, and all his faculties undimmed; and I hope that I may die before my mind fails to a sensible extent. I think that I have become a little more skillful in guessing right explanations and in devising experimental tests; but this may probably be the result of mere practice, and of a larger store of knowledge. I have as much difficulty as ever in expressing myself clearly and concisely; and this difficulty has caused me a very great loss of time; but it has had the compensating advantage of forcing me to think long and intently about every sentence, and thus I have been led to see errors in reasoning and in my own observations or those of others.

There seems to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement or proposition in a wrong or awkward form. Formerly I used to think about my sentences before writing them down; but for several years I have found that it saves time to scribble in a vile hand whole pages as quickly as I possibly can, contracting half the words; and then correct deliberately. Sentences thus scribbled down are often better ones than I could have written deliberately.

Having said thus much about my manner of writing, I will add that with my large books I spend a good deal of time over the general arrangement of the matter. I first make the rudest outline in two or three pages, and then a larger one in several pages, a few words or one word standing for a whole discussion or series of facts. Each one of these headings is again enlarged and often transferred before I began to write *in extenso*. As in several of my books facts observed by others have been very extensively used, and as I have always had several quite distinct subjects in hand at the same time, I may mention that I keep from thirty to forty large portfolios, in cabinets with labeled shelves, into which I can at once put a detached reference or memorandum. I have bought many books, and at their ends I make an index of all the facts that concern my work; or, if the book is not my own, write out a separate abstract, and of such abstracts I have a large drawer full. Before

beginning on any subject I look to all the short indexes and make a general and classified index, and by taking the one or more proper portfolios I have all the information collected during my life ready for use.

I have said that in one respect my mind has changed during the last twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause me the exquisite delight which it formerly did. On the other hand, novels which are works of the imagination, though not of a very high order, have been for years a wonderful relief and pleasure to me, and I often bless all novelists. A surprising number have been read aloud to me, and I like all if moderately good, and if they do not end unhappily—against which a law ought to be passed. A novel, according to my taste, does not come into the first class unless it contains some person whom one can thoroughly love, and if a pretty woman all the better.

This curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes is all the odder, as books on history, biographies, and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain), and essays on all sorts of subjects interest me as much as ever they did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine, would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to

some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

My books have sold largely in England, have been translated into many languages, and passed through several editions in foreign countries. I have heard it said that the success of a work abroad is the best test of its enduring value. I doubt whether this is at all trustworthy; but judged by this standard my name ought to last for a few years. Therefore it may be worth while to try to analyze the mental qualities and the conditions on which my success has depended; though I am aware that no man can do this correctly.

I have no great quickness of apprehension or wit which is so remarkable in some clever men, for instance, Huxley. I am therefore a poor critic: a paper or book, when first read, generally excites my admiration, and it is only after considerable reflection that I perceive the weak points. My power to follow a long and purely abstract train of thought is very limited; and therefore I could never have succeeded with metaphysics or mathematics. My memory is extensive, yet hazy: it suffices to make me cautious by vaguely telling me that I have observed or read something opposed to the conclusion which I am drawing, or on the other hand in favor of it; and after a time I can generally recollect where to search for my authority. So poor in one sense is my memory, that I have never been able to remember for more than a few days a single date or a line of poetry.

Some of my critics have said, "Oh, he is a good observer, but he has no power of reasoning!" I do not think that this can be true, for the "Origin of Species" is one long argument from the beginning to the end, and it has convinced not a few able men. No one could have written it without having some power of reasoning. I have a fair share of invention, and of common sense or judgment, such as every fairly successful lawyer or doctor must have, but not, I believe, in any higher degree.

On the favorable side of the balance, I think that I am superior to the common run of men in noticing things which easily escape attention, and in observing them carefully. My industry has been nearly as great as it could have been in the observation and collection of facts. What is far more important, my love of natural science has been steady and ardent.

This pure love has, however, been much aided by the ambition to be esteemed by my fellow naturalists. From my early youth I have had the strongest desire to understand or explain whatever I observed,—that is, to group all facts under some general laws. These causes combined have given me the patience to reflect or ponder for any number of years over any unexplained problem. As far as I can judge, I am not apt to follow blindly the lead of other men. I have steadily endeavored to keep my mind free so as to give up any hypothesis, however much beloved (and I cannot resist forming one on every subject), as soon as facts are shown to be opposed to it. Indeed, I have had no choice but to act in this manner, for with the exception of the Coral Reefs, I cannot remember a single first-formed hypothesis which had not after a time to be given up or greatly modified. This has naturally led me to distrust greatly deductive reasoning in the mixed sciences. On the other hand, I am not very skeptical,—a frame of mind which I believe to be injurious to the progress of science. A good deal of skepticism in a scientific man is advisable to avoid much loss of time, but I have met with not a few men, who, I feel sure, have often thus been deterred from experiment or observations, which would have proved directly or indirectly serviceable.

In illustration, I will give the oddest case which I have known. A gentleman (who, as I afterwards heard, is a good local botanist) wrote to me from the Eastern counties that the seed or beans of the common field-bean had this year everywhere grown on the wrong side of the pod. I wrote back, asking for further information, as I did not understand what was meant; but I did not receive any answer for a very long time. I then saw in two newspapers, one published in Kent and the other in Yorkshire, paragraphs stating that it was a most remarkable fact that “the beans this year had all

grown on the wrong side." So I thought there must be some foundation for so general a statement. Accordingly, I went to my gardener, an old Kentish man, and asked him whether he had heard anything about it, and he answered, "Oh, no, sir, it must be a mistake, for the beans grow on the wrong side only on leap-year, and this is not leap-year." I then asked him how they grew in common years and how on leap-years, but soon found that he knew absolutely nothing of how they grew at any time, but he stuck to his belief.

After a time I heard from my first informant, who, with many apologies, said that he should not have written to me had he not heard the statement from several intelligent farmers; but that he had since spoken again to every one of them, and not one knew in the least what he had himself meant. So that here a belief—if indeed a statement with no definite idea attached to it can be called a belief—had spread over almost the whole of England without any vestige of evidence.

I have known in the course of my life only three intentionally falsified statements, and one of these may have been a hoax (and there have been several scientific hoaxes) which, however, took in an American Agricultural Journal. It related to the formation in Holland of a new breed of oxen by the crossing of distinct species of *Bos* (some of which I happen to know are sterile together), and the author had the impudence to state that he had corresponded with me, and that I had been deeply impressed with the importance of his result. The article was sent to me by the editor of an English Agricultural Journal, asking for my opinion before republishing it.

A second case was an account of several varieties, raised by the author from several species of *Primula*, which had spontaneously yielded a full complement of seed, although the parent plants had been carefully protected from the access of insects. This account was published before I had discovered the meaning of heterostylism, and the whole statement must have been fraudulent, or there was neglect in excluding insects so gross as to be scarcely credible.

The third case was more curious: Mr. Huth published in his book on "Consanguineous Marriage" some long extracts from a Belgian author, who stated that he had interbred rab-

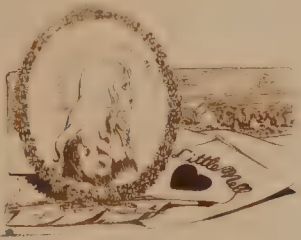
bits in the closest manner for very many generations, without the least injurious effects. The account was published in a most respectable Journal, that of the Royal Society of Belgium; but I could not avoid feeling doubts—I hardly know why, except that there were no accidents of any kind, and my experience in breeding animals made me think this very improbable.

So with much hesitation I wrote to Professor Van Beneden, asking him whether the author was a trustworthy man. I soon heard in answer that the Society had been greatly shocked by discovering that the whole account was a fraud. The writer had been publicly challenged in the Journal to say where he had resided and kept his large stock of rabbits while carrying on his experiments, which must have consumed several years, and no answer could be extracted from him.

My habits are methodical, and this has been of not a little use for my particular line of work. Lastly, I have had ample leisure from not having to earn my own bread. Even ill-health, though it has annihilated several years of my life, has saved me from the distractions of society and amusement.

Therefore my success as a man of science, whatever this may have amounted to, has been determined, as far as I can judge, by complex and diversified mental qualities and conditions. Of these, the most important have been—the love of science—unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject—industry in observing and collecting facts—and a fair share of invention as well as of common sense. With such moderate abilities as I possess, it is truly surprising that I should have influenced to a considerable extent the belief of scientific men on some important points.

THE END



CHARLES DICKENS

THE MOST WIDELY READ OF NOVELISTS

1812-1870

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

In one way the writings of Charles Dickens are all autobiographical; for in his novels he drew constantly upon his own experience, especially those of his impoverished childhood. He had, however, suffered so severely in that childhood that he could never bear to refer to it, even among his closest friends, except in the veiled fashion of fiction. Hence it is himself he describes in "David Copperfield," in "Little Dorrit," and so on; yet only once in his life did he turn openly to autobiography. This was in response to the appeal of his friend John Forster, who wrote the standard "Life of Dickens," which is still in use. In this work of Forster's is inserted the brief autobiographical fragment which Dickens sent him, the fragment given here.

To understand this brief sketch of Dickens' childhood, the reader must know something further of the boy's surroundings. His father was a clerk in government employ, but lost his place through the rearrangement of the department and sank into dire poverty and was ultimately arrested for debt and spent two years in prison. Charles was ten years old at the time of the arrest and was set to work in a blacking factory. James Lamert, manager of the factory, had once boarded with the family, and now offered to help by giving the boy a place. Perhaps if the story of what followed could be told from the viewpoint of the despairing father and sorely harassed mother it might wear a very different aspect; for Dickens is so wrought up over his own childish shame and suffering that he tells his tale wholly in resentment at his grievances.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENT

IN an evil hour for me, as I often bitterly thought, its chief manager, James Lamert, who had lived with us in Bayham Street, seeing how I was employed from day to day, and knowing what our domestic circumstances then were, proposed

that I should go into the blacking warehouse, to be as useful as I could, at a salary, I think, of six shillings a week. I am not clear whether it was six or seven. I am inclined to believe, from my uncertainty on this head, that it was six at first, and seven afterward. At any rate the offer was accepted very willingly by my father and mother, and on a Monday morning I went down to the blacking warehouse to begin my business life.

It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It is wonderful to me, that, even after my descent into the poor little drudge I have been since we came to London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally—to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school. Our friends, I take it, were tired out. No one made any sign. My father and mother were quite satisfied. They could hardly have been more so, if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a grammar school, and going to Cambridge.

Our relative had kindly arranged to teach me something in the dinner-hour, from twelve to one, I think it was, every day. But an arrangement so incompatible with counting-house business soon died away, from no fault of his or mine; and for the same reason, my small work-table, and my grosses of pots, my papers, string, scissors, paste-pot, and labels, by little and little, vanished out of the recess in the counting-house, and kept company with the other small work-tables, grosses of pots, papers, string, scissors, and paste-pots, downstairs. It was not long before Bob Fagin and I, and another boy whose name was Paul Green, but who was currently believed to have been christened Poll (a belief which I transferred, long afterward again, to Mr. Sweedlepipe, in “Martin Chuzzlewit”), worked generally side by side. Bob Fagin was an orphan, and lived with his brother-in-law, a waterman. Poll Green’s father had the additional distinction of being a fireman, and was employed at Drury Lane theater; where another relation of Poll’s, I think his little sister, did imps in the pantomimes.

No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I

sunk into this companionship; compared these every day associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man, crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more, cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life.

I know I do not exaggerate, unconsciously and unintentionally, the scantiness of my resources and the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling or so were given me by any one, I spent it in a dinner or a tea. I know that I worked, from morning to night, with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through; by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting-house, wrapped into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount, and labeled with a different day. I know that I have lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.

But I held some station at the blacking warehouse too. Besides that my relative at the counting-house did what a man so occupied, and dealing with a thing so anomalous, could, to treat me as one upon a different footing from the rest, I never said, to man or boy, how it was that I came to be there, or gave the least indication of being sorry that I was there. That I suffered in secret, and that I suffered exquisitely, no one ever knew but I. How much I suffered, it is, as I have said already, utterly beyond my power to tell. No man's imagination can overstep the reality. But I kept my own counsel, and I did my work. I knew from the first, that if I could not do my work as well as any of the rest, I could not hold myself above

slight and contempt. I soon became at least as expeditious and as skillful with my hands, as either of the other boys. Though perfectly familiar with them, my conduct and manners were different enough from theirs to place a space between us. They and the men always spoke of me as "the young gentleman." A certain man (a soldier once) named Thomas, who was the foreman, and another man Harry, who was the carman, and wore a red jacket, used to call me "Charles" sometimes in speaking to me; but I think it was mostly when we were very confidential, and when I had made some efforts to entertain them over our work with the results of some of the old readings, which were fast perishing out of my mind. Poll Green arose once, and rebelled against the "young gentleman" usage; but Bob Fagin settled him speedily.

My rescue from this kind of existence I considered quite hopeless, and abandoned as such, altogether; though I am solemnly convinced that I never, for one hour, was reconciled to it, or was otherwise than miserably unhappy. I felt keenly, however, the being so cut off from my parents, my brothers, and sisters; and, when my day's work was done, going home to such a miserable blank. And *that*, I thought, might be corrected. One Sunday night I remonstrated with my father on this head, so pathetically and with so many tears, that his kind nature gave way. He began to think that it was not quite right. I do believe he had never thought so before, or thought about it. It was the first remonstrance I had ever made about my lot, and perhaps it opened up a little more than I intended. A back-attic was found for me at the house of an insolvent court agent, who lived in Lant Street in the Borough, where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterward. A bed and bedding were sent over for me, and made up on the floor. The little window had a pleasant prospect of a timber-yard; and when I took possession of my new abode, I thought it was a paradise. . . .

Bob Fagin was very good to me on the occasion of a bad attack of my old disorder, cramps. I suffered such excruciating pain that time, that they made a temporary bed of straw in my old recess in the counting-house, and I rolled about on the floor, and Bob filled empty blacking-bottles with hot

water, and applied relays of them to my side, half the day. I got better, and quite easy toward evening; but Bob (who was much bigger and older than I) did not like the idea of my going home alone, and took me under his protection. I was too proud to let him know about the prison; and after making several efforts to get rid of him, to all of which Bob Fagin, in his goodness, was deaf, shook hands with him on the steps of a house near Southwark Bridge on the Surrey side, making believe that I lived there. As a finishing piece of reality in case of his looking back, I knocked at the door, I recollect, and asked, when the woman opened it, if that was Mr. Robert Fagin's house.

My usual way home was over Blackfriars Bridge, and down that turning in the Blackfriars Road which has Rowland Hill's chapel on one side, and the likeness of a golden dog licking a golden pot over a shop door on the other. There are a good many little low-browed old shops in that street, of a wretched kind; and some are unchanged now. I looked into one a few weeks ago, where I used to buy bootlaces on Saturday nights and saw the corner where I once sat down on a stool to have a pair of ready-made half-boots fitted on. I have been seduced more than once, in that street on a Saturday night, by a show-van at a corner; and have gone in, with a very motley assemblage, to see the Fat Pig, the Wild Indian, and the Little Lady. There were two or three hat manufactories there, then (I think they are there still); and among the things which, encountered anywhere, or under any circumstances, will instantly recall that time, is the smell of hat-making.

I was such a little fellow, with my poor white hat, little jacket, and corduroy trousers, that frequently, when I went into the bar of a strange public-house for a glass of ale or porter to wash down the saveloy and the loaf I had eaten in the street, they didn't like to give it me. I remember, one evening (I had been somewhere for my father, and was going back to the Borough over Westminster Bridge), that I went into a public-house in Parliament Street, which is still there though altered, at the corner of the short street leading into Cannon Row, and said to the landlord behind the bar, "What is your very best—the *VERY best*—ale, a glass?" For, the

occasion was a festive one, for some reason: I forget why. It may have been my birthday, or somebody else's. "Two-pence," says he. "Then," says I, "just draw me a glass of that, if you please, with a good head to it." The landlord looked at me, in return, over the bar, from head to foot, with a strange smile on his face; and instead of drawing the beer, looked round the screen and said something to his wife, who came out from behind it, with her work in her hand, and joined him in surveying me. Here we stand, all three, before me now, in my study in Devonshire Terrace. The landlord in his shirt-sleeves, leaning against the bar window-frame; his wife looking over the little half-door; and I, in some confusion, looking up at them from outside the partition. They asked me a good many questions, as what my name was, how old I was, where I lived, how I was employed, etc., etc. To all of which, that I might commit nobody, I invented appropriate answers. They served me with the ale, though I suspect it was not the strongest on the premises; and the landlord's wife, opening the little half-door and bending down, gave me a kiss that was half-admiring and half-compassionate, but all womanly and good, I am sure.

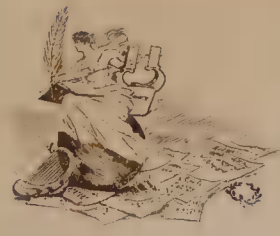
At last, one day, my father, and the relative so often mentioned, quarreled; quarreled by letter, for I took the letter from my father to him which caused the explosion, but quarreled very fiercely. It was about me. It may have had some backward reference, in part, for anything I know, to my employment at the window. All I am certain of is, that, soon after I had given him the letter, my cousin (he was a sort of cousin by marriage) told me he was very much insulted about me; and that it was impossible to keep me, after that. I cried very much, partly because it was so sudden, and partly because in his anger he was violent about my father, though gentle to me. Thomas, the old soldier, comforted me, and said he was sure it was for the best. With a relief so strange that it was like oppression, I went home.

My mother set herself to accommodate the quarrel, and did so next day. She brought home a request for me to return next morning, and a high character of me, which I am very sure I deserved. My father said I should go back no more, and should go to school. I do not write resentfully or angrily:

for I know how all these things have worked together to make me what I am; but I never afterward forgot, I never shall forget, I never can forget, that my mother was warm for my being sent back.

From that hour until this at which I write no word of that part of my childhood which I have now gladly brought to a close, has passed my lips to any human being. I have no idea how long it lasted; whether for a year, or much more, or less. From that hour, until this, my father and my mother have been stricken dumb upon it. I have never heard the least allusion to it, however far off and remote, from either of them. I have never, until I now impart it to this paper, in any burst of confidence with any one, my own wife not excepted, raised the curtain I then dropped, thank God.

THE END



RICHARD WAGNER

THE MIGHTIEST OF MODERN MUSICIANS

1813-1883

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Richard Wagner wrote no complete autobiography; he did, however, in his many literary pamphlets, and especially in his letters to that other musical genius, Liszt, write so frequently about himself that the world possesses a good many autobiographical fragments, which might almost be strung together, as those of Luther have been, to form a life-narrative in Wagner's own words.

As a youth, Wagner received an excellent German education at Dresden. He early turned his whole thought to composing music, and after some hardship won success in 1842 with the production of his opera "Rienzi." He was then made the court director of music in Dresden, and there produced the earlier of his great operas, "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser." In 1848 he was deprived of office and driven into exile for his support of the people's uprisings of that memorable year. Then followed many weary days of struggle, hardship and even of public ridicule. Not until 1865 did Wagner ultimately find rest and security under the patronage of the music-loving king of Bavaria. In that South-German land, at Munich and afterward at his own specially created theater at Baireuth, he composed his last and greatest music dramas.

WAGNER'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

I WAS born at Leipzig on May the 22d, 1813. My father was a police actuary, and died six months after I was born. My stepfather, Ludwig Geyer, was a comedian and painter; he was also the author of a few stage plays, of which one, "Der Bethlehemitische Kindermord" (The Slaughter of the Innocents), had a certain success. My whole family migrated with him to Dresden. He wished me to become a painter, but I showed a very poor talent for drawing.

My stepfather also died ere long,—I was only seven years old. Shortly before his death I had learned to play “*Ub’ immer Treu und Redlichkeit*” (Ever true and honest) and the then newly published “*Jungfernkranz*” (“*Bridal Wreath*”) upon the pianoforte; the day before his death, I was bid to play him both these pieces in the adjoining room; I heard him then, with feeble voice, say to my mother: “Has he perchance a talent for music?” On the early morrow, as he lay dead, my mother came into the children’s sleeping-room, and said to each of us some loving word. To me she said: “He hoped to make something of thee.” I remember too, that for a long time I imagined that something indeed would come of me.

In my ninth year I went to the Dresden Kreuzschule. I wished to study, and music was not thought of. Two of my sisters learnt to play the piano passably; I listened to them but had no piano lessons myself. Nothing pleased me so much as “*Der Freischütz*”; I often saw Weber pass before our house, as he came from rehearsals; I always watched him with a reverent awe. A tutor who explained to me “*Cornelius Nepos*,” was at last engaged to give me pianoforte instructions; hardly had I got past the earliest finger exercises, when I furtively practiced, at first by ear, the overture to “*Der Freischütz*”; my teacher heard this once, and said nothing would come of me. He was right; in my whole life I have never learnt to play the piano properly. Thenceforward I only played for my own amusement, nothing but overtures, and with the most fearful fingering. It was impossible for me to play a passage clearly, and I therefore conceived a just dread of all scales and runs. Of Mozart, I only cared for the “*Magic Flute*”; “*Don Juan*” was distasteful to me, on account of the Italian text beneath it: it seemed to me such rubbish.

For a while I learnt English also, merely so as to gain an accurate knowledge of Shakespeare; and I made a metrical translation of Romeo’s monologue. Though I soon left English on one side, yet Shakespeare remained my exemplar, and I projected a great tragedy which was almost nothing but a medley of “*Hamlet*” and “*King Lear*.” The plan was gigantic in the extreme; two-and-forty human beings died in

the course of this piece, and I saw myself compelled, in its working-out, to call the greater number back as ghosts, since otherwise I should have been short of characters for my last acts. This play occupied practically all my leisure for two whole years.

From Dresden and its Kreuzschule, I went to Leipzig. In the Nikolaischule of that city I was relegated to the third form, after having already attained to the second in Dresden. This circumstance embittered me so much, that thenceforward I lost all liking for philological study. I became lazy and slovenly, and my grand tragedy was the only thing left me to care about. Whilst I was finishing this I made my first acquaintance with Beethoven's music, in the Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts; its impression upon me was overpowering. I also became intimate with Mozart's works, chiefly through his "Requiem." Beethoven's music to "Egmont" so much inspired me, that I determined—for all the world—not to allow my now completed tragedy to leave the stocks until provided with such like music. Without the slightest diffidence, I believed that I could myself write this needful music, but thought it better to first clear up a few of the general principles of thorough-bass. To get through this as swiftly as possible, I borrowed for a week Logier's "Method of Thorough-bass," and studied it in hot haste. But this study did not bear such rapid fruit as I had expected; its difficulties both provoked and fascinated me; I resolved to become a musician.

During this time my great tragedy was unearthed by my family: they were much disturbed thereat, for it was clear as day that I had woefully neglected my school lessons in favor of it, and I was forthwith admonished to continue them more diligently. Under such circumstances, I breathed no more of my secret discovery of a calling for music; but, notwithstanding, I composed in silence a sonata, a quartet, and an aria. When I felt myself sufficiently matured in my private musical studies, I ventured forth at last with their announcement. Naturally, I now had many a hard battle to wage, for my relations could only consider my penchant for music as a fleeting passion—all the more as it was unsupported by any proofs of preliminary study, and especially

by any already won dexterity in handling a musical instrument.

I may pass over the endless variety of impressions which exercised a lively effect upon me in my earliest youth; they were as diverse in their operation as in their source. Whether, under their influence, I ever appeared to any one an "infant prodigy," I very much doubt: mechanical dexterities were never drubbed into me, nor did I ever show the slightest bent toward them. To play-acting I felt an inclination, and indulged it in the quiet of my chamber; this was naturally aroused in me by the close connection of my family with the stage. The only remarkable thing about it all was my repugnance against going to the theater itself; childish impressions which I had imbibed from the earnestness of classical antiquity, so far as I had made its acquaintance in the Gymnasium, may have inspired me with a certain contempt, nay, an abhorrence of the rouged and powdered ways of the comedian. But my passion for imitation threw itself with greatest zest into the making of poetry and music—perhaps because my stepfather, a portrait-painter, died betimes, and thus the pictorial element vanished early from among my nearer models; otherwise I should probably have begun to paint too, although I cannot but remember that the learning of the technique of the pencil soon went against my grain. First I wrote plays; but the acquaintance with Beethoven's Symphonies, which I only made in my fifteenth year, eventually inflamed me with a passion for music also, albeit it had long before this exercised a powerful effect upon me, chiefly through Weber's "Freischütz." Amidst my study of music, the poetic "imitative-impulse" never quite forsook me; it subordinated itself, however, to the musical, for whose contentment I only called it in as aid. Thus I recollect that, incited by the Pastoral Symphony, I set to work on a shepherd-play, its dramatic material being prompted by Goethe's "Lovers' Fancies" ("Laune der Verliebten"). I here made no attempt at a preliminary poetic sketch, but wrote verses and music together, thus leaving the situations to take their rise from the music and the verses as I made them.

In the summer of 1834, I took the post of Music Director at the Magdeburg theater. The practical application of my

musical knowledge to the functions of a conductor bore early fruit; for the vicissitudes of intercourse with singers and singeresses, behind the scenes and in front of the footlights, completely matched my bent toward many-hued distraction. The composition of my "Liebesverbot" (Forbidden Love) was now begun. I produced the overture to "Die Feen" (The Fairies) at a concert; it had a marked success. This notwithstanding, I lost all liking for this opera, and, since I was no longer able to personally attend to my affairs at Leipzig, I soon resolved to trouble myself no more about this work, which is as much as to say that I gave it up.

In the midst of all this the "earnestness of life" had knocked at my door; my outward independence, so rashly grasped at, had led me into follies of every kind, and on all sides I was plagued by penury and debts. It occurred to me to venture upon something out of the ordinary, in order not to slide into the common rut of need. Without any sort of prospect, I went to Berlin and offered the Director to produce my "Liebesverbot" at the theater of that capital. I was received at first with the fairest promises; but, after long suspense, I had to learn that not one of them was sincerely meant. In the sorriest plight I left Berlin, and applied for the post of Musical Director at the Königsberg theater, in Prussia—a post which I subsequently obtained. In that city I got married in the autumn of 1836, amid the most dubious outward circumstances. The year which I spent in Königsberg was completely lost to my art, by reason of the pressure of petty cares. I wrote one solitary overture: "Rule Britannia."

In the summer of 1837 I visited Dresden for a short time. There I was led back by the reading of Bulwer's "Rienzi" to an already cherished idea, viz., of turning the last of Rome's tribunes into the hero of a grand tragic opera. Hindered by outward discomforts, however, I busied myself no further with dramatic sketches. In the autumn of this year I went to Riga, to take up the position of first Musical Director at the theater recently opened there by Holtei. I found there an assemblage of excellent material for opera, and went to its employment with the greatest liking. Many interpolated passages for individual singers in various operas, were composed by me during this period. I also wrote the libretto for

a comic opera in two acts: "Die Glückliche Barenfamilie," the matter for which I took from one of the stories in the "Thousand and One Nights." I had only composed two "numbers" for this, when I was disgusted to find that I was again on the high road to music-making *à la Adam*. My spirit, my deeper feelings, were wounded by this discovery, and I laid aside the work in horror. The daily studying and conducting of Auber's, Adam's, and Bellini's music contributed its share to a speedy undoing of my frivolous delight in such an enterprise.

When, in the autumn, I began the composition of my "Rienzi," I allowed naught to influence me except the single purpose to answer to my subject. I set myself no model, but gave myself entirely to the feeling which now consumed me, the feeling that I had already so far progressed that I might claim something significant from the development of my artistic powers, and expect some not insignificant result. The very notion of being consciously weak or trivial—even in a single bar—was appalling to me.

My voyage to London, in a sailing vessel in the summer of 1839, I never shall forget as long as I live; it lasted three and a half weeks, and was rich in mishaps. Thrice did we endure the most violent of storms, and once the captain found himself compelled to put into a Norwegian haven. The passage among the crags of Norway made a wonderful impression on my fancy; the legends of the Flying Dutchman, as I heard them from the seamen's mouths, were clothed for me in a distinct and individual color, borrowed from the adventures of the ocean through which I then was passing.

Before I set about the actual working-out of the "Flying Dutchman," I drafted first the Ballad of Senta in the second act, and completed both its verse and melody. In this piece, I unconsciously laid the thematic germ of the whole music of the opera: it was the miniature of the whole drama, such as it stood before my soul; and when I was about to betitle the finished work, I felt strongly tempted to call it a dramatic ballad. In the eventual composition of the music, the thematic picture, thus evoked, spread itself quite instinctively over the whole drama, as one continuous tissue; I had only, without further initiative, to take the various thematic germs

included in the ballad and develop them to their legitimate conclusions, and I had all the chief moods of this poem, quite of themselves, in definite thematic shapes before me. I should have had stubbornly to follow the example of the self-willed opera composer, had I chosen to invent a fresh motive for each recurrence of one and the same mood in different scenes; a course whereto I naturally did not feel the smallest inclination, since I had only in my mind the most intelligible portrayal of the subject-matter, and not a mere conglomerate of operative numbers.

“Tannhäuser” I treated in a similar fashion, and finally “Lohengrin,” only that I here had not a finished musical piece before me in advance, such as that ballad, but from the aspect of the scenes and their organic growth out of one another I first created the picture itself on which the thematic rays should all converge, and then let them fall in changeful play wherever necessary for the understanding of the main situations. Moreover, my treatment gained a more definite artistic form, especially in “Lohengrin,” through a continual remodeling of the thematic material to fit the character of the passing situation; and thus the music won a greater variety of appearance than was the case, for instance, in the “Flying Dutchman,” where the reappearance of a theme had often the mere character of an absolute reminiscence—a device that had already been employed, before myself, by other composers.

THE END



SIR HENRY BESSEMER

SIR HENRY BESSEMER

Henry Bessemer was born in 1813 in Birmingham, England. He was a pioneer in the iron and steel industry. He invented the Bessemer process for making steel. He was knighted in 1856. He died in 1898.

little model bricks in white pipeclay. I always had access to molten type-metal, which I used for casting wheels, pulleys, and other parts of mechanical models where strength was not much required. Hence arose various devices for molding different forms, a matter that caused me very little trouble, for by some intuitive instinct modeling came to me unsought and unstudied.

In our quiet village life, at Charlton in Hertfordshire, there was a break every two months, when the large melting furnace was used to make type-metal, in which proceeding a great secret was involved. In spite of injunctions to the contrary I would, by some means or other, find my way into the melting-house, where large masses of antimony were broken to form the alloy with lead. I soon discovered that the addition of tin and copper, in small quantities, to the ordinary alloy, was the secret by which my father's type lasted so much longer than that produced by other type-founders. . . .

My eldest sister was a clever painter in water colors, and in her early life, in the village of Charlton, she had ample opportunities for indulging her taste for flower-painting. She had accumulated a charming collection of tulips, chrysanthemums, and other blossoms, and had, with much ingenuity made a portfolio for their reception. She wished to have the words: "Studies of Flowers from Nature, by Miss Bessemer," written in bold printing letters within a wreath of acorns and oak leaves which she had painted on the outside of the portfolio. As I was somewhat of an expert in writing ornamental characters, she asked me to do this for her.

How trivial this incident may appear to my readers! It was, nevertheless, fraught with the most momentous consequences to me; in fact, it changed the whole current of my life, and rendered possible that still greater change which the iron and steel industry of the world has undergone.

The portfolio was so prettily finished that I did not like to write the desired inscription in common ink; and as I had once seen some gold powder used by japanners, it struck me that this would be appropriate for the lettering I had undertaken. How distinctly I remember going into a shop in Clerkenwell to buy this "gold powder," or, to use its trade

name, "bronze powder." I was shown samples of two colors, and bought an ounce of each, at the astonishing price of seven shillings (\$1.70) per ounce. On my way home I could not help asking myself, "How can this simple metallic powder cost so much?" Even at seven shillings an ounce there could not have been gold enough in it to give the powder its beautiful rich color. I believed it to be, probably, only a better sort of brass; and for brass in any conceivable form this was a marvelous price.

I hurried home, and submitted a portion of both samples to the action of dilute sulphuric acid, and satisfied myself that no gold was present. I still remember with what impatience I watched the solution of the powder, and how forcibly I was struck with the immense advantage it offered as a manufacture, if skilled labor could be superseded by steam power. Here was powdered brass selling retail at 112 shillings (\$27.25) per pound, while the raw material from which it was made probably cost no more than sixpence (12 cents). "It must surely," I thought, "be made slowly and laboriously by some old-fashioned hand process; and if so, it offers a splendid opportunity for any mechanic who can devise a machine capable of producing it simply by steam power."

I plunged headlong into the problem. At first, I endeavored to ascertain how the powder was made, but no one could tell me. At last I found that it was made chiefly at Nuremberg, and that its mode of manufacture was kept a profound secret. I hunted up many old books, and in one of them I found a description of the powder as being made of various copper alloys beaten into thin leaves, after the manner of making gold leaf, in books of parchment and gold-beater's skin. The delicate thin leaves so made were ground by hand labor to powder on a marble slab with a stone muller, and mixed with a thick solution of gum arabic to form a stiff paste and facilitate the grinding process. The gum so added was afterward removed by successive washings in hot water. It thus became evident that the great cost of bronze powder was due to this slow and most expensive mode of manufacture, and it was equally clear that if I could devise some means of producing it from a solid lump of brass, by steam power, the profits would be very considerable.

With these convictions I at once set to work. I had at that time a two-horse-power engine, partly made by myself, which I finished and erected in a small private room at the back of my house, where I could make my experiments in secret.

Then came the all-important question, from what point was I to attack the problem? An attempt to imitate the old process by any sort of automatic mechanism seemed to present insurmountable obstacles—the thousands of delicate skins to be manipulated, the fragile leaves of metal that would be carried away by the smallest current of air from a revolving drum or a strap in motion, and the large amount of power which must of necessity be employed to reduce the metal in whatever way it was treated. This necessity for delicate handling gave a negative to any hope of producing the powder in a way analogous to the one in use.

How could I then proceed? A mass of solid brass did not appear to be a likely thing to fall to powder under treatment by a pestle and mortar. Then came the question: Can the metal be rendered brittle, and so facilitate its reduction? No, it cannot be made brittle except by alloying it with such other metals as will destroy its beautiful gold color. Then there was the question of the solution of the metal in acid, and its precipitation as powder. These and many other plans were thought of, only to be put aside as impracticable.

The first idea which presented itself to my mind as a possible mode of reducing a piece of hard, tough brass to extremely minute, brilliant particles was based on the principles of the common turning lathe, with which I made my first attempt on a circular disc of brass. This was mounted on a suitable mandrel, and revolved 200 times per minute. The revolving brass disc was tightly pressed between two small steel rollers, having fine but very sharp diagonal grooves on their surfaces, sloping to the left on one of them, and to the right on the other; the effect of this was to impress diagonal lines crossing each other on the periphery of the brass disc and to form on it a series of minute squares. If the reader examines the milled edge of a gold coin, he will see just such indented lines running across its rim, but on my brass disc the lines were V-shaped. A flat-faced turning tool mounted on a slide-rest was slowly advanced in the direction

of the disc, so as to shave off an extremely thin film of metal from the apex of every one of the truncated pyramids formed on the periphery of the disc. With a disc whose periphery had a surface of four square inches, I estimated that I could cut off eight million small particles of brass per minute, all exactly alike in form and size, the continued pressure of the steel rollers renewing the depth of the grooves as fast as the cutter pared them down.

From this it will be obvious that in a machine closely resembling a lathe, discs much larger than my experimental disc could be treated; and that ten or a dozen such discs could be put at small distances apart on the same mandrel. In this way a large quantity of solid brass could be quickly made into powder. It will also be understood that the cutter could be advanced so slowly by a fine screw properly geared that a mere film of brass would be taken off the summit of each pyramid, producing a very fine powder.

Such was the theory on which I relied in my first attempt to produce a bronze powder from solid brass. My experimental apparatus was made very accurately in all its working parts, and it was with anxiety that I awaited the time necessary to get the first results of this novel scheme, which I may say at once were very unsatisfactory. It is true that the machine worked admirably, and minute particles of brass were produced and thrown up like a little fountain of yellow dust as the machine spun round; but, alas! neither to the touch nor to the eye did it resemble the bronze powder of commerce. I was, I may frankly own, deeply disappointed at this failure. Fortunately, my sanguine temperament soon enabled me to forget my ill fortune, and again to pursue quietly my usual avocations.

About a year after this, I happened to be talking to the elder Mr. De La Rue, when he mentioned to me a matter in which he was greatly interested. He was justly irritated with a merchant who sold him arrowroot largely adulterated with potato starch, which had spoiled a considerable amount of valuable work, for which the pure starch of arrowroot was required. He had, he said, just found a mode of ascertaining accurately the percentage of potato starch present; he added that chemically these substances were so much alike in their

constituents that he could not rely on simple analysis as a proof of fraud. He told me that by putting, say, 100 granules of the adulterated starch, as powder, under the microscope, he could see that there were present granules of two distinct shapes. The genuine arrowroot consisted of oval granules, while the potato-starch granules were perfectly spherical; and by simply counting the number of each shape in any given quantity he could ascertain beyond question the percentage of adulteration.

I was a good deal struck by this ingenious mode of detection; and a few days later, when thinking it over, it occurred to me that possibly the microscope might throw some light on the cause of the failure of my attempts to produce bronze powder. I submitted some of the brass powder I had made and some of the ordinary powder of commerce to microscopic examination, and saw in a moment the cause of my failure. The ordinary bronze powder is made from an exceedingly thin leaf of beaten metal, resembling an ordinary leaf of gold. Now, such a thin flake, rubbed or torn to fragments, will, on a smaller scale, resemble a sheet of paper torn into minute pieces; and if such fragments of paper were allowed to fall on a varnished or adhesive surface, they would not stand up on edge, but would lie flat down, and when pressed open would represent a continuous surface of white paper. So it was with the bronze powder of commerce; when applied to an adhesive surface, the small flat fragments of leaf (for such they are) present a continuous bright surface and reflect light as from a polished metal plate. But the particles of metal made from my machine, minute as they were, presented a quite different appearance. Under a high magnifying power they were found to be little curled-up pieces one side being bright and the other rough and corrugated, and destitute of any brilliancy; while on being applied to an adhesive surface they arranged themselves, without order, like grains of sand or other amorphous bodies, and reflected scarcely any light to the eye. The reason of my failure was now perfectly obvious.

This critical examination, and the evidence it afforded me of what was really necessary to constitute bronze powder, began to excite my imagination; for to make a pound of

brass in an hour, by machinery, equal in value to an ounce of gold, was too seductive a problem to be easily relinquished. Again the idea and the hope of its realization took possession of me. "Was this to be, after all," I asked myself, "the one great success I had so long hoped for, which was to wipe away all my other pursuits in life, and land me in the lap of luxury, if not absolute wealth?"

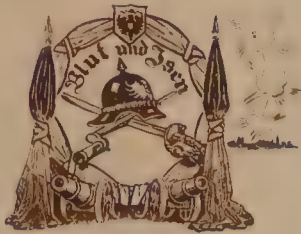
I studied the whole question over and over again, from every point of view, and week after week I became more certain that I was on the right track. At length I came to an absolute decision. "Yes," I said, "I will throw myself into it again."

I then went systematically to work, and drew out the detailed plans for the different machines that were necessary to test my idea thoroughly. I bought a four horse-power steam engine and erected it in close connection with my dwelling house. I made part of the machinery in my own workshops, and personally erected the whole of it in a room which nobody entered but myself. At last, after months of labor, the great day of trial once more arrived, and I had to submit the raw material to the inexorable test. I watched the operations with a beating heart, and saw the iron monster do its appointed work, not to perfection, but so far well as to constitute an actual commercial success. I felt that on the result of that hour's trial hung the whole future of my life's history, and so it did, as the sequel will clearly show. . . .

Before long my bronze powder, much improved in quality, was fully recognized in the trade, and found its way into every state in Europe and America; it had, in fact, become the one staple manufacture I had so long and so earnestly sought for, and which I hoped would one day replace and render unnecessary the constantly recurring small additions to the business I had so laboriously built up. The bronze powder manufacture, secretly conducted on a large scale without a patent, was soon so well managed by the staff I had chosen that it no longer required my personal attention. The large profits derived from it not only furnished me with the means of obtaining all reasonable pleasures and social enjoyments, but, what was even a greater boon in my particular

case, they provided the funds demanded by the ceaseless activity of my inventive faculties, without my ever having to call in the assistance of the capitalist in patenting and experimenting on my too numerous inventions.

THE END



PRINCE VON BISMARCK

CREATOR OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE

1815-1898

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

The autobiography of Bismarck is the most noted work of its class in recent years. It was a carefully finished work, not published until after his death, and contains his complete and unsparing estimate of himself and his times. Such a work from a man of such tremendous power and intellect is of course of the very foremost value. Only enough of the book is here republished to let the reader see the character and worth of the whole, the intimacy, frankness and boldness of its judgments.

Bismarck was a Prussian of the ancient "junker," or country aristocrat, class, born at Schönhausen in Brandenburg. He first entered government employ as a bureau official, but became a member of the Prussian parliament in 1847 and drew attention as a vehement conservatist and patriotic Prussian. In 1862 he was made president of the Prussian Cabinet of State, and became known as "The man of blood and iron." From that time forward he was the real ruler of Prussia. He overrode all parliamentary opposition at home by the arbitrary exertion of power, and built up a formidable army with which Austria was attacked and overthrown in 1866. Bismarck thus made his beloved Prussia the leading German state; and in 1870 by the successful war against France he made Germany, under Prussian leadership, the foremost power of Europe. The great triumph of his career was the establishment of the Empire of Germany, under the permanent headship of the Prussian kings, in 1871. This he accomplished in face of the open opposition of his nominal masters, King William and the crown-prince Frederick. His rule over Germany lasted until 1890 when Emperor William II deliberately broke with him and forced his resignation from office.

Bismarck's remaining years were devoted to the writing of his autobiography. It opens abruptly with the closing of his early school-days, as follows:

BISMARCK, THE MAN AND STATESMAN¹

I GRADUATED from school in 1832, a normal product of our state system of education; a Pantheist, and, if not a Republican, at least with the persuasion that the Republic was the most rational form of government; reflecting too upon the causes which could decide millions of men permanently to obey *one man*, when all the while I was hearing from grown up people much bitter or contemptuous criticism of their rulers. Moreover, I had brought away with me "German-National" impressions from Plamann's preparatory school, conducted on Jahn's drill-system, in which I lived from my sixth to my twelfth year. These impressions remained in the stage of theoretical reflections, and were not strong enough to extirpate my innate Prussian monarchical sentiments. My historical sympathies remained on the side of authority. To my childish ideas of justice Harmodius and Aristogeiton, as well as Brutus, were criminals, and Tell a rebel and murderer. Every German prince who resisted the Emperor before the Thirty Years' war roused my ire; but from the Great Elector onwards I was partisan enough to take an anti-imperial view, and to find it natural that things should have been in readiness for the Seven Years' War. Yet the German-National feeling remained so strong in me that, at the beginning of my University life, I at once entered into relations with *Burschenschaft*, or group of students which made the promotion of a national sentiment its aim.

But after personal intimacy with its members, I disliked their refusal to "give satisfaction," as well as their want of breeding in externals and of acquaintance with the forms and manners of good society; and a still closer acquaintance bred an aversion to the extravagance of their political views, based upon a lack of either culture or knowledge of the conditions of life which historical causes had brought into existence, and which I, with my seventeen years, had had more opportunities of observing than most of these students, for the most part older than myself. Their ideas gave me the impression of an association between Utopian theories and

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defective breeding. Nevertheless, I retained my own private National sentiments, and my belief that in the near future events would lead to German unity; in fact, I made a bet with my American friend Coffin that this aim would be attained in twenty years.

In my first half-year at Göttingen occurred the Hambach festival² (May 27, 1832), the "festal ode" of which still remains in my memory; in my third the Frankfort outbreak³ (April 3, 1833). These manifestations revolted me. Mob interference with political authority conflicted with my Prussian schooling, and I returned to Berlin with less liberal opinions than when I quitted it; but this reaction was again somewhat mitigated when I was brought into immediate connection with the workings of the political machine. Upon foreign politics, with which the public at that time occupied itself but little, my views, as regards the War of Liberation, were taken from the standpoint of a Prussian officer. On looking at the map, the possession of Strasburg by France exasperated me, and a visit to Heidelberg, Spires and the Palatinate made me feel revengeful and militant.

In the period before 1848 there was scarcely any prospect for a *Kammergerichts-Auskultator* and *Regirungs-Referendar*, who had no relations whatever with the ministerial and higher official circles, of partaking in Prussian politics until he had traveled the monotonous road which would lead him after decades of years through the grades of a bureaucratic career, to gain notice in the higher posts, and thereby win promotion. In the family circle in those days, men like Pommer-Esche and Delbrück were represented to me as model leaders on the official road, and work upon and within the Zollverein was recommended as the best line to strike into. So far as, at my then age, I seriously thought at all of an official career, I had diplomacy in view, even after my application to the minister Ancillon had evoked very little encouragement thereto from him. Not to me, but in exalted circles, he used to indicate Prince Felix Lichnowski as an example

² A gathering where speeches were made in favor of German unity, and the Republic.

³ An unsuccessful attempt made by a handful of students and peasants to blow up the Federal Diet in revenge for some Press regulations passed by it.

of what our diplomacy lacked, although it might have been surmised that this personage, as he exhibited himself at that time in Berlin, would not exactly come in the way of an appreciative estimate from a minister sprung from an Evangelical clerical stock.

The minister had the impression that the category of our "home-made" Prussian squirearchy did not furnish him with the desirable material to draw upon for our diplomacy, and was not adapted to make up for the want of address which he found in the *personnel* of this branch of the service. This impression was not absolutely unjustified. As minister, I have always had a fellow-provincial's kindness for native-born Prussian diplomatists, but my official sense of duty has rarely allowed me to gratify this preference; as a rule only when the personages in question were transferred to a diplomatic from a military position. In purely Prussian civil-diplomats, who have never, or only inadequately, come under the influence of military discipline, I have as a rule observed too strong a tendency to criticism, to "cock-sureness," to opposition and personal touchiness, intensified by the discontent which the Old Prussian gentleman's feeling of equality experiences when a man of his own rank is put over his head, or becomes his superior otherwise than under military conditions. In the army, men in a similar position have been for centuries accustomed to seeing this happen; and when they themselves have reached higher positions, they pour the dregs of their ill-temper towards former superiors upon the heads of those who afterwards become their subordinates.

Moreover, in diplomacy there is this to be considered, that those among the aspirants who possess means or a chance knowledge of foreign languages (especially of French) regard those very circumstances as a ground for preference, and therefore make more claims upon those highest in authority and are more inclined than others to criticize them. An acquaintance with languages (after the fashion in which it is possessed even by head-waiters) was with us readily made the basis for a belief in diplomacy as one's vocation, especially so long as our Ambassadorial reports, particularly those *ad regem*, had to be in French; as was the official rule

in force (though not always followed), till I became minister. I have known many among our older ambassadors step into the highest positions simply on account of their proficiency in French, without any knowledge of politics; they only included in their dispatches, too, what they could put fluently into French. Even as late as 1862 I had to report officially in French from St. Petersburg; and the Ambassadors who wrote even their private letters to the Minister in French recommended themselves thereby as having a special vocation for the diplomatic career, even when they were notoriously deficient in political judgment.

Moreover, I cannot say that Ancillon was wrong in having the impression, with regard to most of the candidates from our squirearchy, that they found difficulty in escaping from the narrow horizon which bounded Berliners of those days, or, as one might say, from their "provincial" views, and that in diplomatic matters they would not easily succeed in laying a coat of European varnish over the specifically Prussian bureaucrat. How these observations acted in practice is clearly shown when we go through the list of our diplomatists of those days: one is astonished to find so few native Prussians among them. The fact of being the son of a foreign ambassador accredited to Berlin was of itself ground for preference. The diplomatists who had grown up in small courts and had been taken into the Prussian service had not infrequently the advantage over natives of greater assurance in Court circles and a greater absence of shyness. An especial example of this tendency was Herr von Schleinitz. In the list we find also members of noble houses in whom descent supplied the place of talent. I scarcely remember from the period when I was appointed to Frankfort any one of Prussian descent being appointed chief of an important mission, except myself, Baron Carl von Werther, Canitz, and Count Max Hatzfeldt (who had a French wife). Foreign names were at a premium: Brassier, Perponcher, Savigny, Oriola. It was presumed that they had greater fluency in French, and they were more out of the common. Another feature was the disinclination to accept personal responsibility when not covered by unmistakable instructions, just as was the case in the military service in 1806 in the old school

of the Frederickian period. Even in those days we were breeding stuff for officers, even as high as the rank of regimental commander, to a pitch of perfection attained by no other state; but beyond that rank the native Prussian blood was no longer fertile in talents, as in the time of Frederick the Great. Our most successful commanders, Blücher, Gneisenau, Moltke, Goeben, were not original Prussian products, any more than Stein, Hardenberg, Motz, and Grolman in the Civil Service. It is as though our statesmen, like the trees in nurseries, needed transplanting in order that their roots might find full development.

Ancillon advised me first of all to pass my examination as *Regirungs-Assessor*, and then, by the circuitous route of employment in the Zollverein to seek admittance into the *German* diplomacy of Prussia; he did not, it would seem, anticipate in a scion of the native squirearchy a vocation for European diplomacy. I took his hint to heart, and resolved first of all to go up for my examination as *Regirungs-Assessor*.

The persons and institutions of our judicial system with which I was in the first instance concerned gave my youthful conceptions more material for criticism than for respect. The practical education of the *Auscultator* began with keeping the minutes of the Criminal Courts, and to this post I was promoted out of my proper turn by the *Rath*, Herr von Brauchitsch, under whom I worked, because in those days I wrote a more than usually quick and legible hand. Of the examinations, as criminal proceedings in the inquisitorial method of that day were called, the one that has made the most lasting impression upon me related to a widely ramifying association in Berlin for the purpose of unnatural vice. The club arrangements of the accomplices, the agenda books, the leveling effect through all classes of a common pursuit of the forbidden—all this, even in 1835, pointed to a demoralization in no whit less than that evidenced by the proceedings against the Heinzes, husband and wife, in October, 1891. The ramifications of this society extended even into the highest circles. It was ascribed to the influence of Prince Wittgenstein that the reports of the case were demanded from the Ministry of Justice, and were never returned—at least, during the time I served on the tribunal.

After I had been keeping the records for four months, I was transferred to the City Court, before which civil causes are tried, and was suddenly promoted from the mechanical occupation of writing from dictation to an independent post, which, having regard to my inexperience and my sentiments, made my position difficult. The first stage in which the legal novice was called to a more independent sphere of activity was in connection with divorce proceedings. Obviously regarded as the least important, they were entrusted to the most incapable *Rath*, Prätorius by name, and under him were left to the tender mercies of unfledged *Auscultators*, who had to make upon this *corpus vile* their first experiments in the part of judges—of course, under the nominal responsibility of Herr Prätorius, who nevertheless took no part in their proceedings. By way of indicating this gentleman's character, it was told to us young people that when, in the course of a sitting, he was roused from a light slumber to give his vote, he used to say, "I vote with my colleague Tempelhof"—whereupon it was sometimes necessary to point out to him that Herr Tempelhof was not present.

On one occasion I represented to him my embarrassment at having, though only a few months more than twenty years old, to undertake the attempt at a reconciliation between an agitated couple: a matter crowned, according to my view, with a certain ecclesiastical and moral "nimbus," with which in my state of mind I did not feel able to cope. I found Prätorius in the irritable mood of an old man awakened at an untimely moment, who had besides all the aversion of an old bureaucrat to a young man of birth. He said, with a contemptuous smile, "It is very annoying, Herr *Referendarius*, when a man can do nothing for himself; I will show you how to do it." I returned with him into the judge's room. The case was one in which the husband wanted a divorce and the wife not. The husband accused her of adultery; the wife, tearful and declamatory, asserted her innocence; and despite all manner of ill-treatment from the man, wanted to remain with him. Prätorius, with his peculiar clicking lisp, thus addressed the woman: "But, my good woman, don't be so stupid. What good will it do you? When you get home, your husband will give you a jacketing

until you can stand no more. Come now, simply say 'yes,' and then you will be quit of the sot." To which the wife, crying hysterically, replied: "I am an honest woman! I will not have that indignity put upon me! I don't want to be divorced!" After manifold retorts and rejoinders in this tone, Prätorius turned to me with the words: "As she will not listen to reason, write as follows, Herr *Referendarius*," and dictated to me some words which, owing to the deep impression they made upon me, I remember to this day. "Inasmuch as the attempt at reconciliation has been made, and arguments drawn from the sphere of religion and morality have proved fruitless, further proceedings were taken as follows." My chief then rose and said, "Now, you see how it is done, and in future leave me in peace about such things." I accompanied him to the door, and went on with the case. The Divorce Court stage of my career lasted, so far as I can remember, from four to six weeks; a reconciliation case never came before me again. . . .

The impressions that I had received in my childhood were little adapted to make a squire of me. In Plamann's educational establishment, conducted on the systems of Pestalozzi and Jahn, the "von" before my name was a disadvantage, so far as my childish comfort was concerned, in my intercourse with my fellow-pupils and my teachers. Even at the high school at the Grey Friars I had to suffer, as regards individual teachers, from that hatred of nobility which had clung to the greater part of the educated *bourgeoisie* as a reminiscence of the days before 1806. But even the aggressive tendency which occasionally appeared in *bourgeois* circles never gave me any inducement to advance in the opposite direction. My father was free from aristocratic prejudices, and his inward sense of equality had been modified, if at all, by his youthful impressions as an officer, but in no way by any over-estimate of inherited rank. My mother was the daughter of Mencken, Privy Councilor to Frederick the Great, Frederick William II., and Frederick William III., who sprang from a family of Leipzig professors, and was accounted in those days a Liberal.

The later generations of the Menckens—those immediately preceding me—had found their way to Prussia in the For-

eign Office and about the Court. Baron von Stein has quoted my grandfather Mencken as an honest, strongly Liberal official. Under these circumstances, the views which I imbibed with my mother's milk were Liberal rather than reactionary; and if my mother had lived to see my ministerial activity, she would scarcely have been in accord with its direction, even though she would have experienced great joy in the external results of my official career. She had grown up in bureaucratic and court circles; Frederick William IV. spoke of her as "Mienchen," in memory of childish games. I can therefore declare it an unjust estimate of my views in my younger years, when "the prejudices of my rank" are thrown in my teeth and it is maintained that a recollection of the privileges of the nobility has been the starting-point of my domestic policy.

Moreover, the unlimited authority of the old Prussian monarchy was not, and is not, the final word of my convictions. As to that, to be sure, this authority of the monarch constitutionally existed in the first United Diet, but accompanied by the wish and anticipation that the unlimited power of the King, without being overturned, might fix the measure of its own limitation. Absolutism primarily demands impartiality, honesty, devotion to duty, energy, and inward humility in the ruler. These may be present, and yet male and female favorites (in the best case the lawful wife), the monarch's own vanity and susceptibility to flattery, will nevertheless diminish the fruits of his good intentions, inasmuch as the monarch is not omniscient and cannot have an equal understanding of all branches of his office. As early as 1847 I was in favor of an effort to secure the possibility of public criticism of the government in parliament and in the press, in order to shelter the monarch from the danger of having blinkers put on him by women, courtiers, sycophants, and visionaries, hindering him from taking a broad view of his duties as monarch, or from avoiding and correcting his mistakes.

This conviction of mine became all the more deeply impressed upon me in proportion as I became better acquainted with Court circles, and had to defend the interest of the state from their influences and also from the opposition of

a departmental patriotism. The interests of the state alone have guided me, and it has been a calumny when publicists, even well-meaning, have accused me of having ever advocated an aristocratic system. I have never regarded birth as a substitute for want of ability; whenever I have come forward on behalf of landed property, it has not been in the interests of proprietors of my own class, but because I see in the decline of agriculture one of the greatest dangers to our permanence as a state. The ideal that has always floated before me has been a monarchy which should be so far controlled by an independent national representation—according to my notion, representing classes or callings—that monarch or parliament would not be able to alter the existing statutory position before the law *separately* but only by common agreement; with publicity, and public criticism, by press and Diet, of all political proceedings.

Whoever has the conviction that uncontrolled Absolutism, as it was first brought upon the stage by Louis XIV., was the most fitting form of government for German subjects, must lose it after making a special study in the history of Courts, and such critical observations as I was enabled to institute at the court of Frederick William IV. (whom personally I loved and revered) in Manteuffel's days. The King was a religious absolutist with a divine vocation, and the ministers after Brandenburg were content as a rule if they were covered by the royal signature even when they could not have personally answered for the contents of what was signed. I remember that on one occasion a high Court official of absolutist opinions, on hearing of the news of the royalist rising at Neuchatel, observed, with some confusion, in the presence of myself and several of his colleagues: "That is a royalism of which nowadays one has to go very far from Court to get experience." Yet, as a rule, sarcasm was not a habit of this old gentleman.

Observations which I made in the country as to the venality and chicanery of the "district sergeants" and other subordinate officials, and petty conflicts which I had with the government in Stettin as deputy of the "Circle" and deputy for the provincial president, increased my aversion to the rule of the bureaucracy. I may mention one of these

conflicts. While I was representing the president then on leave, I received an order from the government to compel the patron of Külz, that was myself, to undertake certain burdens. I put the order aside, meaning to give it to the president on his return, was repeatedly worried about it, and fined a thaler, to be forwarded through the post. I now drew up a statement, in which I figured as having appeared, first of all as representative of the *Landrath*, and secondly as patron of Külz. The party cited made the prescribed representations to himself in his capacity as No. 1, and then proceeded in his capacity of No. 2 to set forth the ground on which he had to decline the application; after which the statement was approved and subscribed by him in his double capacity. The government understood a joke, and ordered the fine to be refunded. In other cases, things resulted in less pleasant heckling. I had a critical disposition, and was consequently liberal, in the sense in which the word was then used among landed proprietors to imply discontent with the bureaucracy, the majority of whom on their side were men more liberal than myself, though in another sense.

I again slipped off the rails of my parliamentary liberal tendencies, with regard to which I found little understanding or sympathy in Pomerania, but which in Schönhausen met with acquiescence of men in my own district, like Count Wartensleben of Karow, Schierstädt-Dahlen, and others (the same men of whom some were among the party of Church patrons in the New Era subsequently condemned). This was the result of the style, to me unsympathetic, in which the opposition was conducted in the first United Diet, to which I was summoned, only for the last six weeks of the session, as substitute for Deputy von Brauchitsch, who was laid up with illness. The speeches of the East Prussians, Saucken-Tarputschen and Alfred Auerswald, the sentimentality of Beckerrath, the Gallo-Rhenish liberalism of Heydt and Mevissen, and the boisterous violence of Vincke's speeches, disgusted me; and even at this date when I read the proceedings they give me the impression of imported phrases made to pattern. I felt that the King was on the right track, and could claim to be allowed time, and not be hurried in his development.

I came into conflict with the Opposition the first time I

made a longer speech than usual, on May 17, 1847, when I combated the legend that the Prussians had gone to war in 1813 to get a constitution, and gave free expression to my natural indignation at the idea that foreign domination was in itself no adequate reason for fighting. It appeared to me undignified that the nation, as a set-off to its having freed itself, should hand in to the King an account payable in the paragraphs of a constitution. My performance produced a storm. I remained in the tribune turning over the leaves of a newspaper which lay there, and then, when the commotion had subsided, I finished my speech.

At the Court festivities, which took place during the session of the United Diet, I was avoided in a marked manner both by the King and the Princess of Prussia, though for different reasons: by the latter because I was neither Liberal nor popular; by the former for a reason which only became clear to me later. When, on the reception of the deputies, he avoided speaking to me—when in the Court circle, after speaking to every one in turn, he broke off immediately he came to me, turned his back, or strolled away across the room—I considered myself justified in supposing that my attitude as a Royalist Hotspur had exceeded the limits which the King had fixed for himself. Only some months later, when I reached Venice on my honeymoon, did I discover that this explanation was incorrect. The King, who had recognized me in the theater, commanded me on the following day to an audience and to dinner; and so unexpected was this to me that my light traveling luggage and the incapacity of the local tailor did not admit of my appearing in correct costume. My reception was so kindly, and the conversation, even on political subjects, of such a nature as to enable me to infer that my attitude in the Diet met with his encouraging approval. The King commanded me to call upon him in the course of the winter, and I did so. Both on this occasion and at smaller dinners at the palace I became persuaded that I stood high in the favor of both the King and the Queen, and that the former, in avoiding speaking to me in public, at the time of the session of the Diet, did not mean to criticize my political conduct, but at the time did not want to let others see his approval of me.

[In August of 1864, Bismarck sought unsuccessfully to establish with Austria a dual leadership of the Germans by Austria and Prussia. He comments upon the policy and upon the Austrian king and chief minister Rechberg as follows:]

Not without significance for the value of the dualist policy was the question upon what measure of steadfastness in maintaining this line of policy we could reckon on the part of Austria. When we recalled the suddenness with which Rechberg, in his irritation, broke with the middle states when they would not follow him, and allied himself with us without them and against them, the possibility could not be disregarded that non-agreement with Prussia in single questions might lead us unexpectedly to a new evolution. I have never had to complain of any lack of uprightness on Count Rechberg's part, but he was, as Hamlet says, "splenetic and rash" to an unusual degree; and if the personal irritation of Count Buol about the unfriendly demeanor of the Emperor Nicholas, rather than about political differences, had sufficed to keep Austrian policy firmly and permanently on the lines of the well-known ingratitude of Schwarzenberg ("nous étonnerons l'Europe par notre ingratitude"), no one could shut his eyes to the possibility that the far weaker cement between Count Rechberg and myself might be washed away by any sort of tidal wave. The Emperor Nicholas had a much stronger foundation for a belief in the trustworthiness of his relations with Austria than we had at the time of the Danish war. He had done the Emperor Francis Joseph a service such as scarcely any monarch had ever done a neighboring state, and the advantages of mutual reliance in the monarchical interest against revolution, of the Italians and Hungarians as well as of the Poles of 1846, made the alliance with Russia weigh heavier in the scale for Austria than the alliance with Prussia possible in 1864. The Emperor Francis Joseph has an honorable nature, but the Austro-Hungarian ship of state is of so peculiar a construction that its oscillations, to which the monarch must adapt his attitude on board, can hardly be reckoned on in advance. The centrifugal influences of individual nationalities, the interlacing of the vital interests which Austria has simultaneously to represent towards Germany, Italy, the East, and Poland, the ungovernableness of

the Hungarian national spirit, and, above all, the incalculable way in which confessional influences cross political decisions, lay on every ally of Austria the duty of being prudent, and of not making the interests of its own subjects entirely dependent on Austrian policy. The reputation for stability which the latter had won under the long rule of Metternich is not tenable according to the composition of the Hapsburg monarchy, and, according to its internal motive forces, not in agreement at all with the policy of the Vienna cabinet before the Metternich period.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE GERMAN "EMPIRE" IN 1870-71

The assumption of the Imperial title by the King upon the extension of the North German Confederation was a political necessity, since, by reminding us of days when it meant legally more but practically less than now, it constituted an element making for unity and centralization. I was convinced, too, that the steadying pressure upon the institutions of our Empire could not but be more lasting in proportion as the Prussian upholder of them avoided the attempt, dangerous but a vital feature of the old German history, to inculcate upon the other dynasties the superiority of our own. King William I. was not free from an inclination to do this, and his reluctance to take the title was not unconnected with the desire to obtain an acknowledgment rather of the superior respectability of the hereditary Prussian Crown than of the Imperial title. He regarded the Imperial crown in the light of a modern office that might be conferred on any one, the authority of which had been disputed by Frederick the Great and had oppressed the Great Elector. At the first mention of it he said, "What have I to do with the fancy-ball Major?"⁴ To this I replied among other things, "Your Majesty surely does not desire always to remain neuter—*das Präsidium*? In the expression 'presidency' lies an abstraction, in the word 'Emperor' a great power."

When at the first favorable turn in the war I approached the Crown Prince, he also did not always evince sympathy for my endeavors to restore the Imperial title, though they did not spring from Prussian and dynastic vanity, but solely

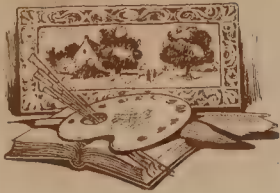
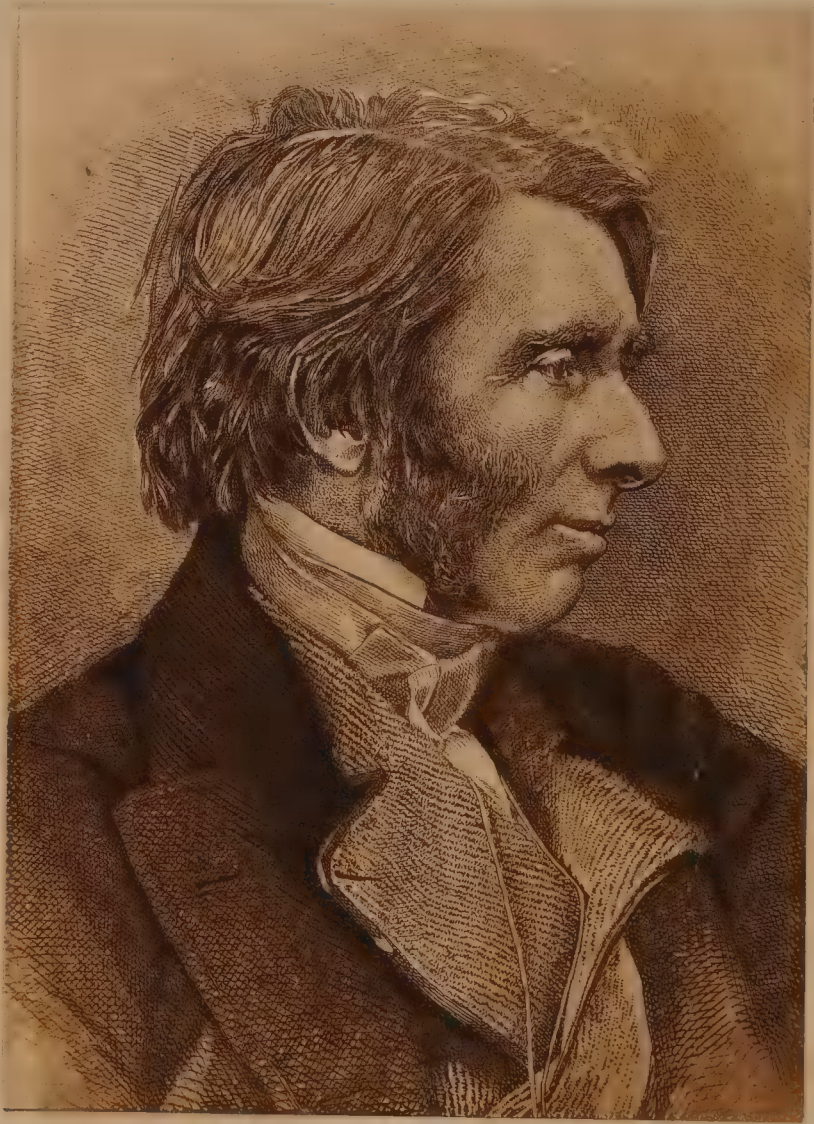
⁴ *Charakter-Major*. Or, possibly, "brevet-major."

from the belief in its utility for the furtherance of national union. From some one or other of the political dreamers to whom he gave ear his Royal Highness had imbibed the idea that the heritage of the Roman Empire revived by Charlemagne had been the misfortune of Germany, a foreign idea harmful to the nation. Historically true though this may be, the guarantee against analogous dangers which the Prince's advisers saw in the title of "King" of the Germans was equally unreal. There was not in those days any danger that the title, which lives only in the memory of the nation, would aid in alienating Germany's strength from her own interests and in rendering it subservient to trans-Alpine ambition all the way to Apulia. The desire, emanating from his erroneous conception, that the Prince unfolded to me gave me the impression of being a business proposal seriously meant, which he wished me to put into execution. My objection, which was based on the co-existence of the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Württemberg with the proposed King in Germany or King of the Germans, to my surprise led to the further conclusion that those dynasties would have to cease bearing the regal title and reassume the ducal. I expressed my conviction that they would not do this of their own free will. Were it desired, on the other hand, to use force, this procedure would not be forgotten for centuries, and would sow the seeds of distrust and hate.

In addition to the Bavarian commissioners there was present at Versailles, as the especial confidant of King Lewis, Count Holnstein, who stood in close relations to the monarch as his Master of the Horse. It was he who, at a moment when the question of the title had become critical and seemed in danger of breaking down on account of Bavaria's silence and the disinclination of King William, undertook at my request to hand his master a letter from me which, in order not to delay its delivery, I wrote on a dinner-table after the cloth had been removed, upon flimsy paper, and with refractory ink. In this I set forth my idea that the Bavarian Crown would not, without wounding Bavarian self-esteem, be able to concede the presidential rights to the King of Prussia, though the consent of Bavaria had already as a matter of business been given; that the King of Prussia was a neighbor of the

King of Bavaria, and that criticism of the concessions which Bavaria was making and had made would, in view of the diversity of racial relations, become keener and more easily affected by the rivalries of the German races. The exercise of Prussian authority within the frontiers of Bavaria was a novelty and would wound Bavarian susceptibilities, while a German Emperor was not a neighbor of Bavaria of different stock, but a compatriot; in my opinion, King Lewis could fittingly grant only to a German Emperor, and not to a King of Prussia, the concessions he had already made to the authority of the presidency. To these main points in my case I also added personal arguments recalling the particular goodwill which the Bavarian dynasty had, at the time that it ruled in the March of Brandenburg (in the person of the Emperor Lewis), borne for more than a generation to my forefathers. I considered this *argumentum ad hominem* useful in addressing a monarch with such leanings as the King, though I believe that the political and dynastic estimate of the difference between the presidential rights of a German Emperor and a Prussian King was what turned the scale. The Count started upon his journey to Hohenschwangau within two hours, on November 27, and completed it under great difficulties and with frequent interruptions in four days. The King was confined to his bed with the toothache, and at first refused to see him, but had him admitted when he heard that the Count had come with a commission and a letter from me. He carefully read my letter twice over in bed in the Count's presence, asked for writing materials, and committed to paper the desired communication to King William of which I had made out a draft. In this the main argument for the imperial title was reproduced, with the more stringent suggestion that Bavaria could make *only* to the German Emperor, but not to the King of Prussia, the concession already agreed to but not yet ratified. I had especially chosen this form of expression in order to overcome the aversion of my royal master to the imperial title. Count Holnstein returned to Versailles bearing this letter from the King on the seventh day after his departure, that is, on December 3; it was officially handed to our King on the same day by Prince Leopold, the present regent, and constituted an important factor in the success of

the difficult labors the result of which, owing to King William's resistance and the absence of any definite statement of the Bavarian views, had often been doubtful. By this double journey, performed in one sleepless week, and by the able execution of his commission at Hohenschwangau, Count Holnstein rendered important service in the establishment of our national unity, through the removal of external obstacles in the question of the imperial title.



JOHN RUSKIN

THE MOST CELEBRATED OF MODERN ART CRITICS

1819-1900

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

John Ruskin, renowned for his ethical and economic teachings, and the most original and eloquent of all writers on art, also wrote his autobiography. We approach his "Præterita," the name he gave his memoirs, with the same keen delight with which we approach his "Sesame and Lilies," assured that we will find that same power and richness, those same audacious paradoxes, fiery denunciations, and ardent convictions which characterize all the writings of this famous essayist.

It is hard to decide "why is a great writer." We read his works, laugh with him, cry with him—for the true test of genius is the ability to run the gamut of emotions, rousing an echo to every strain. Yet in what lies that magical difference between the clever writer and the great writer? Certainly Ruskin calls us to him with his exquisite beauty of language, with his virulent, truthful judgments, his eager enthusiasms, his kindly wit and delicate, mischievous, even mocking, humor.

Beyond and before all his other works is the charm of his "Præterita." It discloses in Ruskin's own inimitably fascinating style the true beauty and sweetness of the author's soul. We are perhaps unwilling to discuss the emotions, chary even in praising or admitting them, but in our hearts lies ever a deep appreciation of them. And Ruskin's memoirs, with their guileless confessions of boyish thoughts and fancies will open any heart. The "Præterita" is a liberal education in the art of living and believing and writing; the noblest of monuments to John Ruskin, essayist and idealist.

"PRÆTERITA"

OUTLINES OF SCENES AND THOUGHTS PERHAPS WORTHY OF MEMORY IN MY PAST LIFE

I HAVE written these sketches of effort and incident in former years for my friends; and for those of the public who have been pleased by my books.

I have written them therefore, frankly, garrulously, and at ease; speaking of what it gives me joy to remember at any length I like—sometimes very carefully of what I think it may be useful for others to know; and passing in total silence things which I have no pleasure in reviewing, and which the reader would find no help in the account of. My described life has thus become more amusing than I expected to myself, as I summoned its long past scenes for present scrutiny: its methods of study, and general principles of work, I feel justified in recommending to other students: and very certainly any habitual readers of my books will understand them better, for having knowledge as complete as I can give them of the personal character which, without endeavor to conceal, I yet have never taken pains to display, and even, now and then, felt some freakish pleasure in exposing to the chance of misinterpretation.

I write these few prefatory words on my father's birthday, in what was once my nursery in his old house,—to which he brought my mother and me, sixty-two years since, I being then four years old. What would otherwise in the following pages have been little more than an old man's recreation in gathering visionary flowers in fields of youth, has taken, as I wrote, the nobler aspect of a dutiful offering at the grave of parents who trained my childhood to all the good it could attain, and whose memory makes declining life cheerful in the hope of being soon again with them.

HERNE HILL, *10th May*, 1855.

I—THE SPRINGS OF WANDEL

I AM, and my father was before me, a violent Tory of the old school; (Walter Scott's school, that is to say, and Homer's,) I name these two out of the numberless great Tory writers, because they were my own two masters. I had Walter Scott's novels, and the Iliad, (Pope's translation,) for my only reading when I was a child, on week-days: on Sundays their effect was tempered by Robinson Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress; my mother having it deeply in her heart to make an evangelical clergyman of me. Fortunately, I had an aunt more evangelical than my mother; and my aunt gave me cold mutton for Sunday's dinner, which—as I much pre-

ferred it hot—greatly diminished the influence of the Pilgrim's Progress, and the end of the matter was, that I got all the noble imaginative teaching of Defoe and Bunyan, and yet—am not an evangelical clergyman.

I had, however, still better teaching than theirs, and that compulsorily, and every day of the week.

Walter Scott and Pope's Homer were reading of my own election, but my mother forced me, by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year: and to that discipline—patient, accurate, and resolute—I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature. From Walter Scott's novels I might easily, as I grew older, have fallen to other people's novels; and Pope might, perhaps, have led me to take Johnson's English, or Gibbon's, as types of language; but, once knowing the 32nd of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of 1st Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolishlest times of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English; and the affectation of trying to write like Hooker and George Herbert was the most innocent I could have fallen into.

From my own chosen masters, then, Scott and Homer, I learned the Toryism which my best after-thought has only served to confirm.

That is to say a most sincere love of kings, and dislike of everybody who attempted to disobey them. Only, both by Homer and Scott, I was taught strange ideas about kings, which I find for the present much obsolete; for, I perceived that both the author of the Iliad and the author of Waverley made their kings, or king-loving persons, do harder work than anybody else. Tydides or Idomeneus always killed twenty Trojans to other people's one, and Redgauntlet speared more salmon than any of the Solway fishermen, and—which was particularly a subject of admiration to me—I observed that they not only did more, but in proportion to their doings,

got less than other people—nay, that the best of them were even ready to govern for nothing! and let their followers divide any quantity of spoil or profit. Of late it has seemed to me that the idea of a king has become exactly the contrary of this, and that it has been supposed the duty of superior persons generally to govern less, and get more, than anybody else. So that it was, perhaps, quite as well that in those early days my contemplation of existent kingship was a very distant one.

The aunt who gave me cold mutton on Sundays was my father's sister: she lived at Bridge-end, in the town of Perth, and had a garden full of gooseberry-bushes, sloping down to the Tay, with a door opening to the water, which ran past it, clear-brown over the pebbles three or four feet deep; swift-eddying,—an infinite thing for a child to look down into.

My father began business as a wine-merchant, with no capital, and a considerable amount of debts bequeathed him by my grandfather. He accepted the bequest, and paid them all before he began to lay by anything for himself, for which his best friends called him a fool, and I, without expressing any opinion as to his wisdom, which I knew in such matters to be at least equal to mine, have written on the granite slab over his grave that he was "an entirely honest merchant." As days went on he was able to take a house in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, No. 54, (the windows of it, fortunately for me, commanded a view of a marvelous iron post, out of which the water-carts were filled through beautiful little trap-doors, by pipes like boa-constrictors; and I was never weary of contemplating that mystery, and the delicious dripping consequent); and as years went on, and I came to be four or five years old, he could command a postchaise and pair for two months in the summer, by help of which, with my mother and me, he went the round of his country customers (who liked to see the principal of the house his own traveler); so that, at a jog-trot pace, and through the panoramic opening of the four windows of a postchaise, made more panoramic still to me because my seat was a little bracket in front, (for we used to hire the chaise regularly for the two months out of Long Acre, and so could have it bracketed and pocketed as we liked,) I saw all the highroads, and most of the cross ones, of

England and Wales, and great part of lowland Scotland, as far as Perth, where every other year we spent the whole summer; and I used to read the Abbot at Kinross, and the Monastery in Glen Farg, which I confused with "Glendearg," and thought that the White Lady had as certainly lived by the streamlet in that glen of the Ochils, as the Queen of Scots in the island of Loch Leven.

To my farther great benefit, as I grew older, I thus saw nearly all the noblemen's houses in England; in reverent and healthy delight of uncovetous admiration,—perceiving, as soon as I could perceive any political truth at all, that it was probably much happier to live in a small house, and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live at Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at; but that, at all events, it would not make Brunswick Square in the least more pleasantly habitable, to pull Warwick Castle down. And, at this day, though I have kind invitations enough to visit America, I could not, even for a couple of months, live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles.

Nevertheless, having formed my notion of kinghood chiefly from the FitzJames of the Lady of the Lake, and of noblesse from the Douglas there, and the Douglas in Marmion, a painful wonder soon arose in my child-mind, why the castles should now be always empty. Tantallon was there; but no Archibald of Angus:—Stirling, but no Knight of Snowdoun. The galleries and gardens of England were beautiful to see—but his Lordship and her Ladyship were always in town, said the housekeepers and gardeners. Deep yearning took hold of me for a kind of "Restoration," which I began slowly to feel that Charles the Second had not altogether effected, though I always wore a gilded oak-apple very piously in my button-hole on the 29th of May. It seemed to me that Charles the Second's Restoration had been, as compared with the Restoration I wanted, much as that gilded oak-apple to a real apple. And as I grew wiser, the desire for sweet pippins instead of bitter ones, and Living Kings instead of dead ones, appeared to me rational as well as romantic; and gradually it has become the main purpose of my life to grow pippins, and its chief hope, to see Kings.

I have never been able to trace these prejudices to any

royalty of descent: of my father's ancestors I know nothing, nor of my mother's more than that my maternal grandmother was the landlady of the Old King's Head in Market Street, Croydon; and I wish she were alive again, and I could paint her Simone Memmi's King's Head, for a sign.

My maternal grandfather was, as I have said, a sailor, who used to embark, like Robinson Crusoe, at Yarmouth, and come back at rare intervals, making himself very delightful at home. I have an idea he had something to do with the herring business, but I am not clear on that point; my mother never being much communicative concerning it. He spoiled her, and her (younger) sister, with all his heart, when he was at home; unless there appeared any tendency to equivocation, or imaginative statements, on the part of the children, which were always unforgiveable. My mother being once perceived by him to have distinctly told him a lie, he sent the servant out forthwith to buy an entire bundle of new broom twigs to whip her with. "They did not hurt me so much as one" (twig) "would have done," said my mother, "but I *thought* a good deal of it."

My grandfather was killed at two-and-thirty, by trying to ride, instead of walk, into Croydon; he got his leg crushed by his horse against a wall; and died of the hurt's mortifying. My mother was then seven or eight years old, and, with her sister, was sent to quite a fashionable (for Croydon) day-school, Mrs. Rice's, where my mother was taught evangelical principles, and became the pattern girl and best needlewoman in the school; and where my aunt absolutely refused evangelical principles, and consequently became the plague and pet of it.

My mother, being a girl of great power, with not a little pride, grew more and more exemplary in her entirely conscientious career, much laughed at, though much beloved, by her sister; who had more wit, less pride, and no conscience. At last my mother, formed into a consummate housewife, was sent for to Scotland to take care of my paternal grandfather's house; who was gradually ruining himself; and who at last effectually ruined, and killed, himself. My father came up to London; was a clerk in a merchant's house for nine years, without a holiday; then began business on his

own account; paid his father's debts; and married his exemplary Croydon cousin.

Meantime my aunt had remained in Croydon, and married a baker. By the time I was four years old, and beginning to recollect things,—my father rapidly taking higher commercial position in London,—there was traceable—though to me, as a child, wholly incomprehensible—just the least possible shade of shyness on the part of Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, towards Market Street, Croydon. But whenever my father was ill,—and hard work and sorrow had already set their mark on him,—we all went down to Croydon to be petted by my homely aunt; and walk on Duppas Hill, and on the heather of Addington.

My aunt lived in the little house still standing—or which was so four months ago—the fashionablest in Market Street, having actually two windows over the shop, in the second story; but I never troubled myself about that superior part of the mansion, unless my father happened to be making drawings in Indian ink, when I would sit reverently by and watch; my chosen domains being, at all other times, the shop, the bakehouse, and the stones round the spring of crystal water at the back door (long since let down into the modern sewer); and my chief companion, my aunt's dog, Towser, whom she had taken pity on when he was a snappish, starved vagrant; and made a brave and affectionate dog of: which was the kind of thing she did for every living creature that came in her way, all her life long.

Contented, by help of these occasional glimpses of the rivers of Paradise, I lived until I was more than four years old in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, the greater part of the year; for a few weeks in the summer breathing country air by taking lodgings in small cottages (real cottages, not villas, so-called) either about Hampstead, or at Dulwich, at "Mrs. Ridley's," the last of a row in a lane which led out into the Dulwich fields on one side, and was itself full of buttercups in spring, and blackberries in autumn. But my chief remaining impressions of those days are attached to Hunter Street. My mother's general principles of first treatment were, to guard me with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain or danger; and, for the rest, to let me amuse myself as I

liked, provided I was neither fretful nor troublesome. But the law was, that I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed;—and the pity of my Croydon aunt for my monastic poverty in this respect was boundless. On one of my birthdays, thinking to overcome my mother's resolution by splendor of temptation, she bought the most radiant Punch and Judy she could find in all the Soho bazaar—as big as a real Punch and Judy, all dressed in scarlet and gold, and that would dance, tied to the leg of a chair. I must have been greatly impressed, for I remember well the look of the two figures, as my aunt herself exhibited their virtues. My mother was obliged to accept them; but afterwards quietly told me it was not right that I should have them; and I never saw them again.

Nor did I painfully wish, what I was never permitted for an instant to hope, or even imagine, the possession of such things as one saw in toy-shops. I had a bunch of keys to play with, as long as I was capable only of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; as I grew older, I had a cart, and a ball; and when I was five or six years old, two boxes of well-cut wooden bricks. With these modest, but, I still think, entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion; and could pass my days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of my carpet;—examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses; with rapturous intervals of excitement during the filling of the water-cart, through its leathern pipe, from the dripping iron post at the pavement edge; or the still more admirable proceedings of the turncock, when he turned and turned till a fountain sprang up in the middle of the street. But the carpet, and what patterns I could find in bed covers, dresses, or wall-papers to be examined, were my chief resources, and my attention to the particulars in these was soon so accurate, that when at three and a half I was taken to have my portrait painted by Mr. Northcote, I had not been ten minutes alone with him before I asked him why there were holes in his carpet. The portrait in question represents a very pretty child with yellow hair, dressed in a white frock

like a girl, with a broad light-blue sash and blue shoes to match; the feet of the child wholesomely large in proportion to its body; and the shoes still more wholesomely large in proportion to the feet.

These articles of my daily dress were all sent to the old painter for perfect realization; but they appear in the picture more remarkable than they were in my nursery, because I am represented as running in a field at the edge of a wood with the trunks of its trees striped across in the manner of Sir Joshua Reynolds; while two rounded hills, as blue as my shoes, appear in the distance, which were put in by the painter at my own request; for I had already been once, if not twice, taken to Scotland; and my Scottish nurse having always sung to me as we approached the Tweed or Esk,—

“For Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
With her barefooted lassies, and mountains so blue,”

the idea of distant hills was connected in my mind with approach to the extreme felicities of life, in my (Scottish) aunt's garden of gooseberry bushes, sloping to the Tay. But that, when old Mr. Northcote asked me (little thinking, I fancy, to get any answer so explicit) what I would like to have in the distance of my picture, I should have said “blue hills” instead of “gooseberry bushes,” appears to me—and I think without any morbid tendency to think overmuch of myself—a fact sufficiently curious, and not without promise, in a child of that age.

I think it should be related also that having, as aforesaid, been steadily whipped if I was troublesome, my formed habit of serenity was greatly pleasing to the old painter; for I sat contentedly motionless, counting the holes in his carpet, or watching him squeeze his paint out of its bladders,—a beautiful operation, indeed, to my thinking;—but I do not remember taking any interest in Mr. Northcote's application of the pigments to the canvas; my ideas of delightful art, in that respect, involving indispensably the possession of a large pot, filled with paint of the brightest green, and of a brush which would come out of it sippy. But my quietude was so pleasing to the old man that he begged my father and mother to let me sit to him for the face of a child which he was painting

in a classical subject; where I was accordingly represented as reclining on a leopard skin, and having a thorn taken out of my foot by a wild man of the woods.

In all these particulars, I think the treatment, or accidental conditions, of my childhood entirely right, for a child of my temperament: but the mode of my introduction to literature appears to me questionable, and I am not prepared to carry it out in St. George's schools, without much modification. I absolutely declined to learn to read by syllables; but would get an entire sentence by heart with great facility, and point with accuracy to every word in the page as I repeated it. As, however, when the words were once displaced, I had no more to say, my mother gave up, for the time, the endeavor to teach me to read, hoping only that I might consent, in process of years, to adopt the popular system of syllabic study. But I went on to amuse myself, in my own way, learned whole words at a time, as I did patterns; and at five years old was sending for my "second volumes" to the circulating library.

My mother had, as she afterwards told me, solemnly "devoted me to God" before I was born; in imitation of Hannah.

Very good women are remarkably apt to make away with their children prematurely, in this manner: the real meaning of the pious act being, that, as the sons of Zebedee are not (or at least they hope not), to sit on the right and left of Christ, in His kingdom, their own sons may perhaps, they think, in time be advanced to that respectable position in eternal life; especially if they ask Christ very humbly for it every day; and they always forget in the most naïve way that the position is not His to give!

"Devoting me to God," meant, as far as my mother knew herself what she meant, that she would try to send me to college, and make a clergyman of me: and I was accordingly bred for "the Church." My father, who—rest be to his soul—had the exceedingly bad habit of yielding to my mother in large things and taking his own way in little ones, allowed me, without saying a word, to be thus withdrawn from the sherry trade as an unclean thing; not without some pardonable participation in my mother's ultimate views for me. For, many and many a year afterwards, I remember, while he was speak-

ing to one of our artist friends, who admired Raphael, and greatly regretted my endeavors to interfere with that popular taste,—while my father and he were condoling with each other on having been impudent enough to think I could tell the public about Turner and Raphael,—instead of contenting myself, as I ought, with explaining the way of their souls' salvation to them—and what an amiable clergyman was lost in me,—“Yes,” said my father, with tears in his eyes—(true and tender tears, as ever father shed,) “he would have been a Bishop.”

Luckily for me, my mother, under these distinct impressions of her own duty, and with such latent hopes of my future eminence, took me very early to church;—where, in spite of my quiet habits, and my mother's golden vinaigrette, always indulged to me there, and there only, with its lid unclasped that I might see the wreathed open pattern above the sponge, I found the bottom of the pew so extremely dull a place to keep quiet in, (my best story-books being also taken away from me in the morning,) that, as I have somewhere said before, the horror of Sunday used even to cast its prescient gloom as far back in the week as Friday—and all the glory of Monday, with church seven days removed again, was no equivalent for it.

Notwithstanding, I arrived at some abstract in my own mind of the Rev. Mr. Howell's sermons; and occasionally, in imitation of him, preached a sermon at home over the red sofa cushions;—this performance being always called for by my mother's dearest friends, as the great accomplishment of my childhood. The sermon was, I believe, some eleven words long;—very exemplary, it seems to me, in that respect—and I still think must have been the purest gospel, for I know it began with, “People, be good.”

We seldom had company, even on week days; and I was never allowed to come down to dessert, until much later in life—when I was able to crack nuts neatly. I was then permitted to come down to crack other people's nuts for them—(I hope they liked the ministration)—but never to have any myself; nor anything else of dainty kind, either then or at other times. Once, at Hunter Street, I recollect my mother giving me three raisins, in the forenoon, out of the store

cabinet; and I remember perfectly the first time I tasted custard, in our lodgings in Norfolk Street—where we had gone while the house was being painted, or cleaned, or something. My father was dining in the front room, and did not finish his custard; and my mother brought me the bottom of it into the back room.

But for the reader's better understanding of such further progress of my poor little life as I may trespass on his patience in describing, it is now needful that I give some account of my father's mercantile position in London.

The firm of which he was head partner may be yet remembered by some of the older city houses, as carrying on their business in a small counting-house on the first floor of narrow premises, in as narrow a thoroughfare of East London,—Billiter Street, the principal traverse from Leadenhall Street into Fenchurch Street.

The names of the three partners were given in full on their brass plate under the counting-house bell,—Ruskin, Telford, and Domecq.

Mr. Domecq's name should have been the first, by rights, for my father and Mr. Telford were only his agents. He was the sole proprietor of the estate which was the main capital of the firm,—the vineyard of Macharnudo, the most precious hillside, for growth of white wine, in the Spanish peninsula. The quality of the Macharnudo vintage essentially fixed the standard of Xeres "sack," or "dry,"—secco—sherris, or sherry, from the days of Henry the Fifth to our own;—the unalterable and unrivaled chalk-marl of it putting a strength into the grape which age can only enrich and darken,—never impair.

Mr. Peter Domecq was, I believe, Spanish born; and partly French, partly English bred; a man of strictest honor, and kindly disposition; how descended, I do not know; how he became possessor of his vineyard, I do not know; what position he held, when young, in the firm of Gordon, Murphy, and Company, I do not know; but in their house he watched their head clerk, my father, during his nine years of duty, and when the house broke up, asked him to be his own agent in England. My father saw that he could fully trust Mr. Domecq's honor, and feeling;—but not so fully either his

sense, or his industry; and insisted, though taking only his agent's commission, on being both nominally, and practically, the head-partner of the firm.

Mr. Domecq lived chiefly in Paris; rarely visiting his Spanish estate, but having perfect knowledge of the proper processes of its cultivation, and authority over its laborers almost like a chief's over his clan. He kept the wines at the highest possible standard; and allowed my father to manage all matters concerning their sale, as he thought best. The second partner, Mr. Henry Telford, brought into the business what capital was necessary for its London branch. The premises in Billiter Street belonged to him; and he had a pleasant country house at Widmore, near Bromley; a quite far-away Kentish village in those days.

He was a perfect type of an English country gentleman of moderate fortune; unmarried, living with three unmarried sisters,—who, in the refinement of their highly educated, unpretending, benevolent, and felicitous lives, remain in my memory more like the figures in a beautiful story than realities. Neither in story, nor in reality, have I ever again heard of, or seen, anything like Mr. Henry Telford;—so gentle, so humble, so affectionate, so clear in common sense, so fond of horses,—and so entirely incapable of doing, thinking, or saying, anything that had the slightest taint in it of the race-course or the stable.

Yet I believe he never missed any great race; passed the greater part of his life on horseback; and hunted during the whole Leicestershire season; but never made a bet, never had a serious fall, and never hurt a horse. Between him and my father there was absolute confidence, and the utmost friendship that could exist without community of pursuit. My father was greatly proud of Mr. Telford's standing among the country gentlemen; and Mr. Telford was affectionately respectful to my father's steady industry and infallible commercial instinct. Mr. Telford's actual part in the conduct of the business was limited to attendance in the counting-house during two months at Midsummer, when my father took his holiday, and sometimes for a month at the beginning of the year, when he traveled for orders. At these times Mr. Telford rode into London daily from Widmore, signed what

letters and bills needed signature, read the papers, and rode home again; any matters needing deliberation were referred to my father, or awaited his return. All the family at Widmore would have been limitlessly kind to my mother and me, if they had been permitted any opportunity; but my mother always felt, in cultivated society,—and was too proud to feel with patience,—the defects of her own early education; and therefore (which was the true and fatal sign of such defect) never familiarly visited any one whom she did not feel to be, in some sort, her inferior.

Nevertheless, Mr. Telford had a singularly important influence in my education. By, I believe, his sister's advice, he gave me, as soon as it was published, the illustrated edition of Rogers' Italy. This book was the first means I had of looking carefully at Turner's work: and I might, not without some appearance of reason, attribute to the gift the entire direction of my life's energies. But it is the great error of thoughtless biographers to attribute to the accident which introduces some new phase of character, all the circumstances of character which gave the accident importance. The essential point to be noted, and accounted for, was that I could understand Turner's work when I saw it;—not by what chance, or in what year, it was first seen. Poor Mr. Telford, nevertheless, was always held by papa and mamma primarily responsible for my Turner insanities.

In a more direct, though less intended way, his help to me was important. For, before my father thought it right to hire a carriage for the above mentioned Midsummer holiday, Mr. Telford always lent us his own traveling chariot.

Now the old English chariot is the most luxurious of traveling carriages, for two persons, or even for two persons and so much of a third personage as I possessed at three years old. The one in question was hung high, so that we could see well over stone dikes and average hedges out of it; such elevation being attained by the old-fashioned folding-steps, with a lovely padded cushion fitting into the recess of the door,—steps which it was one of my chief traveling delights to see the hostlers fold up and down; though my delight was painfully alloyed by envious ambition to be allowed to do it myself:—but I never was,—lest I should pinch my fingers.

The "dickey,"—(to think that I should never till this moment have asked myself the derivation of that word, and now be unable to get at it!)—being typically, that commanding seat in her Majesty's mail, occupied by the Guard; and classical, even in modern literature, as the scene of Mr. Bob Sawyer's arrangements with Sam,—was thrown far back in Mr. Telford's chariot, so as to give perfectly comfortable room for the legs (if one chose to travel outside on fine days), and to afford beneath it spacious area to the boot, a storehouse of rearward miscellaneous luggage. Over which—with all the rest of forward and superficial luggage—my nurse Anne presided, both as guard and packer; unrivaled, she, in the flatness and precision of her in-laying of dresses, as in turning of pancakes; the fine precision, observe, meaning also the easy wit and invention of her art; for, no more in packing a trunk than commanding a campaign, is precision possible without foresight.

Among the people whom one must miss out of one's life, dead, or worse than dead, by the time one is past fifty, I can only say for my own part, that the one I practically and truly miss most, next to father and mother, (and putting losses of imaginary good out of the question,) is this Anne, my father's nurse, and mine. She was one of our "many,"¹ (our many being always but few,) and from her girlhood to her old age, the entire ability of her life was given to serving us. She had a natural gift and specialty for doing disagreeable things; above all, the service of a sick room; so that she was never quite in her glory unless some of us were ill. She had also some parallel speciality for *saying* disagreeable things; and might be relied upon to give the extremely darkest view of any subject, before proceeding to ameliorative action upon it. And she had a very creditable and republican aversion to doing immediately, or in set terms, as she was bid; so that when my mother and she got old together, and my mother became very imperative and particular about having her teacup set on one side of her little round table, Anne would observantly and punctiliously put it always on the other; which caused my mother to state to me, every morning after breakfast, gravely, that, if ever a woman in this world was pos-

¹ Formerly "Meinie" "attendant company."

sessed by the Devil, Anne was that woman. But in spite of these momentary and petulant aspirations to liberality and independence of character, poor Anne remained very servile in soul all her days; and was altogether occupied, from the age of fifteen to seventy-two, in doing other people's wills instead of her own, and seeking other people's good instead of her own: nor did I ever hear on any occasion of her doing harm to a human being, except by saving two hundred and some odd pounds for her relations; in consequence of which some of them, after her funeral, did not speak to the rest for several months.

The dickey then aforesaid, being indispensable for our guard Anne, was made wide enough for two, that my father might go outside also when the scenery and day were fine. The entire equipage was not a light one of its kind; but, the luggage being carefully limited, went gayly behind good horses on the then perfectly smooth mail roads; and posting, in those days, being universal, so that at the leading inns in every country town, the cry "Horses out!" down the yard, as one drove up, was answered, often instantly, always within five minutes, by the merry trot through the archway of the booted and bright-jacketed rider, with his caparisoned pair,—there was no driver's seat in front: and the four large, admirably fitting and sliding windows, admitting no drop of rain when they were up, and never sticking as they were let down, formed one large moving oriel, out of which one saw the country round, to the full half of the horizon. My own prospect was more extended still, for my seat was the little box containing my clothes, strongly made, with a cushion on one end of it; set upright in front (and well forward), between my father and mother. I was thus not the least in their way, and my horizon of sight the widest possible. When no object of particular interest presented itself, I trotted, keeping time with the postboy on my trunk cushion for a saddle, and whipped my father's legs for horses; at first theoretically only, with dexterous motion of wrist; but ultimately in a quite practical and efficient manner, my father having presented me with a silver-mounted postillion's whip.

The Midsummer holiday, for better enjoyment of which Mr. Telford provided us with these luxuries, began usually on the

fifteenth of May, or thereabouts;—my father's birthday was the tenth; on that day I was always allowed to gather the gooseberries for the first gooseberry pie of the year, from the tree between the buttresses on the north wall of the Herne Hill garden; so that we could not leave before that *festā*. The holiday itself consisted in a tour for orders through half the English counties; and a visit (if the counties lay northward) to my aunt in Scotland.

The mode of journeying was as fixed as that of our home life. We went from forty to fifty miles a day, starting always early enough in the morning to arrive comfortably to four-o'clock dinner. Generally, therefore, getting off at six o'clock, a stage or two were done before breakfast, with the dew on the grass, and first scent from the hawthorns; if in the course of the midday drive there were any gentleman's house to be seen,—or, better still, a lord's—*or, best of all, a duke's,*—my father baited the horses, and took my mother and me reverently through the state rooms; always speaking a little under our breath to the housekeeper, major domo, or other authority in charge; and gleaning worshipfully what fragmentary illustrations of the history and domestic ways of the family as might fall from their lips.

In analyzing above, the effect on my mind of all this, I have perhaps a little antedated the supposed resultant impression that it was probably happier to live in a small house than a large one. But assuredly, while I never to this day pass a lattice-windowed cottage without wishing to be its cottager, I never yet saw the castle which I envied to its lord; and although in the course of these many worshipful pilgrimages I gathered curiously extensive knowledge, both of art and natural scenery, afterwards infinitely useful, it is evident to me in retrospect that my own character and affections were little altered by them; and that the personal feeling and native instinct of me had been fastened, irrevocably, long before, to things modest, humble and pure in peace, under the low red roofs of Croydon, and by the cress-set rivulets in which the sand danced and minnows darted above the Springs of Wandel.

II—HERNE HILL ALMOND BLOSSOMS

WHEN I was about four years old my father found himself able to buy the lease of a house on Herne Hill, a rustic eminence four miles south of the "Standard in Cornhill"; of which the leafy seclusion remains, in all essential points of character, unchanged to this day: certain Gothic splendors, lately indulged in by our wealthier neighbors, being the only serious innovations; and these are so gracefully concealed by the fine trees of their grounds, that the passing viator remains unappalled by them; and I can still walk up and down the piece of road between the Fox tavern and the Herne Hill station, imagining myself four years old.

The house itself, three-storied, with garrets above, commanded, in those comparatively smokeless days, a very notable view from its garret windows, of the Norwood hills on one side, and the winter sunrise over them; and of the valley of the Thames on the other, with Windsor telescopically clear in the distance, and Harrow, conspicuous always in fine weather to open vision against the summer sunset. It had front and back garden in sufficient proportion to its size; the front, richly set with old evergreens, and well-grown lilac and laburnum; the back, seventy yards long by twenty wide, renowned over all the hill for its pears and apples, which had been chosen with extreme care by our predecessor, (shame on me to forget the name of a man to whom I owe so much!)—and possessing also a strong old mulberry tree, a tall white-heart cherry tree, a black Kentish one, and an almost unbroken hedge, all round, of alternate gooseberry and currant bush; decked, in due season, (for the ground was wholly beneficent,) with magical splendor of abundant fruit: fresh green, soft amber, and rough-bristled crimson bending the spinous branches; clustered pearl and pendant ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine.

The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden, and that of Eden, as I had imagined it, were, that, in this one, *all* the fruit was forbidden; and there were no companionable beasts: in other respects the little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me; and the climate, in that cycle of our years, allowed me

to pass most of my life in it. My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learned, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set; if it was not said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in till I knew it, and in general, even when Latin Grammar came to supplant the Psalms, I was my own master for at least an hour before half-past one dinner, and for the rest of the afternoon.

My mother, herself finding her chief personal pleasure in her flowers, was often planting or pruning beside me, at least if I chose to stay beside *her*. I never thought of doing anything behind her back which I would not have done before her face; and her presence was therefore no restraint to me; but, also, no particular pleasure, for, from having always been left so much alone, I had generally my own little affairs to see after; and, on the whole, by the time I was seven years old, was already getting too independent, mentally, even of my father and mother; and, having nobody else to be dependent upon, began to lead a very small, perky, contented, conceited, Cock-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life, in the central point which it appeared to me, (as it must naturally appear to geometrical animals,) that I occupied in the universe.

This was partly the fault of my father's modesty; and partly of his pride. He had so much more confidence in my mother's judgment as to such matters than in his own, that he never ventured even to help, much less to cross her, in the conduct of my education; on the other hand, in the fixed purpose of making an ecclesiastical gentleman of me, with the superfinest of manners, and access to the highest circles of fleshly and spiritual society, the visits to Croydon, where I entirely loved my aunt, and young baker-cousins, became rarer and more rare: the society of our neighbors on the hill could not be had without breaking up our regular and sweetly selfish manner of living; and on the whole, I had nothing animate to care for, in a childish way, but myself, some nests of ants, which the gardener would never leave undisturbed for me, and a sociable bird or two; though I never had the sense or perseverance to make one really tame. But that was partly because, if ever I managed to bring one to be the least trustful of me, the cats got it.

Under these circumstances, what powers of imagination I possessed, either fastened themselves on inanimate things—the sky, the leaves, and pebbles, observable within the walls of Eden, or caught at any opportunity of flight into regions of romance, compatible with the objective realities of existence in the nineteenth century, within a mile and a quarter of Camberwell Green.

Herein my father, happily, though with no definite intention other than of pleasing me, when he found he could do so without infringing any of my mother's rules, became my guide. I was particularly fond of watching him shave; and was always allowed to come into his room in the morning (under the one in which I am now writing), to be the motionless witness of that operation. Over his dressing-table hung one of his own water-color drawings, made under the teaching of the elder Nasmyth. I believe, at the High School of Edinburgh. It was done in the early manner of tinting, which, just about the time when my father was at the High School, Dr. Munro was teaching Turner; namely, in gray under-tints of Prussian blue and British ink, washed with warm color afterwards on the lights. It represented Conway Castle, with its Firth, and, in the foreground, a cottage, a fisherman, and a boat at the water's edge. The picture has left an indelible impress on my mind.¹

When my father had finished shaving, he always told me a story about this picture. The custom began without any initial purpose of his, in consequence of my troublesome curiosity whether the fisherman lived in the cottage, and where he was going to in the boat. It being settled, for peace' sake, that he *did* live in the cottage, and was going in the boat to fish near the castle, the plot of the drama afterwards gradually thickened; and became, I believe, involved with that of the tragedy of Douglas, and of the Castle Spectre, in both of which pieces my father had performed in private theatricals, before my mother, and a select Edinburgh audience, when he was a boy of sixteen, and she, at grave twenty, a model housekeeper, and very scornful and religiously suspicious of theatricals. But she was never weary of telling me, in

¹This drawing is still over the chimney-piece of my bedroom at Brantwood.

later years, how beautiful my father looked in his Highland dress, with the high black feathers.

In the afternoons, when my father returned (always punctually) from his business, he dined, at half-past four, in the front parlor, my mother sitting beside him to hear the events of the day, and give counsel and encouragement with respect to the same;—chiefly the last, for my father was apt to be vexed if orders for sherry fell the least short of their due standard, even for a day or two. I was never present at this time, however, and only avouch what I relate by hearsay and probable conjecture; for between four and six it would have been a grave misdemeanor in me if I so much as approached the parlor door. After that, in summer time, we were all in the garden as long as the day lasted; tea under the white-heart cherry tree; or in winter and rough weather, at six o'clock in the drawing-room,—I having my cup of milk, and slice of bread-and-butter, in a little recess, with a table in front of it, wholly sacred to me; and in which I remained in the evenings as an Idol in a niche, while my mother knitted, and my father read to her,—and to me, so far as I chose to listen.

The series of the Waverley novels, then drawing towards its close, was still the chief source of delight in all households caring for literature; and I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them than when I did not know the Bible; but I have still a vivid remembrance of my father's intense expression of sorrow mixed with scorn, as he threw down Count Robert of Paris, after reading three or four pages; and knew that the life of Scott was ended: the scorn being a very complex and bitter feeling in him,—partly, indeed, of the book itself, but chiefly of the wretches who were tormenting and selling the wrecked intellect, and not a little, deep down, of the subtle dishonesty which had essentially caused the ruin. My father never could forgive Scott his concealment of the Ballantyne partnership.

Such being the salutary pleasures of Herne Hill, I have next with deeper gratitude to chronicle what I owed to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear in habitual music,—yet in that familiarity rever-

enced, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct.

This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority; but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly, for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly, and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; that she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end.

In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through, to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis the next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation,—if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience,—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters, (from two to three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed,—none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs,—and none from any visitings or excursions, except real traveling,) I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost, something of what was already known; and, with the chapters thus gradually possessed from the first word to the last, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse; and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound.

I recollect a struggle between us of about three weeks, concerning the accent of the “of” in the lines

“Shall any following spring revive
The ashes of the urn?”—

I insisting, partly in childish obstinacy, and partly in true instinct for rhythm, (being wholly careless on the subject both of urns and their contents,) on reciting it with an ac-

cented *of*. It was not, I say, till after three weeks' labor, that my mother got the accent lightened on the "of" and laid on the ashes, to her mind. But had it taken three years, she would have done it, having once undertaken to do it. And, assuredly, had she not done it,—well, there's no knowing what would have happened; but I'm very thankful she *did*.

I will first count my blessings (as a not unwise friend once recommended me to do, continually; whereas I have a bad trick of always numbering the thorns in my fingers and not the bones in them).

And for best and truest beginning of all blessings, I had been taught the perfect meaning of Peace, in thought, act, and word.

I never had heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended, glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded; nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner, blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone in due time. I had no conception of such a feeling as anxiety; my father's occasional vexation in the afternoons, when he had only got an order for twelve butts, after expecting one for fifteen, as I have just stated, was never manifested to *me*; and itself related only to the question whether his name would be a step higher or lower in the year's list of sherry exporters; for he never spent more than half his income, and therefore found himself little incommoded by occasional variations in the total of it. I had never done any wrong that I knew of—beyond occasionally delaying the commitment to heart of some improving sentence, that I might watch a wasp on the window pane, or a bird in the cherry tree; and I had never seen any grief.

Next to this quite priceless gift of Peace, I had received the perfect understanding of the natures of Obedience and Faith. I obeyed word, or lifted finger, of father or mother, simply as a ship her helm; not only without idea of resistance, but receiving the direction as a part of my own life and force, a helpful law, as necessary to me in every moral

action as the law of gravity in leaping. And my practice in Faith was soon complete: nothing was ever promised me that was not given; nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told me that was not true.

Peace, obedience, faith; these three for chief good; next to these, the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind—on which I will not further enlarge at this moment, this being the main practical faculty of my life, causing Mazzini to say of me, in conversation authentically reported, a year or two before his death, that I had “the most analytic mind in Europe.” An opinion in which, so far as I am acquainted with Europe, I am myself entirely disposed to concur.

Lastly, an extreme perfection in palate and all other bodily senses, given by the utter prohibition of cake, wine, comfits, or, except in carefullest restriction, fruit; and by fine preparation of what food was given me. Such I esteem the main blessings of my childhood;—next, let me count the equally dominant calamities.

First, that I had nothing to love.

My parents were—in a sort—visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon: only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out; (how much, now, when both are darkened!)—still less did I love God; not that I had any quarrel with Him, or fear of Him; but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable; and what people told me was His book, not entertaining. I had no companions to quarrel with, neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. Not a servant was ever allowed to do anything for me, but what it was their duty to do; and why should I have been grateful to the cook for cooking, or the gardener for gardening,—when the one dared not give me a baked potato without asking leave, and the other would not let my ants’ nests alone, because they made the walks untidy? The evil consequence of all this was not, however, what might perhaps have been expected, that I grew up selfish or unaffectionate; but that, when affection did come, it came with violence utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least by me, who never before had anything to manage.

For (second of chief calamities) I had nothing to endure.

Danger or pain of any kind I knew not: my strength was never exercised, my patience never tried, and my courage never fortified. Not that I was ever afraid of anything,—either ghosts, thunder, or beasts; and one of the nearest approaches to insubordination which I was ever tempted into as a child, was in passionate efforts to get leave to play with the lion's cubs in Wombwell's menagerie.

Thirdly. I was taught no precision nor etiquette of manners; it was enough if, in the little society we saw, I remained unobtrusive, and replied to a question without shyness: but the shyness came later, and increased as I grew conscious of the rudeness arising from the want of social discipline, and found it impossible to acquire in advanced life, dexterity in any bodily exercise, skill in any pleasing accomplishment, or ease and tact in ordinary behavior.

Lastly, and chief of evils. My judgment of right and wrong, and powers of independent action,² were left entirely undeveloped; because the bridle and blinkers were never taken off me. Children should have their times of being off duty, like soldiers; and when once the obedience, if required, is certain, the little creature should be very early put for periods of practice in complete command of itself; set on the barebacked horse of its own will, and left to break it by its own strength. But the ceaseless authority exercised over my youth left me, when cast out at last into the world, unable for some time to do more than drift with its vortices.

My present verdict, therefore, on the general tenor of my education at that time, must be, that it was at once too formal and too luxurious; leaving my character, at the most important moment for its construction, cramped indeed, but not disciplined; and only by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous. My mother saw this herself, and but too clearly, in later years; and whenever I did anything wrong, stupid, or hard-hearted,—(and I have done many things that were all three,)—always said, "It is because you were too much indulged."

I do not mean this book to be in any avoidable way disagreeable or querulous; but expressive generally of my native

² *Action*, observe, I say here: in *thought* I was too independent, as I said above.

disposition—which, though I say it, is extremely amiable, when I'm not bothered.

Also, I may note in passing, that for all their talk about Magna Charta, very few Englishmen are aware that one of the main provisions of it is that Law should not be sold;³ and it seems to me that the law of England might preserve Bantstead and other downs free to the poor of England, without charging me, as it has just done, a hundred pounds for its temporary performance of that otherwise unremunerative duty.

I shall have to return over the ground of these early years, to fill gaps, after getting on a little first; but will yet venture here the tediousness of explaining that my saying "in Herne Hill garden all fruit was forbidden," only meant, of course, forbidden unless under defined restriction; which made the various gatherings of each kind in its season a sort of harvest festival; and which had this further good in its apparent severity, that, although in the at last indulgent areas, the peach which my mother gathered for me when she was sure it was ripe, and the cherry pie for which I had chosen the cherries red all round, were, I suppose, of more ethereal flavor to me than they could have been to children allowed to pluck and eat at their will; still, the unalloyed and long continuing pleasure given me by our fruit-tree avenue was in its blossom, not in its bearing. For the general epicurean enjoyment of existence, potatoes well browned, green peas well boiled,—broad beans of the true bitter,—and the pots of damson and currant for whose annual filling we were dependent more on the greengrocer than the garden, were a hundredfold more important to me than the dozen or two of nectarines of which perhaps I might get the halves of three,—(the other sides moldy)—or the bushel or two of pears which went directly to the storeshelf. So that, very early indeed in my thoughts of trees, I had got at the principle given fifty years afterwards in Proserpina, that the seeds and fruits of them were for the sake of the flowers, not the flowers for the fruit. The first joy of the year being in its snowdrops, the second, and cardinal one, was in the almond blossom,—every

³"To no one will We sell, to no one will We deny or defer, Right or Justice."

other garden and woodland gladness following from that in an unbroken order of kindling flower and shadowy leaf; and for many and many a year to come,—until indeed, the whole of life became autumn to me,—my chief prayer for the kindness of heaven, in its flowerful seasons, was that the frost might not touch the almond blossom.

III—THE BANKS OF TAY

THE reader has, I hope, observed that in all I have hitherto said, emphasis has been laid only on the favorable conditions which surrounded the child whose history I am writing, and on the docile and impressionable quietness of its temper.

No claim has been made for it to any special power or capacity; for, indeed, none such existed, except that patience in looking, and precision in feeling, which afterwards, with due industry, formed my analytic power.

In all essential qualities of genius, except these, I was deficient; my memory only of average power. I have literally never known a child so incapable of acting a part, or telling a tale. On the other hand, I have never known one whose thirst for every visible fact was at once so keenly eager and so methodic.

I find also that in the foregoing accounts, modest as I meant them to be, higher literature is too boastfully spoken of as my first and exclusive study. My little Pope's *Iliad*, and, in any understanding of them, my *Genesis* and *Exodus*, were certainly of little account with me till after I was ten. My calf milk of books was, on the lighter side, composed of *Dame Wiggins of Lee*, the *Peacock at Home*, and the like nursery rimes; and on the graver side, of *Miss Edgeworth's Frank*, and *Harry and Lucy*, combined with *Joyce's scientific dialogues*. The earliest dated efforts I can find, indicating incipient motion of brain-molecules, are six "poems" on subjects selected from those works; between the fourth and fifth of which my mother has written: "January, 1826. This book begun about September or October, 1826, finished about January, 1827." The whole of it, therefore, was written and printed in imitation of bookprint, in my seventh year. The book is a little red one, ruled with blue, six inches high by four wide, containing forty-five leaves

penciled in imitation of print on both sides,—the title-page, written on the inside of the cover.

Of the promised four volumes, it appears that (according to my practice to this day) I accomplished but one and a quarter, the first volume consisting only of forty leaves, the rest of the book being occupied by the aforesaid six “poems,” and the forty leaves losing ten of their pages in the “copper plates,” of which the one, purporting to represent “Harry’s new road,” is, I believe, my first effort at mountain drawing. The passage closing the first volume of this work is, I think, for several reasons, worth preservation.

“Harry knew very well what it was and went on with his drawing but Lucy soon called him away and bid him observe a great black cloud from the north which seemed rather electrical. Harry ran for an electrical apparatus which his father had given him and the cloud electrified his apparatus positively after that another cloud came which electrified his apparatus negatively and then a long train of smaller ones but before this cloud came a great cloud of dust rose from the ground and followed the positive cloud and at length seemed to come in contact with it and when the other cloud came a flash of lightning was seen to dart through the cloud of dust upon which the negative cloud spread very much and dissolved in rain which presently cleared the sky. After this phenomenon was over and also the surprise Harry began to wonder how electricity could get where there was so much water but he soon observed a rainbow and a rising mist under it which his fancy soon transformed into a female form. He then remembered the witch of the waters at the Alps who was raised from them by taking some water in the hand and throwing it into the air pronouncing some unintelligable words. And though it was a tale it affected Harry now when he saw in the clouds something like it.

“End of Harry and Lucy.”

Several reasons aforesaid, which induce me to reprint this piece of, too literally, “composition,” are—the first, that it is a tolerable specimen of my seven years’ old spelling;—tolerable only, not *fair*, since it was extremely unusual with me to make a mistake at all, whereas here there are two

(takeing and unintelligable), which I can only account for by supposing I was in too great a hurry to finish my volume;—the second, that the adaptation of materials for my story out of Joyce's Scientific Dialogues and Manfred, is an extremely perfect type of the interwoven temper of my mind, at the beginning of days just as much as at their end—which has always made foolish scientific readers doubt my books because there was love of beauty in them, and foolish æsthetic readers doubt my books because there was love of science in them;—the third, that the extremely reasonable method of final judgment, upon which I found my claim, to the sensible reader's respect for these dipartite writings, cannot be better illustrated than by this proof, that, even at seven years old, no tale, however seductive, could "affect" Harry, until he had seen—in the clouds, or elsewhere—"something like it."

Of the six poems which follow, the first is on the Steam-engine, beginning,

"When furious up from mines the water pours,
And clears from rusty moisture all the ores;"

and the last on the Rainbow, "in blank verse," as being of a didactic character, with observations on the ignorant and unreflective dispositions of certain people.

"But those that do not know about that light,
Reflect not on it; and in all that light,
Not one of all the colours do they know."

It was only, I think, after my seventh year had been fulfilled in these meditations, that my mother added the Latin lesson to the Bible-reading, and accurately established the daily routine which was sketched in the foregoing chapter. But it extremely surprises me, in trying, at least for my own amusement, if not the reader's, to finish the sketch into its corners, that I can't recollect now what used to happen first in the morning, except breakfasting in the nursery, and, if my Croydon cousin Bridget happened to be staying with us, quarreling with her which should have the brownest bits of toast. That must have been later on, though, for I could not have been promoted to toast at the time I am thinking of.

Nothing is well clear to me of the day's course, till, after my father had gone to the City by the coach, and my mother's household orders being quickly given, lessons began at half-past nine, with the Bible readings above described, and the two or three verses to be learned by heart, with a verse of paraphrase;—then a Latin declension or bit of verb, and eight words of vocabulary from Adam's Latin Grammar, (the best that ever was,) and the rest of the day was my own. Arithmetic was wholesomely remitted till much later; geography I taught myself fast enough in my own way; history was never thought of, beyond what I chose to read of Scott's Tales of a Grandfather. Thus, as aforesaid, by noon I was in the garden on fine days, or left to my own amusements on wet ones; of which I have farther at once to note that nearly as soon as I could crawl, my toy-bricks of lignum vitæ had been constant companions: and I am graceless in forgetting by what extravagant friend, (I greatly suspect my Croydon aunt,) I was afterwards gifted with a two-arched bridge, admirable in fittings of voussoir and keystone, and adjustment of the level courses of masonry with beveled edges, into which they dovetailed, in the style of Waterloo Bridge. This inconceivably passive—or rather impassive—contentment in doing, or reading, the same thing over and over again, I perceive to have been a great condition in my future power of getting thoroughly to the bottom of matters.

Some people would say that in getting these toys lay the chance that guided me to an early love of architecture; but I never saw or heard of another child so fond of its toy bricks, except Miss Edgeworth's Frank. To be sure, in this present age,—age of universal brickfield though it be,—people don't give their children toy bricks, but toy puff-puffs; and the little things are always taking tickets and arriving at stations, without ever fathoming—none of them will take pains enough to do *that*,—the principle of a puff-puff! And what good could they get of it if they did,—unless they could learn also, that no principle of Puff-puff would ever supersede the principle of Breath?

The old gardener only came once a week, for what sweeping and weeding needed doing; I was fain to learn to sweep the walks with him, but was discouraged and shamed by his

always doing the bits I had done over again. I was extremely fond of digging holes, but that form of gardening was not allowed. Necessarily, I fell always back into my merely contemplative mind, and at nine years old began a poem, called *Eudosia*,—I forget wholly where I got hold of this name, or what I understood by it,—“On the Universe,” though I could understand not a little by it, now. A couplet or two, as the real beginning at once of *Deucalion and Proserpina*, may be perhaps allowed, together with the preceding, a place in this grave memoir; the rather that I am again enabled to give accurate date—September 28th, 1828—for the beginning of its “First book,” as follows:—

“When first the wrath of heaven o’erwhelmed the world,
 And o’er the rocks, and hills, and mountains, hurl’d
 The waters’ gathering mass; and sea o’er shore,—
 Then mountains fell, and vales, unknown before,
 Lay where they were. Far different was the Earth
 When first the flood came down, than at its second birth.
 Now for its produce!—Queen of flowers, O rose,
 From whose fair colored leaves such odor flows,
 Thou must now be before thy subjects named,
 Both for thy beauty and thy sweetness famed.
 Thou art the flower of England, and the flow’r
 Of Beauty too—of Venus’ odorous bower.
 And thou wilt often shed sweet odors round,
 And often stooping, hide thy head on ground.¹
 And then the lily, towering up so proud,
 And raising its gay head among the various crowd,
 There the black spots upon a scarlet ground,
 And there the taper-pointed leaves are found.”

In 220 lines, of such quality, the first book ascends from the rose to the oak. The second begins—to my surprise, and in extremely exceptional violation of my above-boasted custom—with an ecstatic apostrophe to what I had never seen!

“I sing the Pine, which clothes high Switzer’s head,
 And high enthroned, grows on a rocky bed,
 On gulfs so deep, on cliffs that are so high,
 He that would dare to climb them, dares to die.”

¹ An awkward way—chiefly for the rime’s sake—of saying that roses are often too heavy for their stalks.

It is important to the reader's confidence in writings which have seemed inordinately impressional and emotional, that he should know I was never subject to—I should perhaps rather say, sorrowfully, never capable of—any manner of illusion or false imagination, nor in the least liable to have my nerves shaken by surprise. When I was about five years old, having been on amicable terms for a while with a black Newfoundland, then on probation for watch dog at Herne Hill; after one of our long summer journeys my first thought on getting home was to go to see Lion. My mother trusted me to go to the stable with our one serving-man, Thomas, giving him strict orders that I was not to be allowed within stretch of the dog's chain. Thomas, for better security, carried me in his arms. Lion was at his dinner, and took no notice of either of us; on which I besought leave to pat him. Foolish Thomas stooped towards him that I might, when the dog instantly flew at me, and bit a piece clean out of the corner of my lip on the left side. I was brought up the back stairs, bleeding fast, but not a whit frightened, except lest Lion should be sent away. Lion indeed had to go; but not Thomas: my mother was sure he was sorry, and I think blamed herself the most. The bitten side of the (then really pretty) mouth, was spoiled forevermore, but the wound, drawn close, healed quickly; the last use I made of my movable lips before Dr. Aveline drew them into ordered silence for a while, was to observe, "Mamma, though I can't speak, I can play upon the fiddle." But the house was of another opinion, and I never attained any proficiency upon that instrument worthy of my genius. Not the slightest diminution of my love of dogs, nor the slightest nervousness in managing them, was induced by the accident.

I scarcely know whether I was in any real danger or not when, another day, in the same stable, quite by myself, I went head foremost into the large water-tub kept for the garden. I think I might have got awkwardly wedged if I had tried to draw my feet in after me: instead, I used the small watering-pot I had in my hand to give myself a good thrust up from the bottom, and caught the opposite edge of the tub with my left hand, getting not a little credit afterwards for my decision of method. Looking back to the few chances

that have in any such manner tried my head, I believe it has never failed me when I wanted it, and that I am much more likely to be confused by sudden admiration than by sudden danger. . . .

IV—UNDER NEW TUTORSHIPS

THAT same summer, I between ten and eleven (1829), we went to stay at Matlock in Derbyshire.

In the glittering white broken spar, specked with galena, by which the walks of the hotel garden were made bright, and in the shops of the pretty village, and in many a happy walk among its cliffs, I pursued my mineralogical studies on fluor, calcite, and the ores of lead, with indescribable rapture when I was allowed to go into a cave. My father and mother showed far more kindness than I knew, in yielding to my subterranean passion; for my mother could not bear dirty places, and my father had a nervous feeling that the ladders would break, or the roof fall, before we got out again. They went with me, nevertheless, wherever I wanted to go,—my father even into the terrible Speedwell mine at Castleton, where, for once, I was a little frightened myself.

But, before everything, at this time, came my pleasure in merely watching the sea. I was not allowed to row, far less to sail, nor to walk near the harbor alone; so that I learned nothing of shipping or anything else worth learning, but spent four or five hours every day in simply staring and wondering at the sea,—an occupation which never failed me till I was forty. Whenever I could get to a beach it was enough for me to have the waves to look at, and hear, and pursue and fly from. I never took to natural history of shells, or shrimps, or weeds, or jelly-fish. Pebbles?—yes if there were any; otherwise, merely stared all day long at the tumbling and creaming strength of the sea. Idiotically, it now appears to me, wasting all that priceless youth in mere dream and trance of admiration; it had a certain strain of Byronic passion in it, which meant something: but it was a fearful loss of time.

The summer of 1832 must, I think, have been passed at home, for my next sketch-book contains only some efforts at tree-drawing in Dulwich, and a view of the bridge

over the now bricked-up "Effra," by which the Norwood road then crossed it at the bottom of Herne Hill: the road itself, just at the place where, from the top of the bridge, one looked up and down the streamlet, bridged now into putridly damp shade by the railway, close to Herne Hill Station. This sketch was the first in which I was ever supposed to show any talent for drawing. But on my thirteenth (?) birthday, 8th February, 1832, my father's partner, Mr. Henry Telford, gave me Rogers' Italy, and determined the main tenor of my life.

At that time I had never heard of Turner, except in the well remembered saying of Mr. Runciman's, that "the world had lately been much dazzled and led away by some splendid ideas thrown out by Turner." But I had no sooner cast eyes on the Rogers' vignettes than I took them for my only masters, and set myself to imitate them as far as I possibly could by fine pen shading.

Meantime, it having been perceived by my father and mother that Dr. Andrews could neither prepare me for the University, nor for the duties of a bishopric, I was sent as a day scholar to the private school kept by the Rev. Thomas Dale, in Grove Lane, within walking distance of Herne Hill. Walking down with my father after breakfast, carrying my blue bag of books, I came home to half-past one dinner, and prepared my lessons in the evening for next day. Under these conditions I saw little of my fellow-scholars, the two sons of Mr. Dale, Tom and James; and three boarders, the sons of Colonel Matson, of Woolwich; of Alderman Key, of Denmark Hill; and a fine lively boy, Willoughby Jones, afterwards Sir W., and only lately, to my sorrow, dead.

Finding me in all respects what boys could only look upon as an innocent, they treated me as I suppose they would have treated a girl; they neither thrashed nor chaffed me,—finding, indeed, from the first that chaff had no effect on me. Generally I did not understand it, nor in the least mind it if I did, the fountain of pure conceit in my own heart sustaining me serenely against all deprecation, whether by master or companion. I was fairly intelligent in books, had a good, quick and holding memory, learned whatever I was bid as fast as I could, and as well; and since all the other boys

learned always as little as they could, though I was far in retard of them in real knowledge, I almost always knew the day's lesson best. I have already described, in the first chapter of *Fiction Fair and Foul*, Mr. Dale's rejection of my clearly known old grammar as a "Scotch thing." In that one action he rejected himself from being my master; and I thenceforward learned all he told me only because I had to do it.

Under the tuition, twice a week in the evening, of Mr. Rowbotham, (invited always to substantial tea with us before the lesson as a really efficient help to his hungry science, after the walk up Herne Hill, painful to asthma,) I prospered fairly in 1834, picking up some bits of French grammar, of which I had really felt the want,—I had before got hold, somehow, of words enough to make my way about with. But my narrow knowledge of the language, though thus available for business, left me sorrowful and ashamed after the fatal dinner at Mr. Domecq's, when the little Elise, then just nine, seeing that her elder sisters did not choose to trouble themselves with me, and being herself of an entirely benevolent and pitiful temper, came across the drawing-room to me in my desolation, and leaning an elbow on my knee, set herself deliberately to chatter to me mellifluously for an hour and a half by the time-piece,—requiring no answer, of which she saw I was incapable, but satisfied with my grateful and respectful attention, and admiring interest, if not exactly always in what she said, at least in the way she said it. She gave me the entire history of her school, and of the objectionable characters of her teachers, and of the delightful characters of her companions, and of the mischief she got into, and the surreptitious enjoyments they devised, and the joys of coming back to the Champs Elysées, and the general likeness of Paris to the Garden of Eden. And the hour and a half seemed but too short, and left me resolved, anyhow, to do my best to learn French.

V—PARNASSUS AND PLYNLIMMON

PARTLY to oblige the good-natured and lively shopboy, who told wonderful things of his little student cousin;—partly in the look-out for thin compositions of tractable stucco, where-

with to fill interstices in the masonry of "Friendship's Offering," Mr. Pringle visited us at Herne Hill, heard the traditions of my literary life, expressed some interest in its farther progress,—and sometimes took a copy of verses away in his pocket. He was the first person who intimated to my father and mother, with some decision, that there were as yet no wholly trustworthy indications of my one day occupying a higher place in English literature than either Milton or Byron; and accordingly I think none of us attached much importance to his opinions. But he had the sense to recognize, through the parental vanity, my father's high natural powers, and exquisitely romantic sensibility; nor less my mother's tried sincerity in the evangelical faith, which he had set himself apart to preach: and he thus became an honored, though never quite cordially welcomed, guest on occasions of state Sunday dinner; and more or less an adviser thenceforward of the mode of my education. He himself found interest enough in my real love of nature and ready faculty of rime, to induce him to read and criticize for me some of my verses with attention; and at last, as a sacred Eleusinian initiation and Delphic pilgrimage, to take me in his hand one day when he had a visit to pay to the poet Rogers. . . .

VI—VESTER, CAMENAE

I DO not know when my father first began to read Byron to me, with any expectation of my liking him; all primary training, after the Iliad, having been in Scott; but it must have been about the beginning of the teen period, else I should recollect the first effect of it. Manfred evidently, I had got at, like Macbeth, for the sake of the witches. Various questionable changes were made, however, at that 1831 turning of twelve, in the Hermitage discipline of Herne Hill. I was allowed to taste wine; taken to the theater; and, on festive days, even dined with my father and mother at four: and it was then generally at dessert that my father would read any otherwise suspected delight: the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* regularly when they came out—without the least missing of the naughty words; and at last, the shipwreck in *Don Juan*,—of which, finding me rightly appreciative, my father went

on with nearly all the rest. I recollect that he and my mother looked across the table at each other with something of alarm, when, on asking me a few festas afterwards what we should have for after dinner reading, I instantly answered "Juan and Haidée." My selection was not adopted, and, feeling there was something wrong somewhere, I did not press it, attempting even some stutter of apology which made matters worse. Perhaps I was given a bit of Childe Harold instead, which I liked at that time nearly as well; and, indeed, the story of Haidée soon became too sad for me. But very certainly, by the end of this year 1834, I knew my Byron pretty well all through, all but Cain, Werner, the Deformed Transformed, and Vision of Judgment, none of which I could understand, nor did papa and mamma think it would be well I should try to.

The ingenuous reader may perhaps be so much surprised that mamma fell in with all this, that it becomes here needful to mark for him some peculiarities in my mother's prudery which he could not discover for himself, from anything hitherto told of her. He might indeed guess that, after taking me at least six times straight through the Bible, she was not afraid of plain words to, or for, me; but might not feel that in the energy and affectionateness of her character, she had as much sympathy with all that is noble and beautiful in Byron as my father himself; nor that her Puritanism was clear enough in common sense to see that, while Shakespeare and Burns lay open on the table all day, there was no reason for much mystery with Byron (though until later I was not allowed to read him for myself). She had trust in my disposition and education, and was no more afraid of my turning out a Corsair or a Giaour than a Richard III., or a—Solomon. And she was perfectly right, so far. I never got the slightest harm from Byron: what harm came to me was from the facts of life, and from books of a baser kind, including a wide range of the works of authors popularly considered extremely instructive—from Victor Hugo down to Doctor Watts.

Farther, I will take leave to explain in this place what I meant by saying that my mother was an "inoffensive" prude. She was herself as strict as Alice Bridgenorth; but she un-

derstood the doctrine of the religion she had learnt, and, without ostentatiously calling herself a miserable sinner, knew that according to that doctrine, and probably in fact, Madge Wildfire was no worse a sinner than she. She was like her sister in universal charity—had sympathy with every passion, as well as every virtue, of true womanhood; and, in her heart of hearts, perhaps liked the real Margherita Cogni quite as well as the ideal wife of Faliero.

And there was one more feature in my mother's character which must be here asserted at once, to put an end to the notion of which I see traces in some newspaper comments on my past descriptions of her, that she was in any wise like Esther's religious aunt in Bleak House. Far on the contrary, there was a hearty, frank, and sometimes even irrepressible, laugh in my mother! Never sardonic, yet with a very definitely Smollettesque turn in it! so that, between themselves, she and my father enjoyed their Humphrey Clinker extremely, long before *I* was able to understand either the jest or gist of it. Much more, she could exult in a harmless bit of Smollettesque reality. Years and years after this time, in one of our crossings of the Simplon, just at the top, where we had stopped to look about us, Nurse Anne sat down to rest herself on the railings at the roadside, just in front of the monastery;—the off roadside, from which the bank slopes steeply down outside the fence. Turning to observe the panoramic picturesque, Anne lost her balance, and went backwards over the railings down the bank. My father could not help suggesting that she had done it expressly for the entertainment of the Holy Fathers; and neither he nor my mother could ever speak of the "performance" (as they called it) afterwards, without laughing for a quarter of an hour.

If, however, there was the least bitterness or irony in a jest, my mother did not like it; but my father and I liked it all the more, if it were just; and, so far as I could understand it, I rejoiced in all the sarcasm of Don Juan. But my firm decision, as soon as I got well into the latter cantos of it, that Byron was to be my master in verse, as Turner in color, was made of course in that gosling (or say cygnet) epoch of existence, without consciousness of the deeper instincts that prompted it: only two things I consciously recog-

nized, that his truth of observation was the most exact, and his chosen expression the most concentrated, that I had yet found in literature. By that time my father had himself put me through the two first books of Livy, and I knew, therefore, what close-set language was; but I saw then that Livy, as afterwards that Horace and Tacitus, were studiously, often laboriously, and sometimes obscurely, concentrated: while Byron wrote, as easily as a hawk flies, and as clearly as a lake reflects, the exact truth in the precisely narrowest terms; nor only the exact truth, but the most central and useful one.

Of course I could no more measure Byron's greater powers at that time than I could Turner's; but I saw that both were right in all things that *I* knew right from wrong in; and that they must thenceforth be my masters, each in his own domain.

VII—THE COL DE LA FAUCILLE

IN the beginning of the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, edited with too little comment by my dear friend Charles Norton, I find at page 18 this—to me entirely disputable, and to my thought, so far as undisputed, much blameable and pitiable, exclamation of my master's: "Not till we can think that here and there one is thinking of us, one is loving us, does this waste earth become a peopled garden." My training, as the reader has perhaps enough perceived, produced in me the precisely opposite sentiment. *My* times of happiness had always been when *nobody* was thinking of me; and the main discomfort and drawback to all proceedings and designs, the attention and interference of the public—represented by my mother and the gardener. The garden was no waste place to me, because I did not suppose myself an object of interest either to the ants or the butterflies; and the only qualification of the entire delight of my evening walk at Champagnole or St. Laurent was the sense that my father and mother *were* thinking of me, and would be frightened if I was five minutes late for tea.

I don't mean in the least that I could have done without them. They were, to me, much more than Carlyle's wife to him; and if Carlyle had written, instead of, that he wanted

Emerson to think of him in America, that he wanted his father and mother to be thinking of him at Ecclefechan, it had been well. But that the rest of the world was waste to him unless he had admirers in it, is a sorry state of sentiment enough; and I am somewhat tempted, for once, to admire the exactly opposite temper of my own solitude. My entire delight was in observing without being myself noticed,—if I could have been invisible, all the better. I was absolutely interested in men and their ways, as I was interested in marmots and chamois, in tomtits and trout. If only they would stay still and let me look at them, and not get into their holes and up their heights. The living inhabitation of the world—the grazing and nesting in it,—the spiritual power of the air, the rocks, the waters,—to be in the midst of it, and rejoice and wonder at it, and help it if I could,—happier if it needed no help of mine,—this was the essential love of *Nature* in me, this the root of all that I have usefully become, and the light of all that I have rightly learned. . . .

VIII—QUEM TU, MELPOMENE

SOME little effort was made to pull me together in 1836 by sending me to hear Mr. Dale's lectures at King's College, where I explained to Mr. Dale, on meeting him one day in the court of entrance, that porticoes should not be carried on the top of arches; and considered myself exalted because I went in at the same door with boys who had square caps on. The lectures were on early English literature, of which, though I had never read a word of any before Pope, I thought myself already a much better judge than Mr. Dale. His quotation of "Knut the king came sailing by" stayed with me; and I think that was about all I learnt during the summer. For, as my adverse stars would have it, that year, my father's partner, Mr. Domecq, thought it might for once be expedient that he should himself pay a complimentary round of visits to his British customers, and asked if meanwhile he might leave his daughters at Herne Hill to see the lions at the Tower, and so on. How we got them all into Herne Hill corners and cupboards would be inexplicable but with a plan of the three stories! The arrangements were half Noah's ark, half Doll's

house, but we got them all in: Clotilde, a graceful oval-faced blonde of fifteen; Cécile, a dark, finely-browed, beautifully-featured girl of thirteen; Elise, again fair, round-faced like an English girl, a treasure of good nature and good sense; Caroline, a delicately quaint little thing of eleven. They had all been born abroad, Clotilde at Cadiz, and of course convent-bred; but lately accustomed to be much in society during vacation at Paris. Deeper than any one dreamed, the sight of them in the Champs Elysées had sealed itself in me, for they were the first well-bred and well-dressed girls I had ever seen—or at least spoken to. I mean of course, by well-dressed, perfectly simply dressed, with Parisian cutting and fitting. They were all “bigoted”—as Protestants would say; quietly firm, as they ought to say—Roman Catholics; spoke Spanish and French with perfect grace, and English with broken precision: were all fairly sensible, Clotilde sternly and accurately so, Elise gayly and kindly, Cécile serenely, Caroline keenly. A most curious galaxy, or southern cross, of unconceived stars, floating on a sudden into my obscure firmament of London suburb.

How my parents could allow their young novice to be cast into the fiery furnace of the outer world in this helpless manner the reader may wonder, and only the Fates know; but there was this excuse for them, that they had never seen me the least interested or anxious about girls—never caring to stay in the promenades at Cheltenham or Bath, or on the parade at Dover; on the contrary, growling and mewing if I was ever kept there, and off to the sea or the fields the moment I got leave; and they had educated me in such extremely orthodox English Toryism and Evangelicalism that they could not conceive their scientific, religious, and George the Third revering youth, wavering in his constitutional balance towards French Catholics. And I had never *said* anything about the Champs Elysées! Virtually convent-bred more closely than the maids themselves, without a single sisterly or cousinly affection for refuge or lightning rod, and having no athletic skill or pleasure to check my dreaming, I was thrown, bound hand and foot, in my unaccomplished simplicity, into the fiery furnace, or fiery cross, of these four girls,—who of course reduced me to a mere heap of white ashes in four days. Four

days, at the most, it took to reduce me to ashes, but the *Mercredi des cendres* lasted four years.

Anything more comie in the externals of it, anything more tragic in the essence, could not have been invented by the skillfulest designer in either kind. In my social behavior and mind I was a curious combination of Mr. Traddles, Mr. Toots, and Mr. Winkle. I had the real fidelity and single-mindedness of Mr. Traddles, with the conversational abilities of Mr. Toots, and the heroic ambition of Mr. Winkle;—all these illuminated by imagination like Mr. Copperfield's, at his first Norwood dinner.

Clotilde (*Adèle Clotilde* in full, but her sisters called her *Clotilde*, after the queen-saint, and I *Adèle*, because it rimed to shell, spell, and knell) was only made more resplendent by the circlet of her sisters' beauty; while my own shyness and unrepresentableness were farther stiffened, or rather sanded, by a patriotic and Protestant conceit, which was tempered neither by politeness nor sympathy; so that, while in company I sat jealously miserable like a stock fish (in truth, I imagine, looking like nothing so much as a skate in an aquarium trying to get up the glass), on any blessed occasion of tête-à-tête I endeavored to entertain my Spanish-born, Paris-bred, and Catholic-hearted mistress with my own views upon the subjects of the Spanish Armada, the Battle of Waterloo, and the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

To these modes of recommending myself, however, I did not fail to add what display I could make of the talents I supposed myself to possess. I wrote with great pains, and straining of my invention, a story about Naples, (which I had never seen), and "the Bandit Leoni," whom I represented as typical of what my own sanguinary and adventurous disposition would have been had I been brought up a bandit; and "the Maiden *Giuletta*," in whom I portrayed all the perfections of my mistress. Our connection with Messrs. Smith & Elder enabled me to get this story printed in "Friendship's Offering;" and *Adèle* laughed over it in rippling ecstasies of derision, of which I bore the pain bravely, for the sake of seeing her thoroughly amused.

I dared not address any sonnets straight to herself; but when she went back to Paris, wrote her a French letter seven

quarto pages long, descriptive of the desolations and solitudes of Herne Hill since her departure. This letter, either Elise or Caroline wrote to tell me she had really read, and "laughed immensely at the French of." Both Caroline and Elise pitied me a little, and did not like to say she had also laughed at the contents.

The old people, meanwhile, saw little harm in all this. Mr. Domecq, who was extremely good-natured, and a good judge of character, rather liked me, because he saw that I was good-natured also, and had some seedling brains, which would come up in time: in the interests of the business he was perfectly ready to give me any of his daughters I liked, who could also be got to like me, but considered that the time was not come to talk of such things. My father was entirely of the same mind, besides being pleased at my getting a story printed in "Friendship's Offering," glad that I saw something of girls with good manners, and in hopes that if I wrote poetry about them, it might be as good as the Hours of Idleness. My mother, who looked upon the idea of my marrying a Roman Catholic as too monstrous to be possible in the decrees of Heaven, and too preposterous to be even guarded against on earth, was rather annoyed at the whole business, as she would have been if one of her chimneys had begun smoking,—but had not the slightest notion her house was on fire. She saw more, however, than my father, into the depth of the feeling, but did not, in her motherly tenderness, like to grieve me by any serious check to it. She hoped, when the Domecqs went back to Paris, we might see no more of them, and that Adèle's influence and memory would pass away—with next winter's snow.

Under these indulgent circumstances,—bitterly ashamed of the figure I had made, but yet not a whit dashed back out of my daily swelling foam of furious conceit, supported as it was by real depth of feeling, and (note it well, good reader) by a true and glorious sense of the newly revealed miracle of human love, in its exaltation of the physical beauty of the world I had till then sought by its own light alone,—I set myself in that my seventeenth year, in a state of majestic imbecility, to write a tragedy on a Venetian subject, in which the sorrows of my soul were to be enshrined in immortal verse,—the fair

heroine, Bianca, was to be endowed with the perfections of Desdemona and the brightness of Juliet,—and Venice and Love were to be described, as never had been thought of before. I may note in passing, that on my first sight of the Ducal Palace, the year before, I had deliberately announced to my father and mother, and—it seemed to me stupidly incredulous—Mary, that I meant to make such a drawing of the Ducal Palace as never had been made before. This I proceeded to perform by collecting some hasty memoranda on the spot, and finishing my design elaborately out of my head at Treviso. The drawing still exists,—for a wonder, out of perspective, which I had now got too conceited to follow the rules of,—and with the diaper pattern of the red and white marbles represented as a bold paneling in relief. No figure disturbs the solemn tranquillity of the Riva, and the gondolas—each in the shape of a Turkish crescent standing on its back on the water—float about without the aid of gondoliers.

The reflective reader can scarcely but have begun to doubt, by this time, the accuracy of my statement that I took no harm from Byron. But he need not. The particular form of expression which my folly took was indeed directed by him; but this form was the best it could have taken. I got better practice in English by imitating the Giaour and Bride of Abydos than I could have had under any other master, (the tragedy was of course Shakespearian!) and the state of my mind was—my mind's own fault, and that of surrounding mischance or mismanagement—not Byron's. In that same year, 1836, I took to reading in Shelley also, and wasted much time over the Sensitive Plant and Epipsychidion; and I took a good deal of harm from *him*, in trying to write lines like “prickly and pulpous and blistered and blue;” or “it was a little lawny islet by anemone and vi'let,—like mosaic paven,” etc.; but in the state of frothy fever I was in, there was little good for me to be got out of anything. The perseverance with which I tried to wade through the revolt of Islam, and find out (I never did, and don't know to this day) who revolted against whom, or what, was creditable to me; and the Prometheus really made me understand something of Æschylus. I am not sure that, for what I was to turn out, my days of ferment could have been got over much easier:

at any rate, it was better than if I had been learning to shoot, or hunt, or smoke, or gamble. The entirely inscrutable thing to me, looking back on myself, is my total want of all reason, will, or design in the business: I had neither the resolution to win Adèle, the courage to do without her, the sense to consider what was at last to come of it all, or the grace to think how disagreeable I was making myself at the time to everybody about me. There was really no more capacity nor intelligence in me than in a just fledged owlet, or just open-eyed puppy, disconsolate at the existence of the moon.

Out of my feebly melodious complaints to that luminary, however, I was startled by a letter to my father from Christ Church, advising him that there was room for my residence in the January term of 1837, and that I must come up to matriculate in October of the instant year, 1836.

That walk to the Schools, and the waiting, outside the Divinity School, in comforting admiration of its door, my turn for matriculation, continue still for me, at pleasure. But I remember nothing more that year; nor anything of the first days of the next, until early in January we drove down to Oxford, only my mother and I, by the beautiful Henley road, weary a little as we changed horses for the last stage from Dorchester; solemnized, in spite of velvet and silk, as we entered among the towers in the twilight; and after one more rest under the domestic roof of the Angel, I found myself the next day at evening, alone, by the fireside, entered into command of my own life, in my own college room in Peckwater.

IX—CHRIST CHURCH CHOIR

ALONE, by the fireside of the little back room, which looked into the narrow lane, chiefly then of stabling, I sat collecting my resolution for college life.

I had not much to collect; nor, as far as I knew, much to collect it against. I had about as clear understanding of my whereabouts, or foresight of my fortune, as Davie Gellatly might have had in my place; with these farther inferiorities to Davie, that I could neither dance, sing, nor roast eggs. There was not the slightest fear of my gambling, for I had never touched a card, and looked upon dice as people now do

on dynamite. No fear of my being tempted by the strange woman, for was not I in love? and besides, never allowed to be out after half-past nine. No fear of my running in debt, for there were no Turners to be had in Oxford, and I cared for nothing else in the world of material possession. No fear of my breaking my neck out hunting, for I couldn't have ridden a hack down the High Street; and no fear of my ruining myself at a race, for I never had been but at one race in my life, and had not the least wish to win anybody else's money.

I expected some ridicule, indeed, for these my simple ways, but was safe against ridicule in my conceit: the only thing I doubted myself in, and very rightly, was the power of applying for three years to work in which I took not the slightest interest. I resolved, however, to do my parents and myself as much credit as I could, said my prayers very seriously, and went to bed in good hope.

It had never entered into my head to doubt a word of the Bible, though I saw well enough already that its words were to be understood otherwise than I had been taught; but the more I believed it, the less it did me any good. It was all very well for Abraham to do what angels bid him,—so would I, if any angels bid me; but none had ever appeared to me that I knew of, not even Adèle, who couldn't be an angel because she was a Roman Catholic.

Also, if I had lived in Christ's time, of course I would have gone with Him up to the mountain, or sailed with Him on the Lake of Galilee; but that was quite another thing from going to Beresford chapel, Walworth, or St. Bride's, Fleet Street. Also, though I felt myself somehow called to imitate Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, I couldn't see that either Billiter Street and the Tower Wharf, where my father had his cellars, or the cherry-blossomed garden at Herne Hill, where my mother potted her flowers, could be places I was bound to fly from as in the City of Destruction. Without much reasoning on the matter, I had virtually concluded from my general Bible reading that, never having meant or done any harm that I knew of, I could not be in danger of hell: while I saw also that even the *crème de la crème* of religious people seemed to be in no hurry to go to heaven. On the whole, it seemed to me, all that was required of *me* was to say my prayers, go to

church, learn my lessons, obey my parents, and enjoy my dinner. . . .

I count it just a little to my credit that I was not ashamed, but pleased, that my mother came to Oxford with me to take such care of me as she could. Through all three years of residence, during term time, she had lodging in the High Street (first in Mr. Adams's pretty house of sixteenth century woodwork), and my father lived alone all through the week at Herne Hill, parting with wife and son at once for the son's sake. On the Saturday, he came down to us, and I went with him and my mother, in the old domestic way, to St. Peter's, for the Sunday morning service: otherwise, they never appeared with me in public, lest my companions should laugh at me, or any one else ask malicious questions concerning vintner papa and his old-fashioned wife.

None of the men, through my whole college career, ever said one word in depreciation of either of them, or in sarcasm at my habitually spending my evenings with my mother. But once, when Adèle's elder sister came with her husband to see Oxford, and I mentioned, somewhat unnecessarily, at dinner, that she was the Countess Diane de Maison, they had no mercy on me for a month afterwards.

X—ROSLYN CHAPEL

IN this spring of '38, however, the widowed Mr. Withers, having by that time retired to the rural districts in reduced circumstances, came up to town on some small vestige of carboniferous business, bringing his only daughter with him to show my mother;—who, for a wonder, asked her to stay with us, while her father visited his umquhile clientage at the coal wharves. Charlotte Withers was a fragile, fair, freckled, sensitive slip of a girl about sixteen; graceful in an unfinished and small wild-flower sort of a way, extremely intelligent, affectionate, wholly right-minded, and mild in piety. An altogether sweet and delicate creature of ordinary sort, not pretty, but quite pleasant to see, especially if her eyes were looking your way, and her mind with them.

We got to like each other in a mildly confidential way in the course of a week. We disputed on the relative dignities of music and painting; and I wrote an essay nine foolscap pages

long, proposing the entire establishment of my own opinions, and the total discomfiture and overthrow of hers, according to my usual manner of paying court to my mistresses. Charlotte Withers, however, thought I did her great honor, and carried away the essay as if it had been a school prize.

And, as I said, if my father and mother had chosen to keep her a month longer, we should have fallen quite melodiously and quietly in love; and they might have given me an excellently pleasant little wife, and set me up, geology and all, in the coal business, without any resistance or farther trouble on my part. I don't suppose the idea ever occurred to them; Charlotte was not the kind of person they proposed for me. So Charlotte went away at the week's end, when her father was ready for her. I walked with her to Camberwell Green, and we said good-by, rather sorrowfully, at the corner of the New Road; and that possibility of meek happiness vanished forever. A little while afterwards, her father "negotiated" a marriage for her with a well-to-do Newcastle trader, whom she took because she was bid. He treated her pretty much as one of his coal sacks, and in a year or two she died.

Very dimly, and rather against my own will, the incident showed me what my mother had once or twice observed to me, to my immense indignation, that Adèle was not the only girl in the world; and my enjoyment of our tour in the Tro-sachs was not described in any more Byronian heroics; the tragedy also having been given up, because, when I had described a gondola, a bravo, the heroine Bianca, and moonlight on the Grand Canal, I found I had not much more to say. . . .

Of course, when Adèle and her sisters came back at Christmas, and stayed with us four or five weeks, every feeling and folly that had been subdued or forgotten, returned in redoubled force. I don't know what would have happened if Adèle had been a perfectly beautiful and amiable girl, and had herself in the least liked me. I suppose then my mother would have been overcome. But though extremely lovely at fifteen, Adèle was not prettier than French girls in general at eighteen; she was firm, and fiery, and high principled; but, as the light traits already noticed of her enough show, not in the least amiable; and although she would have married me, had her father wished it, was always glad to have me out

of her way. My love was much too high and fantastic to be diminished by her loss of beauty; but I perfectly well saw and admitted it, having never at any time been in the slightest degree blinded by love, as I perceive other men are, out of my critic nature. And day followed on day, and month to month, of complex absurdity, pain, error, wasted affection, and rewardless semi-virtue, which I am content to sweep out of the way of what better things I can recollect at this time, into the smallest possible size of dust heap, and wish the Dustman Oblivion good clearance of them.

With this one general note, concerning children's conduct to their parents, that a great quantity of external and irksome obedience may be shown them, which virtually is no obedience, because it is not cheerful and total. The *wish* to disobey is already disobedience; and although at this time I was really doing a great many things I did not like, to please my parents, I have not now *one* self-approving thought or consolation in having done so, so much did its sullenness and maimedness pollute the meager sacrifice.

But, before I quit, for this time, the field of romance, let me write the epitaph of one of its sweet shadows, which some who knew the shadow may be glad I should write. The ground floor, under my father's counting-house at Billiter Street, I have already said was occupied by Messrs. Wardell & Co. The head of this firm was an extremely intelligent and refined elderly gentleman, darkish, with spiritedly curling and projecting dark hair, and bright eyes; good-natured and amiable in a high degree, well educated, not over wise, always well pleased with himself, happy in a sensible wife, and a very beautiful, and entirely gentle and good, only daughter. Not over wise, I repeat, but an excellent man of business; older, and, I suppose, already considerably richer, than my father. He had a handsome house at Hampstead, and spared no pains on his daughter's education.

It must have been some time about this year 1839, or the previous one, that my father having been deploring to Mr. Wardell the discomfortable state of mind I had got into about Adèle, Mr. Wardell proposed to him to try whether some slight diversion of my thoughts might not be effected by a visit to Hampstead. My father's fancy was still set on Lady

Clara Vere de Vere; but Miss Wardell was everything that a girl should be, and an heiress,—of perhaps something more than my own fortune was likely to come to. And the two fathers agreed that nothing could be more fit, rational, and desirable, than such an arrangement. So I was sent to pass a summer afternoon, and dine at Hampstead.

It would have been an extremely delightful afternoon for any youth not a simpleton. Miss Wardell had often enough heard me spoken of by her father as a well-conducted youth, already of some literary reputation—author of the “Poetry of Architecture”—winner of the Newdigate,—First class man in expectation. She herself had been brought up in a way closely resembling my own, in severe seclusion by devoted parents, at a suburban villa with a pretty garden, to skip, and gather flowers, in. The chief difference was that, from the first, Miss Wardell had had excellent masters, and was now an extremely accomplished, intelligent, and faultless maid of seventeen; fragile and delicate to a degree enhancing her beauty with some solemnity of fear, yet in perfect health, as far as a fast-growing girl could be; a softly molded slender brunette, with her father’s dark curling hair transfigured into playful grace round the pretty, modest, not unthoughtful, gray-eyed face. Of the afternoon at Hampstead, I remember only that it was a fine day, and that we walked in the garden; mamma, as her mere duty to me in politeness at a first visit, superintending,—it would have been wiser to have left us to get on how we could. I very heartily and reverently admired the pretty creature, and would fain have done, or said, anything I could to please her. Literally to *please* her, for that is, indeed, my hope with all girls, in spite of what I have above related of my mistaken ways of recommending myself. My primary thought is how to serve *them*, and make them happy, and if they could use me for a plank bridge over a stream, or set me up for a post to tie a swing to, or anything of the sort not requiring me to talk, I should be always quite happy in such promotion. This sincere devotion to them, with intense delight in whatever beauty or grace they chance to have, and in most cases, perceptive sympathy, heightened by faith in their right feelings, for the most part gives me considerable power with girls: but all this prevents me from

ever being in the least at ease with them,—and I have no doubt that during the whole afternoon at Hampstead, I gave little pleasure to my companion. For the rest, though I extremely admired Miss Wardell, she was not my sort of beauty. I like oval faces, crystalline blonde, with straightish, at the utmost wavy, (or, in length, wreathed) hair, and the form elastic, and foot firm. Miss Wardell's dark and tender grace had no power over me, except to make me extremely afraid of being tiresome to her. On the whole, I suppose I came off pretty well, for she afterwards allowed herself to be brought out to Herne Hill to see the pictures, and so on; and I recollect her looking a little frightenedly pleased at my kneeling down to hold a book for her, or some such matter.

After this second interview, however, my father and mother asking me seriously what I thought of her, and I explaining to them that though I saw all her beauty, and merit, and niceness, she yet was not my sort of girl,—the negotiations went no farther at that time, and a little while after, were ended for all time; for at Hampstead they went on teaching the tender creature High German, and French of Paris, and Kant's Metaphysics, and Newton's Principia; and then they took her to Paris, and tired her out with seeing everything every day, all day long, besides the dazzle and excitement of such a first outing from Hampstead; and she at last getting too pale and weak, they brought her back to some English seaside place, I forget where: and there she fell into nervous fever and faded away, with the light of death flickering clearer and clearer in her soft eyes, and never skipped in Hampstead garden more.

How the parents, especially the father, lived on, I never could understand; but I suppose they were honestly religious without talking of it, and they had nothing to blame themselves in, except not having known better. The father, though with grave lines altering his face forever, went steadily on with his business, and lived to be old.

I cannot be sure of the date of either Miss Withers' or Miss Wardell's death; that of Sybilla Dowie (told in Fors), more sad than either, was much later; but the loss of her sweet spirit, following her lover's, had been felt by us before the time of which I am now writing. I had never myself seen

Death, nor had any part in the grief or anxiety of a sick chamber; nor had I ever seen, far less conceived, the misery of unaided poverty. But I had been made to think of it; and in the deaths of the creatures whom I had seen joyful, the sense of deep pity, not sorrow for myself, but for them, began to mingle with all the thoughts, which, founded on the Homeric, Æschylean, and Shakespearian tragedy, had now begun to modify the untried faith of childhood. The blue of the mountains became deep to me with the purple of mourning,—the clouds that gather round the setting sun, not subdued, but raised in awe as the harmonies of a Miserere,—and all the strength and framework of my mind, lurid, like the vaults of Roslyn, when weird fire gleamed on its pillars, foliage-bound, and far in the depth of twilight, “blazed every rose-carved buttress fair.”

XI—CUMÆ

IN my needful and fixed resolve to set the facts down continuously, leaving the reader to his reflections on them, I am slipping a little too fast over the surfaces of things; and it becomes at this point desirable that I should know, or at least try to guess, something of what the reader's reflections *are!* and whether in the main he is getting at the sense of the facts I tell him.

Does he think me a lucky or uulucky youth, I wonder? Commendable, on the whole, and exemplary—or the reverse? Of promising gifts—or merely glitter of morning, to pass at noon? I ask him at this point, because several letters from pleased acquaintances have announced to me, of late, that they have obtained quite new lights upon my character from these jottings, and like me much better than they ever did before. Which was not the least the effect I intended to produce on them; and which moreover is the exact opposite of the effect on my own mind of meeting myself, by turning back, face to face.

On the contrary, I suffer great pain, and shame, in perceiving with better knowledge the little that I was, and the much that I lost—of time, chance, and—duty, (a duty missed is the worst of loss); and I cannot in the least understand what my acquaintances have found, in anything hitherto

told them of my childhood, more amiable than they might have guessed of the author of "Time and Tide," or "Unto This Last." The real fact being, whatever they make of it, that hitherto, and for a year or two on, yet, I was simply a little floppy and sippy tadpole,—little more than a stomach with a tail to it, flattening and wriggling itself up the crystal ripples and in the pure sands of the spring-head of youth.

But there were always good eyes in me, and a good habit of keeping head up stream; and now the time was coming when I began to think about helping princesses by fetching up their balls from the bottom; when I got a sudden glimpse of myself, in the true shape of me, extremely startling and discouraging:—here, in Rome it was, towards the Christmas time.

Among the living Roman arts of which polite travelers were expected to carry specimens home with them, one of the prettiest used to be the cutting cameos out of pink shells. We bought, according to custom, some coquillage of Gods and Graces; but the cameo cutters were also skillful in mortal portraiture, and papa and mamma, still expectant of my future greatness, resolved to have me carved in cameo.

I had always been content enough with my front face in the glass, and had never thought of contriving vision of the profile. The cameo finished, I saw at a glance to be well cut; but the image it gave of me was not to my mind. I did not analyze its elements at the time, but should now describe it as a George the Third's penny, with a halfpenny worth of George the Fourth, the pride of Amurath the Fifth, and the temper of eight little Lucifers in a swept lodging.

Now I knew myself proud; yes, and of late, sullen; but did not in the least recognize pride or sulkiness for leading faults of my nature. On the contrary, I knew myself wholly reverent to all real greatness, and wholly good-humored—when I got my own way. What more can you expect of average boy, or beast?

And it seemed hard to me that only the excrescent faults, and by no means the constant capacities, should be set forth, carved by the petty justice of the practical cameo. Concerning which, as also other later portraits of me, I will be thus far proud as to tell the disappointed spectator, once for all,

that the main good of my face, as of my life, is in the eyes,—and only in those, seen near; that a very dear and wise French friend also told me, a long while after this, that the lips, though not Apolline, were kind: the George the Third and Fourth character I recognize very definitely among my people, as already noticed in my cousin George of Croydon; and of the shape of head, fore and aft, I have my own opinions, but do not think it time, yet, to tell them. . . .

We returned once more to the house at Herne Hill, and the lovely drawings Turner had made for me, Ehrenbreitstein and Lucerne, were first hung in its little front dining-room. But the Herne Hill days, and many joys with them, were now ended.

Perhaps my mother had sometimes—at Hampton Court, or Chatsworth, or Isola-Bella—admitted into her quiet soul the idea that it might be nice to have a larger garden. Sometimes a gold-tasseled Oxford friend would come out from Cavendish or Grosvenor Square to see me; and there was only the little back room opposite the nursery for him to wash his hands in. As his bank-balance enlarged, even my father thought it possible that his country customers might be more impressed by enjoying their after-dinner sherry with more room for their legs. And, now that I was of age and B.A. and so on—did not *I* also want a larger house?

No, good reader; but ever since first I could drive a spade, I had wanted to dig a canal, and make locks on it, like Harry in "Harry and Lucy." And in the field at the back of the Denmark Hill house, now, in this hour of all our weaknesses, offered in temptation, I saw my way to a canal with any number of locks down towards Dulwich.

It is very wonderful to me, looking back, to remember this, and how entirely boyish—and very young-boyish, too—I was still, in all instincts of personal delight; while yet, looking out of myself, I saw farther than Kings of Naples or Cardinals of Rome.

Yet there was much, and very closely balanced, debate, before the house was taken. My mother wisely, though sadly, said it was too late for her;—she could not now manage a large garden: and my father, feeling his vanity had more than a word in the matter, besides all that might rightly be

alleged of what was now convenient and becoming, hesitated painfully, as he had done about his first Copley Fielding.

But at last the lease of the larger house was bought: and everybody said how wise and proper; and my mother *did* like arranging the rows of pots in the big greenhouse; and the view from the breakfast-room into the field was really very lovely. And we bought three cows, and skimmed our own cream, and churned our own butter. And there was a stable, and a farmyard, and a haystack, and a pigsty, and a porter's lodge, where undesirable visitors could be stopped before startling us with a knock. But, for all these things, we never were so happy again. Never any more "at home."

And I never got my canal dug, after all! Harry's making the lock-gates himself had indeed always seemed to me too magnificent! inimitable if not incredible: but also, I had never, till now that the need came, entered into the statistics of water supply. The gardeners wanted all that was in the butts for the greenhouse. Nothing but a dry ditch, incommodious to the cows, I saw to be possible, and resigned myself to destiny: yet the bewitching idea never went out of my head, and some waterworks, on the model of Fontainebleau, were verily set aflowing—twenty years afterwards. . . .

I must stop to think a little how it was that so early as this I could fasten on the tomb of Ilaria di Caretto with certainty of its being a supreme guide to me ever after. If I get tiresome, the reader must skip; I write, for the moment, to amuse myself, and not him. The said reader, duly sagacious, must have felt, long since, that, though very respectable people in our way, we were all of us definitely vulgar people; just as my aunt's dog Towzer was a vulgar dog, though a very good and dear dog. Said reader should have seen also that we had not set ourselves up to have "a taste" in anything. There was never any question about matching colors in furniture, or having the correct pattern in china. Everything for service in the house was bought plain, and of the best; our toys were what we happened to take a fancy to in pleasant places—a cow in stalactite from Matlock, a fisher-wife doll from Calais, a Swiss farm from Berne, Bacchus and Ariadne from Carrara. But, among these toys, principal on the drawing-room chimney-piece, always put away by my mother at night, and "put

out" in the afternoon, were some pieces of Spanish clay, to which, without knowing it, I owed a quantity of strenuous teaching. Native baked clay figures, painted and gilded by untaught persons who had the gift; manufacture mainly practiced along the Xeres coast, I believe, and of late much decayed, but then flourishing, and its work as good as the worker could make it. There was a Don Whiskerandos contrabandista, splendidly handsome and good-natured, on a magnificent horse at the trot, brightly caparisoned: everything finely finished, his gun loose in his hand. There was a lemonade seller, a pomegranate seller, a matador with his bull—animate all, and graceful, the coloring chiefly ruddy brown. Things of constant interest to me, and altogether wholesome; vestiges of living sculpture come down into the Herne Hill times, from the days of Tanagra.

For loftier admiration, as before told, Chantrey in Lichfield, Roubilliac in Westminster, were set forth to me, and honestly felt; a scratched white outline or two from Greek vases on the black Derbyshire marble did not interfere with my first general feeling about sculpture, that it should be living, and emotional; that the flesh should be like flesh, and the drapery like clothes; and that, whether trotting contrabandista, dancing girl, or dying gladiator, the subject should have an interest of its own, and not consist merely of figures with torches or garlands standing alternately on their right and left legs. Of "ideal" form and the like, I fortunately heard and thought nothing. . . .

There was another lovely cloister in Pisa, without fresco, but exquisite in its arched perspective and central garden, and noble in its unbuttressed height of belfry tower;—the cloister of San Francesco: in these, and in the meadow round the baptistery, the routine of my Italian university life was now fixed for a good many years in main material points.

In summer I have been always at work, or out walking, by six o'clock, usually awake by half-past four; but I keep to Pisa for the present, where my monkish discipline arranged itself thus. Out, anyhow, by six, quick walk to the field, and as much done as I could, and back to breakfast at half-past eight. Steady bit of Sismondi over bread and butter, then back to Campo Santo, draw till twelve; quick walk to look

about me and stretch my legs, in shade if it might be, before lunch, on anything I chanced to see nice in a fruit shop, and a bit of bread. Back to lighter work, or merely looking and thinking, for another hour and a half, and to hotel for dinner at four. Three courses and a flask of Aleatico, (a sweet, yet rather astringent, red, rich for Italian, wine—provincial, and with lovely basket-work round the bottle). Then out for saunter with Couttet; he having leave to say anything he had a mind to, but not generally communicative of his feelings; he carried my sketch-book, but in the evening there was too much always to be hunted out, of city; or watched, of hills, or sunset; and I rarely drew,—to my sorrow, now. I wish I knew less, and had drawn more.

Homewards, from wherever we had got to, the moment the sun was down, and the last clouds had lost their color. I avoided marshy places, if I could, at all times of the day, because I didn't like them; but I feared neither sun nor moon, dawn nor twilight, malaria nor anything else malefic, in the course of work, except only drafts and ugly people. I never would sit in a draft for half a minute, and fled from some sorts of beggars; but a crowd of the common people round me only made me proud, and try to draw as well as I could; mere rags or dirt I did not care an atom for.

As early as 1835, and as late as 1841, I had been accustomed, both in France and Italy, to feel that the crowd behind me was interested in my choice of subjects, and pleasantly applaudive of the swift progress under my hand of street perspectives, and richness of surface decoration, such as might be symbolized by dextrous zigzags, emphatic dots, or graceful flourishes. I had the better pleasure, now, of feeling that my really watchful delineation, while still rapid enough to interest any stray student of drawing who might stop by me on his way to the Academy, had a quite unusual power of directing the attention of the general crowd to points of beauty, or subjects of sculpture, in the buildings I was at work on, to which they had never before lifted eyes, and which I had the double pride of first discovering for them, and then imitating—not to their dissatisfaction.

And well might I be proud; but how much more ought I to have been pitiful, in feeling the swift and perfect sympathy

which the "common people"—companion-people I should have said, for in Italy there is no commonness—gave me, in Lucca, or Florence, or Venice, for every touch of true work that I laid in their sight. How much more, I say, should it have been pitiful to me, to recognize their eager intellect, and delicate senses, open to every lesson and every joy of their ancestral art, far more deeply and vividly than in the days when every spring kindled them into battle, and every autumn was red with their blood: yet left now, alike by the laws and lords set over them, less happy in aimless life than of old in sudden death; never one effort made to teach them, to comfort them, to economize their industries, animate their pleasures, or guard their simplest rights from the continually more fatal oppression of unprincipled avarice, and unmerciful wealth.

But all this I have felt and learned, like so much else, too late. The extreme seclusion of my early training left me long careless of sympathy for myself; and that which I gave to others never led me into any hope of being useful to them, till my strength of active life was past. Also, my mind was not yet catholic enough to feel that the Campo Santo belonged to its own people more than to me; and indeed, I had to read its lessons before I could interpret them. The world has for the most part been of opinion that I entered on the task of philanthropy too soon rather than too late: at all events, my conscience remained at rest during all those first times at Pisa, in mere delight in the glory of the past, and in hope for the future of Italy, without need of my becoming one of her demagogues. And the days that began in the cloister of the Campo Santo usually ended by my getting upon the roof of Santa Maria della Spina, and sitting in the sunlight that transfused the warm marble of its pinnacles, till the unabated brightness went down beyond the arches of the Ponte-a-Mare,—the few footsteps and voices of the twilight fell silent in the streets, and the city and her mountains stood mute as a dream, beyond the soft eddying of Arno.

XII—THE STATE OF DENMARK

THE house on Denmark Hill, where my father and mother, in the shortening days of 1845, thankfully received back their

truant, has been associated, by dated notepaper, with a quarter of a century of my English life; and was indeed to my parents a peaceful, yet cheerful, and pleasantly, in its suburban manner, dignified, abode of their declining years. For my father had no possibilities of real retirement in him; his business was the necessary pride and fixed habit of his soul: his ambition, and what instinct of accumulative gain the mercantile life inevitably begets, were for me only; but involved the fixed desire to see me moving in the western light of London, among its acknowledged literary orders of merit; and were totally inconsistent with the thought, faintly and intermittingly haunting my mother and me, that a rose-covered cottage in the dells of Matlock, or the vale of Keswick, might be nearer the heavenly world, for *us*, than all the majesty of Denmark Hill, connected though it was, by the Vauxhall Road and convenient omnibuses, with St. James's Street and Cavendish Square.

But to these particulars I must return by-and-by; for my business in this chapter is only to give account of the materials and mental resources with which, in my new study at Denmark Hill, looking out on the meadow and the two cows, I settled myself, in the winter of 1845, to write, as my father now justly expected me to do without farther excuse, the second volume of "Modern Painters."

It is extremely difficult to define, much more to explain, the religious temper in which I designed that second volume. Whatever I know or feel, now, of the justice of God, the nobleness of man, and the beauty of nature, I knew and felt then, nor less strongly; but these firm faiths were confused by the continual discovery, day by day, of error or limitation in the doctrines I had been taught, and follies or inconsistencies in their teachers: while for myself, it seemed to me quite sure, since my downfall of heart on last leaving France, that I had no part nor lot in the service or privileges of the saints; but, on the contrary, had such share only in the things of God, as well-conducted beasts and serenely-minded birds had: while, even among the beasts, I had no claim to represent myself figuratively as a lion couchant, or eagle volant, but was, at my best and proudest, only of a doggish and piggish temper, content in my dog's chain, and with my pig's-wash,

in spite of Carlyle; and having no mind whatever to win Heaven at the price of conversion like St. Ranier's, or mortification like St. Bruno's.

And that my father much concurred with me in these, partly stubborn, partly modest, sentiments, appeared curiously on the occasion of registering his arms at the Heralds' College for painting, as those of the Bardi, and no more under the Long Acre limitation, "*vix ea nostra,*" on the panel of his own brougham. It appeared, on inquiry at the Heralds' Office, that there was indeed a shield appertaining to a family, of whom nothing particular was known, by the name of *Rusken*: Sable, a chevron, argent, between six lance-heads, argent. This, without any evidence of our relation to the family, we could not, of course, be permitted to use without modification: but the King-at-Arms registered it as ours, with the addition of three crosses crosslets on the chevron, gules, (in case of my still becoming a clergyman!); and we carried home, on loan from the college, a book of crests and mottoes; crests being open to choice in modern heraldry, (if one does not by chance win them,) as laconic expressions of personal character, or achievement.

Over which book, I remember, though too vaguely, my father's reasoning within himself, that a merchant could not with any propriety typify himself by Lord Marmion's falcon, or Lord Dudley's bear; that, though we were all extremely fond of dogs, any doggish crest would be taken for an extremely minor dog, or even puppy, by the public; while vulpine types, whether of heads or brushes, were wholly out of our way; and at last, *faute de mieux*, and with some idea, I fancy, of the beast's resolution in taking and making its own way through difficulties, my father, with the assent, if not support, of my mother and Mary, fixed, forsooth, upon a boar's head, as reasonably proud, without claim to be patrician; under-written by the motto "*Age quod agis.*" Some ten or twelve years, I suppose, after this, beginning to study heraldry with attention, I apprehended, that, whether a knight's war-cry, or a peaceful yeoman's saying, the words on the scroll of a crest could not be a piece of advice to other people, but must be always a declaration of the bearer's own mind. Whereupon I changed, on my own seal, the "*Age quod*

agis" into "To-day," tacitly underlined to myself with the warning, "The night cometh, when no man can work."

But as years went on, and the belief in fortune, and fortune-telling, which is finally confessed in *Fors Clavigera*, asserted itself more distinctly in my private philosophy, I began to be much exercised in mind as to the fortunate, or otherwise, meaning of my father's choosing a pig for my crest; and that the more, because I could not decide whether it was lawful for me to adopt the Greek mode of interpretation, according to which I might consider myself an assistant of Hercules in the conquest of the Erymanthian boar, or was restricted to the Gothic reading which would compel me to consider myself a pig in personâ,—(as the aforesaid Marmion a falcon, or Albert of Geierstein a vulture,—) and only take pride in the strength of bristle, and curl of tusk, which occasioned, in my days of serious critical influence, the lament of the Academician in *Punch*:

"I paints and paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry,
Till savage Ruskin
Sticks his tusk in,
And nobody will buy."

Inclining, as time went on, more and more to this view of the matter, I rested at last in the conviction that my prototype and patron saint was indeed, not Hercules, but St. Anthony of Padua.

But I may record, as immediately significant, the delight which both my mother and I took in the possession of a really practical pigsty in our Danish farmyard, (the coach-house and stables being to us of no importance in comparison;) the success with which my mother directed the nurture, and fattening, of the piglings; the civil and jovial character of the piglings so nurtured, indicated especially by their habit of standing in a row on their hind-legs to look over the fence, whenever my mother came into the yard: and conclusively by the satisfaction with which even our most refined friends would accept a present of pork—or it might be, alas! sometimes of sucking pig—from Denmark Hill.

Neither do I think it irrelevant, in this place, to foretell that, after twenty years' various study of the piglet character, I became so resigned to the adoption of my paternally chosen crest as to write my rimed traveling letters to Joan most frequently in my heraldic character of "Little Pig"; or, royally plural, "Little Pigs," especially when these letters took the tone of confessions, as for instance, from Keswick, in 1867:—

When little pigs have muffins hot,
And take three quarters for their lot,
Then, little pigs—had better not.

And again, on the occasion of over-lunching myself before ascending Red Pike, in the same year:—

As readers, for their minds' relief,
Will sometimes double down a leaf,
Or rather, as good sailors reef
Their sails, or jugglers, past belief,
Will con-involve a handkerchief—
If little pigs, when time is brief,
Will, that way, double up their beef,
Then—little pigs will come to grief.

And here is what may, it seems to me, gracefully conclude this present chapter, as a pretty and pathetic Pig-wiggian chant, from Abbeville, in 1858:—

If little pigs,—when evening dapples,
With fading clouds, her autumn sky,—
Set out in search of Norman Chapels,
And find, instead, where cliffs are high,
Half way from Amiens to Etaples,
A castle, full of pears and apples,
On donjon floors laid out to dry;
—Green jargonelles, and apples tenny,—
And find their price is five a penny,
If little pigs, then, buy too many,
Spare to those little pigs a sigh.

XIII—THE FEASTS OF THE VANDALS

THE reader of "to-day" who has been accustomed to hear me spoken of by the artists of to-day as a superannuated en-

thusiast, and by the philosophers of to-day as a delirious visionary, will scarcely believe with what serious interest the appearance of the second volume of "Modern Painters" was looked for, by more people than my father and mother,—by people even belonging to the shrewdest literary circles, and highest artistic schools, of the time.

The religious Italian schools were as little known at that time, to either artist or connoisseur, as the Japanese, and the highest scholarly criticism with which I had first come to hand-grips in Blackwood, reached no higher than a sketching amateur's acquaintance with the manner of Salvator and Gaspar Poussin. Taken as a body, the total group of Modern Painters were, therefore, more startled than flattered by my schismatic praise; the modest ones, such as Fielding, Prout, and Stanfield, felt that it was more than they deserved,—and, moreover, a little beside the mark and out of their way; the conceited ones, such as Harding and De Wint, were angry at the position given to Turner; and I am not sure that any of them were ready even to endorse George Richmond's consoling assurance to my father, that I should know better in time.

But, with all the kindness of heart, and appreciation of domestic character, partly humorous, partly pathetic, which gave its prevailing tone to the British school of the day, led by Wilkie, Leslie, and Mulready, the entire fellowship of artists with whom we were acquainted sympathized with the partly quaint, altogether pure, strong, and always genial, home-life of my father and mother; nor less with their anxious devotion to their son, and the hopes they entertained for him. Nor, I suppose, was my own status at Denmark Hill without something honorably notable to men of the world, in that, refusing to enter my father's business, I yet stayed serenely under his authority, and, in what seemed to me my own proper line of work, did my utmost to please him. And when (I anticipate now the progress of the next four or five years)—when on any, to us, peculiarly festive occasion,—the return from a journey, publication of a new volume, anniversary of a birthday, or the like,—we ventured to ask our artist friends to rejoice with us, most of them came, I believe with real pleasure. The early six o'clock dinner allowed them usually a pleasant glance over the meadow and the Norwood Hill in

the evening light; the table was just short enough to let the talk flow round without wandering into eddies, or lingering into confidences; there was no guest whom the others did not honor; there was neither effort, affectation, nor restraint in the talk. If the painters cared to say anything of pictures, they knew they would be understood; if they chose rather to talk of sherry, my father could, and would with delight, tell them more about it than any other person knew in either England or Spain; and when the candles came, and the good jests, over the nuts and olives, there was "frolic wine" in the flask at every right hand, such as that never Prince Hal nor Jack Falstaff tasted cup of brighter or mightier.

I somewhat admire in myself, at this time, though I perceive it to have been greatly owing to want of imagination, the simplicity of affection with which I kept hold on my Cumberland moors, Calais sands, and French costumes and streets,—as contrasted with the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, the surges of Trafalgar, and the towers of Seville and Granada; of all which I continually heard as the most beautiful and wonderful scenery and architecture of the European world; and in the very midst of which—in the heart of Andalusia, and on the very battle-field of Xeres de la Frontera which gave the Arab his dominion in Spain—I might have been adopted by my father's partner to reign over his golden vineyards, and write the histories of the first Caliphs of Arabia and the Catholic Kings of Spain.

XIV—OTTERBURN

IN blaming myself, as often I have done, and may have occasion to do again, for my want of affection to other people, I must also express continually, as I think back about it, more and more wonder that ever anybody had any affection for *me*. I thought they might as well have got fond of a camera lucida, or an ivory foot-rule: all my faculty was merely in showing that such and such things were so; I was no orator, no actor, no painter but in a minute and generally invisible manner; and I couldn't bear being interrupted in anything I was about.

Nevertheless, some sensible grown up people *did* get to like me!—the best of them with a protective feeling that I wanted

guidance no less than sympathy; and the higher religious souls, hoping to lead me to the golden gates.

I have no memory, and no notion, when I first *saw* Pauline, Lady Trevelyan; but she became at once a monitress-friend in whom I wholly trusted,—(not that I ever took her advice!)—and the happiness of her own life was certainly increased by my books and me. Sir Walter, being a thorough botanist, and interested in pure science generally, did not hunt, but was benevolently useful, as a landlord should be, in his county. I had no interests in county business at that time; but used to have happy agricultural or floral chats with Sir Walter, and entirely admired his unambitious, yet dignified stability of rural, and celestial, life, there amidst the Northumbrian winds.

Wallington is in the old Percy country, the broad descent of main valley leading down by Otterburn from the Cheviots. An ugly house enough it was; square set, and somewhat bare walled, looking down a slope of rough wide field to a burn, the Wansbeck, neither bright nor rapid, but with a ledge or two of sandstone to drip over, or lean against in pools; bits of crag in the distance, worth driving to, for sight of the sweeps of moor round them, and the breeze from Carter Fell.

There were no children of its own in Wallington, but Lady Trevelyan's little niece, Constance Hilliard, nine years old when I first saw her there, glittered about the place in an extremely quaint and witty way; and took to me a little, like her aunt. Afterwards her mother and she, in their little rectory home at Cowley (near Hillingdon), became important among my feminine friendships, and gave me, of such petting and teasing as women are good for, sometimes more than enough.

But the dearness of Wallington was founded, as years went on, more deeply in its having made known to me the best and truest friend of all my life; *best* for me, because he was of my father's race, and native town; *truest*, because he knew always how to help us both, and never made any mistakes in doing so—Dr. John Brown. He was staying at Wallington when I stopped there on my way to give my Edinburgh lectures; and we walked together, with little Connie, on the moors: it dawned on me, so, gradually, what manner of man he was.

No one has yet separated, in analyzing the mind of Scott, the pity from the pride; no one, in the mind of Carlyle, the pity from the anger.

Lest I should not be spared to write another "Præterita," I will give, in this place, a few words of Carlyle's, which throw more lovely light on his character than any he has written,—as, indeed, his instantly vivid words always did; and it is a bitter blame and shame to me that I have not recorded those spoken to myself, often with trust and affection, always with kindness. But I find this piece, nearly word for word, in my diary of 25th October, 1874. He had been quoting the last words of Goethe, "Open the window, let us have more light" (this about an hour before painless death, his eyes failing him).

I referred to the "It grows dark, boys, you may go," of the great master of the High School of Edinburgh. On which Carlyle instantly opened into beautiful account of Adam's early life, his intense zeal and industry as a poor boy in a Highland cottage, lying flat on the hearth to learn his Latin grammar by the light of a peat fire. Carlyle's own memory is only of Adam's funeral, when he, Carlyle, was a boy of fourteen, making one of a crowd waiting near the gate of the High School, of which part of the old black building of the time of James I. was still standing—its motto, "Nisi Dominus, frustra," everywhere. A half-holiday had been given, that the boys might see the coffin carried by,—only about five-and-twenty people in all, Carlyle thought—"big-bellied persons, sympathetic bailies, relieving each other in carrying the pall." The boys collected in a group, as it passed within the railings, uttered a low "Ah me! Ah dear!" or the like, half sigh or wail—"and he is gone from us then!"

"The sound of the boys' wail is in my ears yet," said Carlyle.

His first teacher in Latin was an old clergyman. He had indeed been sent first to a schoolmaster in his own village, "the joyfullest little mortal, he believed, on earth," learning his declensions out of an eighteen-penny book! giving his whole might and heart to understand. And the master could teach him nothing, merely involved him day by day in misery of non-understanding, the boy getting crushed and sick, till (his

mother?) saw it, and then he was sent to this clergyman, "a perfect sage, on the humblest scale." Seventy pounds a year, his income at first entering into life; never more than a hundred. Six daughters and two sons; the eldest sister, Margaret, "a little bit lassie,"—then in a lower voice, "the flower of all the flock to *me*." Returning from her little visitations to the poor, dressed in her sober prettiest, "the most amiable of possible objects." Not beautiful in any notable way afterwards, but "comely in the highest degree." With dutiful sweetness, "the right hand of her father." Lived to be seven-and-twenty. "The last time that I wept aloud in the world, I think was at her death."

Riding down from Craigenputtoch to Dumfries,—“a monstrous precipice of rocks on one hand of you, a merry brook on the other side. . . . In the night just before sunrise.”

He was riding down, he and his brother, to fetch away her body,—they having just heard of her death.

A surveyor (?), or some scientific and evidently superior kind of person, had been doing work which involved staying near, or in, her father's house, and they got engaged, and then he broke it off. "They said that was the beginning of it." The death had been so sudden, and so unexpected, that Mary's mother, then a girl of twelve or thirteen, rushed out of the house and up to the cart, shrieking, rather than crying, "Where's Peggy?"

I could not make out, quite, how the two parts of the family were separated, so that his sister expected them to bring her back living, (or even well?). Carlyle was so much affected, and spoke so low, that I could not venture to press him on detail.

This master of his then, the father of Margaret, was entirely kind and wise in teaching him—a Scotch gentleman of old race and feeling, an Andrea Ferrara and some silver-mounted canes hanging in his study, last remnants of the old times.

We fell away upon Mill's essay on the substitution of patriotism for religion.

"Actually the most paltry rag of"—a chain of vituperative contempt too fast to note—"it has fallen to my lot to come in with. Among my acquaintance I have not seen a person talk-

ing of a thing he so little understood." The point of his indignation was Mill's supposing that, if God did not make everybody "happy," it was because He had no sufficient power, "was not enough supplied with the article." Nothing makes Carlyle more contemptuous than this coveting of "happiness."

Perhaps we had better hear what Polissena and the nun of Florence ("Christ's Folk," IV.) have to say about happiness, of *their* sort; and consider what every strong heart feels in the doing of any noble thing, and every good craftsman in making any beautiful one, before we despise any innocent person who looks for happiness in this world, as well as hereafter. But assuredly the strength of Scottish character has always been perfected by suffering: and the types of it given by Scott in Flora MacIvor, Edith Bellenden, Mary of Avenel, and Jeanie Deans,—to name only those which the reader will remember without effort,—are chiefly notable in the way they bear sorrow; as the whole tone of Scottish temper, ballad poetry, and music, which no other school has ever been able to imitate, has arisen out of the sad associations which, one by one, have gathered round every loveliest scene in the border land. Nor is there anything among other beautiful nations to approach the dignity of a true Scotswoman's face, in the tried perfectness of her old age.

I have seen them beautiful in the same way earlier, when they had passed through trial; my own Joanie's face owes the calm of its radiance to days of no ordinary sorrow—even before she came, when my father had been laid to his rest under Croydon hills, to keep her faithful watch by my mother's side, while I was seeking selfish happiness far away in work which to-day has come to nought. What I have myself since owed to her,—life certainly, and more than life, for many and many a year,—was meant to have been told long since, had I been able to finish this book in the time I designed it. What Dr. John Brown became to me, is partly shown in the continual references to his sympathy in the letters of "Hortus Inclusus"; but nothing could tell the loss to me in his death, nor the grief to how many greater souls than mine, that had been possessed in patience through his love.

I must give one piece more of his own letter, with the fol-

lowing fragment, written in the earlier part of this year, and meant to have been carried on into some detail of the impressions received in my father's native Edinburgh, and on the northern coast, from Queen's Ferry round by Prestonpans to Dunbar and Berwick.

Dr. Brown goes on:—"A year ago, I found an elderly countrywoman, a widow, waiting for me. Rising up, she said, 'D' ye mind me?' I looked at her, but could get nothing from her face; but the voice remained in my ear, as if coming from the 'fields of sleep,' and I said by a sort of instinct, 'Tibbie Meek!' I had not seen her or heard her voice for more than forty years."

The reader will please note the pure Scotch phrase "D' ye mind me?" and compare Meg Merrilies' use of it. "At length she guided them through the mazes of the wood to a little open glade of about a quarter of an acre, surrounded by trees and bushes, which made a wild and irregular boundary. Even in winter, it was a sheltered and snugly sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth sending forth all its wild flowers; the shrubs spreading their waste of blossom around it, and the weeping birches, which towered over the underwood, drooping their long and leafy fibers to intercept the sun, it must have seemed a place for a youthful poet to study his earliest sonnet, or a pair of lovers to exchange their first mutual avowal of affection. Apparently it now awakened very different recollections. Bertram's brow, when he had looked round the spot, became gloomy and embarrassed. Meg, after muttering to herself, 'This is the very spot,' looked at him with a ghastly side glance,—'D' ye mind it?'

"'Yes,' answered Bertram, 'imperfectly I do.'

"'Aye,' pursued his guide, 'on this very spot the man fell from his horse—I was behind that bourtree¹-bush at the very moment. Now will I show you the further track—the last time ye traveled it, was in these arms.'"

That was twenty years before, for Bertram's nurse; (compare Waverley's and Morton's;) Dr. Brown's Tibbie; my own father's Mause; my Anne; all women of the same stamp; my Saxon mother not altogether comprehending them; but when

¹Elder, in modern Scotch; but in the Douglas glossary, *Bower*-bush.

Dr. John Brown first saw my account of my mother and Anne in "Fors," *he* understood both of them, and wrote back to me of "those two blessed women," as he would have spoken of their angels, had he then been beside them, looking on another Face.

But my reason for quoting this piece of "Guy Mannering" here is to explain to the reader who cares to know it, the difference between the Scotch "mind" for "remember," and any other phrase of any other tongue, applied to the act of memory.

In order that you may, in the Scottish sense, "mind" anything, first there must be something to "mind"—and then, the "mind" to mind it. In a thousand miles of iron railway, or railway train, there is nothing in one rod or bar to distinguish it from another. You can't "mind" which sleeper is which. Nor, on the other hand, if you drive from Chillon to Vevay, asleep, can you "mind" the characteristics of the lake of Geneva. Meg could not have expected Bertram to "mind" at what corner of a street in Manchester—or in what ditch of the Isle of Dogs—anything had passed directly bearing on his own fate. She expected him to "mind" only a beautiful scene, of perfect individual character, and she would not have expected him to "mind" even that, had she not known he had persevering sense and memorial powers of very high order.

Now it is the peculiar character of Scottish as distinct from all other scenery on a small scale in north Europe, to have these distinctively "mindable" features. One range of coteau by a French river is exactly like another; one turn of glen in the Black Forest is only the last turn re-turned; one sweep of Jura pasture and crag, the mere echo of the fields and crags of ten miles away. But in the whole course of Tweed, Teviot, Gala, Tay, Forth, and Clyde, there is perhaps scarcely a bend of ravine, or nook of valley, which would not be recognizable by its inhabitants from every other. And there is no other country in which the roots of memory are so entwined with the beauty of nature, instead of the pride of men; no other in which the song of "Auld lang syne" could have been written,—or Lady Nairn's ballad of "The Auld House."

I did not in last "Præterita" enough explain the reason

for my seeking homes on the crests of Alps, in my own special study of cloud and sky; but I have only known too late, within this last month, the absolutely literal truth of Turner's saying that the most beautiful skies in the world known to him were those of the Isle of Thanet.

In a former number of "Præterita" I have told how my mother kept me quiet in a boy's illness by telling me to think of Dash, and Dover; and among the early drawings left for gift to Joanie are all those made—the first ever made from nature—at Sevenoaks, Tunbridge, Canterbury, and Dover. One of the poorest-nothings of these, a mere scrawl in pen and ink, of cumulus cloud crossed by delicate horizontal bars on the horizon, is the first attempt I ever made to draw a sky, —fifty-five years ago. That same sky I saw again over the same sea horizon at sunset only five weeks ago. And three or four days of sunshine following, I saw, to my amazement, that the skies of Turner were still bright above the foulness of smoke-cloud or the flight of plague-cloud; and that the forms which, in the pure air of Kent and Picardy, the upper cirri were capable of assuming, undisturbed by tornado, unmingled with volcanic exhalation, and lifted out of the white crests of ever-renewed tidal waves, were infinite, lovely and marvelous beyond any that I had ever seen from moor or alp; while yet on the horizon, if left for as much as an hour undefiled by fuel of fire, there was the azure air I had known of old, alike in the lowland distance and on the Highland hills. What might the coasts of France and England have been now, if from the days of Bertha in Canterbury, and of Godefroy in Boulogne, the Christian faith had been held by both nations in peace, in this pure air of heaven? What might the hills of Cheviot and the vale of Tweed have been now, if from the days of Cuthbert in Holy Isle, and of Edwin in Edinburgh, the Crosses of St. George and St. Andrew had been borne by brethren; and the fiery Percy and true Douglas laid down their lives only for their people?

FOLKESTONE, 11th October, 1887.

END OF "PRÆTERITA"



QUEEN VICTORIA

GREAT BRITAIN'S BEST-LOVED QUEEN

1819-1901

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Perhaps no sovereign has ever been more beloved by a nation than was Queen Victoria. Her long life was given earnestly and solemnly to the British people and they returned her devotion by an intense and unwavering affection. She became queen in 1837, just after her eighteenth birthday, and found a Liberal government then in power under Lord Melbourne. His kindly manner and constant thoughtfulness made the young queen attach herself to him very devotedly; but in after years when his cabinet was superseded by a Conservative one, she learned to trust quite as confidently in them.

Queen Victoria had always a methodical inclination toward the keeping of a diary. Her first effort was begun at fourteen and continued until after her marriage. In later years she kept occasional journals while traveling. Her childhood's diary was recently issued under the authorization of the British government, though only in abbreviated form.

This diary brings forth beautifully the tender nature of the young girl, and in the present version of it many of the long records of talks with Lord Melbourne have been omitted, the heart of the diary is all preserved. It includes her first meeting with Prince Albert, their wooing—with all its perplexing intricacies of state precedent—and finally their marriage. Albert was the second son of the ruler of the German state of Saxe-Coburg. They were married February 10, 1840, and continued very happy until Albert's death in 1861. Sorrow for her dearly beloved husband clouded all the queen's long forty years of widowhood.

VICTORIA'S DIARY

I

Friday, 24th May [1833].—To-day is my birthday. I am to-day fourteen years old! How *very old!!* I awoke at 1/2

past 5 and got up at $\frac{1}{2}$ *past* 7. I received from Mamma a lovely hyacinth brooch and a china pen tray. From Uncle Leopold a very kind letter, also one from Aunt Louisa and sister Feodora. I gave Mamma a little ring. From Lehzen I got a pretty little china figure, and a lovely little china basket. I gave her a golden chain and Mamma gave her a pair of earrings to match. From my maids, Frances and Caroline, I also got little trifles of their own work. From Sir Robert Gardiner,¹ a china plate with fruit. From Victoria and Emily Gardiner, two screens and a drawing done by them. From the Dean, some books. My brother Charles's present was not ready. At about $\frac{1}{2}$ *past* 10 came Sir John and his three sons. From Sir John² I received a very pretty picture of Dash, very like, the size of life. From Jane, Victoire, Edward, Stephen, and Henry, a very pretty enamel watch-chain. From Lady Conroy a sandalwood pincushion and needlecase. From Victoire alone, a pair of enamel earrings. The Duchess of Gordon sent me a lovely little crown of precious stones, which plays "God save the King," and a china basket. At 12 came the Duchess of Northumberland (who gave me an ivory basket filled with the work of her nieces), Lady Charlotte St. Maur a beautiful album with a painting on it; Lady Catherine Jenkinson a pretty night-lamp. Lady Cust, a tray of Staffordshire china. Sir Frederick Wetherall, two china vases from Paris. Doctor Maton,³ a small cedar basket. Lady Conroy, Jane, Victoire, Sir George Anson, Sir John, and the Dean came also. Lady Conroy brought Bijou (her little dog) with her, and she gave me a little sweet smelling box. They stayed till $\frac{1}{2}$ *past* 12. Victoire remained with us. I gave her a portrait of Isabel, her horse. At 1 we lunched. Victoire stayed till $\frac{1}{2}$ *past* 2. At $\frac{1}{2}$ *past* 2 came the Royal Family. The Queen gave me a pair of diamond earrings from the King. She gave me herself a brooch of turquoises and gold in the form of a bow. Aunt Augusta⁴ gave me a box of sandalwood.

¹ General Sir Robert Gardiner was Principal Equerry to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg at his marriage with Princess Charlotte.

² Sir John Conroy, Comptroller to the Duchess of Kent.

³ W. G. Maton, M.D., Physician to the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria.

⁴ 1768-1840. Daughter of George III.

From Aunt Gloucester,⁵ Aunt Sophia, and Uncle Sussex, a féronière of pearls. From Aunt Sophia⁶ alone, a bag worked by herself. From the Duke of Gloucester, a gold inkstand. From the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, a bracelet of turquoise; and the Duchess brought me a turquoise pin from my cousin George Cumberland. From Princess Sophia Mathilda, a blue topaz watch-hook. From George Cambridge,⁷ a brooch in the shape of a lily of the valley. Lady Mayo,⁸ who was in waiting on the Queen, gave me a glass bottle. They stayed till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 and then went away. I had seen in the course of the day, Sarah, my former maid, and Mrs. Brock. Ladies Emma and Georgiana Herbert⁹ sent me a sachet for handkerchiefs worked by themselves. Ladies Sarah and Clementina Villiers¹⁰ sent me some flowers as combs and a brooch. Mr. Collen sent me a little painting for my album. At a $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6 we dined.

Monday, 1st July.—I awoke at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 and got up at a $\frac{1}{4}$ past 5. At a $\frac{1}{4}$ past 6 we all breakfasted. At 7 o'clock we left Kensington Palace, Sir John going in a post-chaise before us, then our post-chaise, then Lehzen's landau, then my Cousins' carriage, then Charles's,¹¹ then Lady Conroy's, and then our maids'. It is a lovely morning. 5 minutes past 8—we have just changed horses at Esher. At 4 we arrived at Portsmouth. The streets were lined with soldiers, and Sir Colin Campbell¹² rode by the carriage. Sir Thomas Wil-

⁵ Mary, fourth daughter of George III, and wife of William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, her cousin.

⁶ 1777-1848. Daughter of George III.

⁷ George (1819-1904), afterwards Duke of Cambridge and Commander-in-Chief. He was two months older than the Princess.

⁸ Arabella, wife of the fourth Earl, a Lady-in-waiting to Queen Adelaide.

⁹ Daughters of the eleventh Earl of Pembroke. Lady Emma afterwards married the third Viscount de Vesci, and Lady Georgiana the fourth Marquess of Lansdowne.

¹⁰ Daughters of the fifth Earl of Jersey. Lady Sarah afterwards married Prince Nicholas Esterhazy. Lady Clementina died unmarried in 1858.

¹¹ Charles, Prince of Leiningen, son of the Duchess of Kent by her first marriage.

¹² Major-General Sir Colin Campbell (1776-1847), at this time Lieut.-Governor of Portsmouth and afterwards Governor of Ceylon. He had served with distinction in the Peninsular War and had received the Gold Cross and 6 clasps.

liams,¹³ the Admiral, took us in his barge, on board the *dear Emerald*. The Admiral presented some of the officers to us. We stayed about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour waiting for the baggage to be put on board the steamer, which was to tow us. We then set off and arrived at Cowes at about 7. We were most civilly received. Cowes Castle, the yacht-club, yachts, &c., &c., saluting us. We saw Lord Durham¹⁴ who is staying at Cowes. We drove up in a fly to Norris Castle, where we lodged two years ago, and where we are again living. My cousins and my brother were *delighted* with it.

Monday, 8th July.—At about 10 we went on board the *Emerald* with Alexander, Ernst,¹⁵ Lady Charlotte, Lady Conroy, Jane, Victoire, Sir John and Henry. We were towed up to Southampton by the *Medina* steam-packet. It rained several times very hard, and we were obliged to go down into the cabin very often. When we arrived at Southampton, Mamma received an address on board from the Corporation. We then got into the barge and rowed up to the new pier. The crowd was tremendous. We went into a tent erected on the pier, and I was very much frightened for fear my cousins and the rest of our party should get knocked about; however they at last got in. We then got into our barge and went on board the *Emerald* where we took our luncheon. We stayed a little while to see the regatta, which was going on, and then sailed home. It was a very wet afternoon.

II

Wednesday, 18th May [1836].—At a $\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 we went down into the Hall, to receive my Uncle Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and my Cousins, Ernest and Albert, his sons. My Uncle was here, now 5 years ago, and is looking extremely well. Ernest is as tall as Ferdinand and Augustus; he has dark hair, and fine dark eyes and eyebrows, but the nose and mouth are not good; he has a most kind, honest

¹³ Admiral Williams had rendered valuable services in conjunction with the army in the Low Counties, 1794-5; he became G.C.B. in 1831.

¹⁴ John George Lambton (1792-1840), the first Baron (and afterwards first Earl of) Durham, son-in-law of Lord Grey, had been Ambassador to St. Petersburg, and was now Lord Privy Seal,

¹⁵ Sons of Alexander, Duke of Württemberg.

and intelligent expression in his countenance, and has a very good figure. Albert, who is just as tall as Ernest but stouter, is extremely handsome; his hair is about the same color as mine; his eyes are large and blue, and he has a beautiful nose and a very sweet mouth with fine teeth; but the charm of his countenance is his expression, which is most delightful; *c'est à la fois* full of goodness and sweetness, and very clever and intelligent. We went upstairs with them, and after staying a few minutes with them, I went up to my room. Played and sang. Drew. At a little after 4 Uncle Ernest and my Cousins came up to us and stayed in my room till 10 minutes past 5. Both my Cousins are so kind and good; they are much more *formés* and men of the world than Augustus; they speak English very well, and I speak it with them. Ernest will be 18 years old on the 21st of June and Albert 17 on the 26th of August. Dear Uncle Ernest made me the present of a most delightful *Lory*, which is so tame that it remains on your hand, and you may put your finger into its beak, or do anything with it, without its ever attempting to bite.

Saturday, 21st May.—At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 we dined with Uncle Ernest, Ernest, Albert, Charles, Lady Flora, Count Kolowrat, Baron Alvensleben, &c. I sat between my dear Cousins. After dinner came Princess Sophia. Baron de Hoggier, who had arrived from Lisbon the day before, came after dinner, and took leave, on his way home. I sat between my dear Cousins on the sofa and we looked at drawings. They both draw very well, particularly Albert, and are both exceedingly fond of music; and they play very nicely on the piano. The more I see them the more I am delighted with them, and the more I love them. They are so natural, so kind, so *very* good and so well instructed and informed; they are so well bred, so truly merry and quite like children and yet very grown up in their manners and conversation. It is delightful to be with them; they are so fond of being occupied too; they are quite an example for any young person.

Friday, 10th June.—At 9 we all breakfasted for the *last* time together! It was our last HAPPY HAPPY breakfast, with this dear Uncle and those *dearest*, beloved Cousins, whom I *do* love so VERY VERY dearly; *much more dearly* than any other

Cousins in the *world*. Dearly as I love Ferdinand, and also good Augustus, I love Ernest and Albert *more* than them, oh yes, MUCH *more*. Augustus was like a good, affectionate child, quite unacquainted with the world, phlegmatic, and talking but very little; but dearest Ernest and dearest Albert are so grown-up in their manners, so gentle, so kind, so amiable, so agreeable, so very sensible and reasonable, and so *really* and truly good and kind-hearted. They have both learnt a good deal, and are very clever, naturally clever, particularly Albert, who is the most reflecting of the two, and they like very much talking about serious and instructive things and yet are so *very very* merry and gay and happy, like young people ought to be; Albert used always to have some fun and some clever witty answer at breakfast and everywhere; he used to play and fondle Dash so funnily too. Both he and Ernest are extremely attentive to *whatever* they hear and see, and take interest in everything they see. They were much interested with the sight of St. Paul's yesterday. At 11 dear Uncle, my *dearest beloved* Cousins, and Charles left us, accompanied by Count Kolowrat. I embraced both my dearest Cousins most warmly, as also my dear Uncle. I cried bitterly, very bitterly.

III

Wednesday, 24th May [1837].—Today is my 18th Birthday! How old! and yet how far am I from being what I should be. I shall from this day take the *firm* resolution to study with renewed assiduity, to keep my attention always well fixed on whatever I am about, and to strive to become every day less trifling and more fit for what, if Heaven wills it, I'm some day to be! At $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 10 we went to the ball at St. James's with the Duchess of Northumberland, dear Lehzen, Lady Flora and Lady Conroy, &c. The King though much better was unable of course to be there, and the Queen neither, so that, strange to say, Princess Augusta made the *honneurs*! I danced first with Lord Fitzalan,¹ 2ndly with Prince Nicholas Esterhazy,² who is a very amiable, agreeable,

¹ Grandson of the twelfth Duke of Norfolk who died in 1842. He succeeded as fourteenth Duke and died in 1860.

² Son of Prince Paul Esterhazy, Austrian Ambassador.

gentlemanly young man; 3rdly with the Marquis of Granby; ³ 4thly with the Marquis of Douro ⁴ who is very odd and amusing; and 5thly and lastly with the Earl of Sandwich ⁵ who is an agreeable young man. I wished to dance with Count Waldstein who is such an amiable man, but he replied that he could not dance quadrilles, and as in my station I unfortunately cannot valse and gallop, I could not dance with him. The beauties there were (in my opinion) the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Frances (or Fanny) Cowper, who is very pleasing, natural and clever-looking. . . . The Courtyard and streets were crammed when we went to the Ball, and the anxiety of the people to see poor stupid me was very great, and I must say I am quite touched by it, and feel proud which I always have done of my country and of the English Nation. I forgot to say that before we went to dinner we saw the dear children. I gave my beloved Lehzen a small brooch of my hair.

Thursday, 15th June.—The news of the King are so very bad that all my lessons save the Dean's are put off, including Lablache's, Mrs. Anderson's, Guazzaroni's, &c., &c., and we see *nobody*. I regret rather my singing-lesson, though it is only for a short period, but duty and *proper feeling* go before *all pleasures*.—10 minutes to 1,—I just hear that the Doctors think my poor Uncle the King cannot last more than 48 hours. Poor man! he was always kind to me, and he *meant* it well I know; I am grateful for it, and shall ever remember his kindness with gratitude. He was odd, very odd and singular but his intentions were often ill interpreted!—Wrote my journal. At about a $\frac{1}{4}$ p. 2 came Lord Liverpool and I had a highly important conversation with him—*alone*.

Tuesday, 20th June.—I was awoke at 6 o'clock by Mamma, who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were here, and wished to see me. I got out of bed and went into my sitting-room (only in my dressing-gown), and *alone*, and saw them. Lord Conyngham (the

³ Charles (1815-88), afterwards sixth Duke of Rutland, K.G.; he died unmarried. A man of grim manners but not unkindly heart.

⁴ Arthur Richard (1807-84), afterwards second Duke of Wellington, K.G. Almost better known by his courtesy title of Lord Douro.

⁵ John William (1811-84), seventh Earl of Sandwich, afterwards Master of the Buckhounds.

Lord Chamberlain) then acquainted me that my poor Uncle, the King, was no more, and had expired at 12 minutes p. 2 this morning, and consequently that I am *Queen*. Lord Conyngham knelt down and kissed my hand, at the same time delivering to me the official announcement of the poor King's demise. The Archbishop then told me that the Queen was desirous that he should come and tell me the details of the last moments of my poor, good Uncle; he said that he had directed his mind to religion, and had died in a perfectly happy, quiet state of mind, and was quite prepared for his death. He added that the King's sufferings at the last were not very great but that there was a good deal of uneasiness. Lord Conyngham, whom I charged to express my feelings of condolence and sorrow to the poor Queen, returned directly to Windsor. I then went to my room and dressed.

Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfill my duty towards my country; I am very young and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure, that very few have more real good will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have.

Breakfasted, during which time good faithful Stockmar came and talked to me. Wrote a letter to dear Uncle Leopold and a few words to dear good Feodore. Received a letter from Lord Melbourne ⁶ in which he said he would wait upon me at a little before 9. At 9 came Lord Melbourne, whom I saw in my room, and of COURSE *quite* ALONE as I shall *always* do all my Ministers. He kissed my hand and I then acquainted him that it had long been my intention to retain him and the rest of the present Ministry at the head of affairs, and that it could not be in better hands than his. He then again kissed my hand. He then read to me the Declaration which I was to read to the Council, which he wrote himself and which is a very fine one. I then talked with him some little longer time, after which he left me. He was in full dress. I like him very much and feel confidence in him. He is a very straightforward, honest, clever and good man. I then wrote a letter to the Queen. At about 11 Lord Melbourne came

⁶ William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne (1779-1848), was at this time Prime Minister and fifty-eight years old.

again to me and spoke to me on various subjects. At about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 I went downstairs and held a Council in the red saloon. I went in of course quite alone, and remained seated the whole time. My two Uncles, the Dukes of Cumberland⁷ and Sussex,⁸ and Lord Melbourne conducted me. The declaration, the various forms, the swearing in of the Privy Coun- cilers, of which there were a great number present, and the reception of some of the Lords of Council, previous to the Council in an adjacent room (likewise alone) I subjoin here. I was not at all nervous and had the satisfaction of hearing that people were satisfied with what I had done and how I had done it. Receiving after this, Audiences of Lord Mel- bourne, Lord John Russell, Lord Albemarle (Master of the Horse), and the Archbishop of Canterbury, all in my room and alone. Saw Stockmar. Saw Clark, whom I named my Physician. Saw Mary. Wrote to Uncle Ernest. Saw Ernest Hohenlohe who brought me a kind and very feeling letter from the poor Queen. I feel very much for her, and really feel that the poor good King was always so kind personally to me, that I should be ungrateful were I not to recollect it and feel grieved at his death. The poor Queen is wonder- fully composed now, I hear. Wrote my journal. Took my dinner upstairs alone. Went downstairs. Saw Stockmar. At about 20 minutes to 9 came Lord Melbourne and remained till near 10. I had a very important and a very *comfortable* conversation with him. Each time I see him I feel more con- fidence in him; I find him very kind in his manner too. Saw Stockmar. Went down and said good-night to Mamma &c. My *dear* Lehzen will ALWAYS remain with me as my friend but will take no situation about me, and I think she is right.

Wednesday, 21st June.—At $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 9 I went to St. James's

⁷ Ernest Augustus (1771-1851), fifth son of George III. He was considered unscrupulous, and was certainly most unpopular in this coun- try. He now succeeded William IV. as King of Hanover. Although of autocratic temperament, he granted his subjects a democratic constitu- tion, much to their surprise.

⁸ Augustus Frederick (1773-1843), sixth son of George III. His mari- riage to Lady Augusta Murray was declared void under the Royal Marriages Act. He had by her two children, Sir Augustus d'Este and Mlle. d'Este (afterwards wife of Lord Chancellor Truro). He married, secondly, Lady Cecilia Buggin (*née* Gore, daughter of the Earl of Arran), and to her was granted the title of Duchess of Inverness,

in state. Mamma and Lady Mary Stopford were in my carriage, and Lord Albemarle, Col. Cavendish, Lady Flora Hastings, and Col. Harcourt in the others. . . . After the Proclamation Mamma and the ladies repaired to an adjoining room and left me in the Closet. I gave audiences to Lord Melbourne (a long one), the Earl Marshal (Duke of Norfolk), and Garter King at Arms (Sir William Woods), relative to the funeral of my poor Uncle the late King; to Lord Albemarle, Lord Hill, Lord Melbourne (again for some time), and the Lord President (Lord Lansdowne). I then held a Privy Council in the Throne Room. It was not fully attended and was not the third part so full as it had been on the preceding day. The Marquis of Anglesey, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Spring Rice), Lords Wharncliffe, Ashburton, and Wynford, Sir Hussey Vivian, and some Judges were sworn in as Privy Councillors and kissed hands. After the Council I gave audiences to Lord Melbourne, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and all the Bishops except one or two, the Lord Chancellor and all the Judges; Sir Hussey Vivian (Master General of the Ordnance), Lord John Russell, Lord Glenelg, Mr. Poulett Thomson, Lord Howick, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Minto. I then returned home at 1. I must say it was quite like a dream and a sad one, when I was seated in the Closet where but barely 5 weeks ago I beheld for the last time my poor Uncle.

Thursday, 22nd June.—At 12 came the Judge Advocate General (Mr. Cutlar Ferguson) to submit various sentences of Court Martial to me. He is a very clever intelligent man and explained all the cases very clearly to me. I, of course saw him alone.

Friday, 23rd June.—I do not mention the *VERY frequent* communications I have with Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, &c., &c., &c., as also the other official letters I have to write and receive, for want of time and space. Saw good Stockmar, who remained in my room for some time. Saw the Marquis of Conyngham, then Lord Hill, who explained to me finally about the Court Martials, then Sir Henry Wheatley and Col. Wood, who as Executors of the late King, brought me his will.

Saturday, 24th June.—At 11 came Lord Melbourne and

stayed till 12. He is a very honest, good and kind-hearted, as well as very clever man. He told me that Lady Tavistock had accepted the situation. And he read to me the answer which I was to give to the address from the House of Lords. He told me that the Duke of Argyll would bring the Address but would not read it; and consequently I was not to read mine.

Monday, 26th June.—At $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 9 went with Mamma to Windsor. I was attended by Lady Tavistock and Colonel Cavendish, and Mamma by Lady Flora Hastings. We arrived at the Castle, which looked very mournful and melancholy with the flag half mast high, at about a $\frac{1}{4}$ p. 11. We went instantly to the poor Queen's apartments. She received me *most kindly* but was at first much affected. She however soon regained her self-possession and was wonderfully calm and composed. She gave us many painfully interesting details of the illness and last moments of my poor Uncle the late King. He bore his dreadful sufferings with the most exemplary patience and always thanked Heaven when these sufferings were but slightly and momentarily alleviated. He was in the happiest state of mind possible and his death was worthy his high station. He felt so composed and seemed to find so much consolation in Religion. The Queen is really a most estimable and excellent person and she bears the prospect of the great change she must soon go through in leaving Windsor and changing her position in a most admirable, strong and high-minded manner. I do not think her looking ill and the widow's cap and weeds rather become her.

I forgot to say that Lord Melbourne told me that the Duchess of Sutherland has accepted the office of Mistress of the Robes, and the Countess of Charlemont of one of my ladies of the Bedchamber. At $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 2 came the Duchess of Sutherland, whom I am delighted to have as my Mistress of the Robes; she was looking so handsome and nice. At about 10 minutes to 4 came Lord Melbourne and stayed till $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 4. I talked with him as usual on Political affairs, about my Household, and various other *Confidential* affairs.

Tuesday, 27th June.—At a little after $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 12 came Lord Palmerston and stayed till a little p. 1. He is a clever and agreeable man. Saw Lord John Russell and Lord Melbourne

for a minute. At a few minutes p. 2 I went down into the saloon with Lady Lansdowne; Col. Cavendish, the Vice-Chamberlain (Lord Charles Fitzoy), and the Comptroller (Mr. Byng) were in waiting. Lord Melbourne then came in and announced that the Addresses from the House of Commons were ready to come in. They were read by Lord John Russell, and I read an answer to both. Lord Melbourne stood on my left hand and Lady Lansdowne behind me. Most of the Privy Councillors of the House of Commons were present. After this Lord Palmerston brought in the Earl of Durham, who is just returned from St. Petersburg. I conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Bath. I knighted him with the Sword of State which is so enormously heavy that Lord Melbourne was obliged to hold it for me, and I only inclined it. I then put the ribbon over his shoulder. After this the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers were severally introduced to me by Lord Palmerston. I then went upstairs and gave audiences to the Earl of Mulgrave and to the Earl of Durham. The latter gave a long account of Russia. Did various things.

Saturday, 1st July.—I repeat what I said before that I have *so many* communications from the Ministers, and from me to them, and I get so many papers to sign *every* day, that I have always a *very great* deal to do; but for want of time and space I do not write these things down. I *delight* in this work. Saw Lord Melbourne. At about $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 11 or a $\frac{1}{4}$ to 12 came Mr. Spring Rice. Saw Lord John Russell. Wrote &c. At 2 came Sir Henry Wheatley to kiss hands upon being appointed my Privy Purse.

Sunday, 2nd July.—At 10 minutes to 2 came Lord Melbourne till a few minutes p. 3. Talked with him about many important things. He is indeed a most truly honest, straightforward and noble-minded man and I esteem myself *most* fortunate to have such a man at the head of the Government; a man in whom I can safely place confidence. There are not *many* like him in this world of deceit!

Saturday, 8th July.—At a $\frac{1}{4}$ p. 7 I, Mamma, Mary and Lehzen dined, Charles having gone at 5 o'clock to Windsor to attend the funeral of my poor Uncle, the late King. It was very very sad to hear from $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 8 till nearly 10 o'clock

those dreadful minute guns! Alas! my poor Uncle, he now reposes in quiet and peace! As Lord Melbourne said to me, the first morning when I became Queen, that the poor King "had his faults as we all have, but that he possessed many valuable qualities." I have heard from all sides that he was really very fond of me, and I shall *ever* retain a grateful sense of his kindness to me and shall never forget him. Life is short and uncertain, and I am determined to employ my time well, so that when I am called away from this world my end may be a peaceful and a happy one!

Wednesday, 12th July.—At a little before 2 I went with Mamma and the Duchess of Sutherland (in my carriage), Charles and Mary and Lady Tavistock and Lord Albemarle (in the next carriage), and Lady Mary Stopford and Colonel Cavendish in another. I was in full dress and wore the Order of the Bath. I went in state with a large escort. I was received at the door by the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, &c., &c., and was by them conducted into the Closet, where some people kissed hands. I then went into the Throne Room, Lord Conyngham handing me in, and a Page of Honor (Master Ellice) bearing my train. I sat on the Throne. Mamma and Mary stood on the steps of the Throne on one side, and the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Tavistock stood near me (behind). I then received the two Addresses (of which, as also of all the other things, I subjoin an account), and read Answers to both. I then returned to the Closet; and went into another room to put on the Mantle of the Bath (of crimson satin lined with white silk); I then saw Lord Melbourne in the Closet for a few minutes. After this I went again into the Throne-room, and seated myself on the Throne. I then conferred the Order of the Bath (*not sitting* of course) upon Prince Esterhazy. After this I held a Privy Council. After the Council I gave audiences to the Earl of Yarborough (who thanked me very much for having appointed his amiable daughter, Lady Charlotte Copley, one of my Bedchamber Women); to Lord Melbourne, Lord John Russell, Lord Mulgrave, and Lord Hill. I then left the Palace, the Duchess of Sutherland (who looked lovely, as she always does), and Lady Tavistock, going with me in my carriage, in the same way as I came, and got home at a $\frac{1}{4}$ to 5.

Thursday, 13th July.—Got up at 8. At $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 9 we breakfasted. It was the *last time* that I slept in this poor old Palace, as I go into Buckingham Palace to-day. Though I rejoice to go into B.P. for many reasons, it is not without feelings of regret that I shall bid adieu *forever* (that is to say *forever* as a DWELLING), to this my birth-place, where I have been born and bred, and to which I am really attached! I have seen my dear sister married here, I have seen many of my dear relations here, I have had pleasant balls and *delicious* concerts here, my present rooms upstairs are really very pleasant, comfortable and pretty, and *enfin* I like this poor Palace. I have held my first Council here too! I have gone through painful and disagreeable scenes here, 'tis true, but still I am fond of the poor old Palace. At a little after 2 I went with Mamma and Lady Lansdowne (in my carriage), Leizen, and Col. Cavendish (in the next) to Buckingham Palace. I am much pleased with my rooms. They are high, pleasant and cheerful. Arranged things.

Friday, 14th July.—At a few minutes to 2 I went with Mamma and the Duchess of Sutherland (in my carriage), Lady Charlemont and Lord Albemarle (in the next carriage), and Charles, Mary, and Lady Flora (in the other) to St. James's. I was in full dress and wore the blue ribbon and star of the Garter, and the Garter round my arm. I was received in the same way as before. I went into the Throne Room, sat on the Throne, and received three Addresses in the same way as on Friday. Two of the Addresses were very fully attended and the room became intensely hot. I then put on the Mantle and Collar of the Garter (of dark blue velvet lined with white silk). Gave a few minutes' audience to Lord Melbourne. I then went into the Throne Room (did not sit on the Throne), held a Chapter of the Garter and conferred that Order on Charles. Mamma, Charles and Mary went away immediately after this, but I remained and gave a long audience to Lord Melbourne, who read to me the Speech which I am to deliver when I prorogue Parliament. He reads so well and with *so* much good feeling. I am sorry to see him still looking ill. I then saw the Duke of Devonshire. Came home with my two Ladies at $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 4.

Saturday, 15th July.—At a few minutes p. 2 I went into

one of the large drawing-rooms and held a Cabinet Council, at which were present all the Ministers. The Council lasted but a very short while. I then went into my Closet and received Lord Melbourne there. He stayed with me till 20 minutes to 4. He seemed and said he was better. He has such an honest, frank, and yet gentle manner. He talks so quietly. I always feel peculiarly satisfied when I have talked with him. I have *great* confidence in him. After dinner, at 10 o'clock came *Thalberg*,⁹ the most famous pianist in the world! He played four things, all by heart. They were all Fantasia's by him; (1) on *The Prèghiera of Mosé*, (2) on "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia," (3) on *Norma*, (4) on *Les Huguenots*. Never, never did I hear anything at all like him! He combines the most *exquisite, delicate* and touching feeling with the most wonderful and powerful execution! He is unique and I am quite in ecstasies and raptures with him. I sat quite near the piano and it is quite extraordinary to watch his hands, which are large, but fine and graceful. He draws tones and sounds from the piano which no one else can do. He is *unique*. He is quite young, about 25, small, delicate-looking, a very pleasing countenance, and extremely gentlemanlike. He is modest to a degree and very agreeable to talk to. J'étais en extase!

Monday, 17th July.—At ½ p. 1 I went in state to the House of Lords, with the Duchess of Sutherland and the Master of the Horse in my carriage, and Lady Lansdowne and Lady Mulgrave in another. Had I time I would give a very minute account of the whole, but as I have *very* little, I will only say what I feel I wish particularly to name. I went first to the Robing-room, but as there was so many people there I went to a Dressing-room where I put on the Robe which is enormously heavy. After this I entered the House of Lords preceded by all the Officers of State and Lord Melbourne bearing the Sword of State walking just before me. He stood quite close to me on the left-hand of

⁹ Sigismund Thalberg (1812-71) was now in the full flood of success. He wrote many fantasias on operatic themes, *e.g.* on *Robert le Diable*, *Zampa*, etc. In 1845 he married a widow, the daughter of Lablache. As a composer he never succeeded in emulating his success as a pianist. Later in life he abandoned music, and became a professional vine-grower.

the Throne, and I feel always a satisfaction to have him near me on such occasions, as he is such an honest, good, kind-hearted man and is my *friend*, I know it. The Lord Chancellor stood on my left. The house was very full and I felt somewhat (but very little) nervous before I read my speech, but it did very well, and I was happy to hear people were satisfied. I then unrobed in the Library and came home as I went, at 20 minutes p. 3.

Wednesday, 19th July.—I gave audiences to various foreign Ambassadors, amongst which were Count Orloff, sent by the Emperor of Russia to compliment me. He presented me with a letter from the Empress of Russia accompanied by the Order of St. Catherine all set in diamonds. (I, of course, as I generally do every evening, wore the Garter.) The Levee began immediately after this and lasted till ½ p. 4 without one minute's interruption. I had my hand kissed nearly 3000 times! I then held a Council, at which were present almost all the Ministers.

IV

Friday, 23rd February [1838].—I lamented my being *so* short, which Lord M. smiled at and thought no misfortune. Spoke to him of the Levee, the place where I stood which some people objected to, which led him to speak of the old Court in the time of George III., when a Levee and also a Drawing-room was like an Assembly; the King and Queen used to come into the room where the people were already assembled, and to walk round and speak to the people; they did not speak to everybody, and it was considered no offense, he said, if they did not. I asked him when he first went to Court; he said in the year 1803, he thought; it was at the time when everybody volunteered their services and when he was in a Volunteer Corps. Spoke of Lord Howe, his remaining about the Queen;¹ and when he was made to resign.

Tuesday, 27th February.—I said to Lord Melbourne that Uncle Leopold was amazingly frightened when the Prince of Orange came over with his sons, as he always imagined that

¹Lord Howe's attitude was one of hostility to the Government. He had been Lord Chamberlain to Queen Adelaide and was believed to have encouraged her in inciting the King against the ministry of Lord Grey.

the late King had *some intentions* about that; (meaning a marriage between me and one of the young Princes). "And so he had," said Lord Melbourne decidedly. "He sounded me about it," and Lord Melbourne wrote to him (the late King) to say that in a political point of view, he did not think it a desirable thing; that the country would not like a connection with Holland; the King was much disappointed at this, Lord Melbourne said; he (the King) had always a fear about a marriage; he was afraid Mamma had intentions, which I observed she certainly had; and that the King therefore thought "he must *dévançer* her"; that Lord Melbourne told him, if he wished such a thing he had better be sure first if the *Parties* themselves liked it; for that he never could force such a thing; of which Lord Melbourne said the King never seemed sensible; at which I laughed. He said that the Prince of Orange also came to him (Ld. M.) from the King, and asked him if he or the Government had any objection to such a connection. "Personally," Lord Melbourne said to him, "there could be no objection; no more than to any other Prince in Europe"; but at the same time he must tell him that his (the Prince's) country was so situated that it would be constantly involved in war if any war was to break out; "I told him as much as that," Lord Melbourne said, "and that I could not say anything until we saw it in some sort of shape or other." This was all very curious and interesting for me to hear.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *Wednesday, 7th March.*—Dressed for riding. At a few m. p. 12 I *rode* out with Lord Conyngham, Lord Uxbridge, dear Lehzen, Miss Cavendish, Col. Cavendish, and Sir G. Quentin and Mr. Fozard. I mounted in the garden just under the terrace in order that nobody should know I was going to ride out. I rode my dear favorite Tartar who went perfectly and *most delightfully*, never shying, never starting through all the *very* noisy streets, rattling omnibuses—carts—carriages, &c., &c. I quite *love* him. We rode out through the garden, through the gate on Constitution Hill; round the park by the water, out at the new gate, by Lord Hill's former villa, a good way on the Harrow Road, I should say within 4 or 5 miles of Harrow—then down a pretty narrow lane where one could fancy oneself 2 or 300

miles from London, out by Willesden Field (where I had never been), and Kilburn, down the Edgware Road—Connaught Place, through omnibuses, carts, &c., &c., in at Cumberland Gate, galloped up to Hyde Park Corner—and in at the same garden gate at Constitution Hill, and safely to the Palace at 10 m. to 3. It was a lovely day, a beautiful and delicious ride, and I have come home quite charmed and delighted.

Wednesday, 15th August.—I asked Lord Melbourne if it ever had been usual for the Sovereign to *read* the Speech *after* the Prime Minister had done so at the Council, as Lord Lansdowne had twice asked that question. Lord Melbourne said, never; but that the late King had done it once, when he was in a great state of irritation, and had said, "I will read it myself, paragraph by paragraph." This was the last time the late King ever prorogued Parliament in person. I asked if Brougham was in the House; he said no, he was gone. I told him I heard Brougham had asked Lady Cowper down to Brougham Hall; but that she wouldn't go; I asked if she knew him (Brougham) well; Lord Melbourne said very well, and "I've known him all my life; he can't bear me now; he won't speak to me; I've tried to speak to him on ordinary subjects in the House of Lords, but he won't answer, and looks very stern"; Lord Melbourne said, laughing, "Why, we've had several severe set-to's, and I've hit him very hard." I asked if he (B.) didn't still sit on the same bench with Lord Melbourne. "Quite on the gangway; only one between," replied Lord Melbourne. Lord Melbourne and I both agreed that it was *since* the King's death that Brougham was so enraged with Lord Melbourne; for, till then, he would have it that it was the *King's* dislike to him (and the King made no objection whatever to him, Lord Melbourne told me) and *not Lord Melbourne*; "he wouldn't believe me," Lord M. said: "And *now* he's undeceived." Brougham always, he said, used to make a great many speeches. I observed that I thought if his daughter was to die, he would go mad; but Lord Melbourne doesn't think so; and said, "A man who is always very odd never goes really mad."

Thursday, 16th August.—"You were rather nervous,"² said

² This refers to the reading by the Queen of her "Speech."

Lord Melbourne; to which I replied, dreadfully so; "More so than any time," he continued. I asked if it was observed; he said, "I don't think any one else would have observed it, but I could see you were." Spoke of my fear of reading it too low, or too loud, or too quick; "I thought you read it very well," he said kindly. I spoke of my great nervousness, which I said I feared I never would get over. "I won't flatter Your Majesty that you ever will; for I think people scarcely ever get over it; it belongs to a peculiar temperament, sensitive and susceptible; that shyness generally accompanies high and right feelings," said Lord Melbourne most kindly; he was so kind and paternal to me. He spoke of my riding, which he thought a very good thing. "It gives a feeling of ease the day one has done with Parliament," said Lord Melbourne. He spoke of the people in the Park when I went to the House; and I said how very civil the people were—*always*—to me; which touched him; he said it was a very good thing; it didn't do to rely too much on those things, but that it was well it was there. I observed to Lord Melbourne how ill and out of spirits the Duke of Sussex was; "I have ended the Session in great charity," said Lord Melbourne, "with the Duke of Wellington, but I don't end it in charity with those who didn't vote with the Duke when he voted with us"; we spoke of all that; "The Duke is a very great and able man," said Lord Melbourne, "but he is more often wrong than right." Lord Holland wouldn't allow this; "Well, let's throw the balance the other way," continued Lord Melbourne, "but when he is wrong he is *very* wrong."

Friday, 17th August.—I then told Lord Melbourne that I had so much to do, I didn't think I possibly could go to Windsor on Monday; he said if I put off going once for that reason, I should have to put it off again, which I wouldn't allow; I said there were so many things to go, and to pack,—and so many useless things; "I wouldn't take those useless things," said Lord Melbourne laughing. I then added that he couldn't have an idea of the number of things women had to pack and take; he said many men had quite as much,—which I said couldn't be, and he continued that Lord Anglesey had 36 trunks; and that many men had 30 or 40 different waistcoats, and neck-cloths, to choose from; which made me

laugh; I said a man *couldn't* really want more than 3 or 4 coats for some months. He said in fact 6 were enough for a year,—but that people had often fancies for more. I said our dresses required such smooth packing; “Coats ought to be packed smooth,” replied Lord Melbourne.

Saturday, 8th September.—We rode round Virginia Water. As I was galloping homewards, before we came to the Long Walk, on the grass and not very fast, Uncle left my side and I went on alone with Lord Melbourne, when something frightened Uxbridge, who was alarmed at being left without his second companion, and he swerved against Lord M.'s horse so much, that I came *off*; I fell on one side sitting, not a bit hurt or put out or frightened, but astonished and amused,—and was up, and laughing, before Col. Cavendish and one of the gentlemen, all greatly alarmed, could come near me, and said, “I'm not hurt.” Lord M.'s horse shied away at the same moment mine did; *he* was much frightened and turned quite pale, kind, good man; he said, “Are you sure you're not hurt?” I instantly remounted and cantered home; Lord M. was rather alarmed again and thought Uxbridge was inclined to shy. I sat between Uncle and Lord Melbourne. Uncle talked much, and praised me for my behavior during my *feat* of falling! Lord Melbourne said most kindly and anxiously, “Are you *really* not the worse?” He repeated this twice. We spoke of how it happened; he said he didn't *see* me fall, but *heard* me fall; he said it was fortunate his horse jumped away, else I might have been hurt.

v

Sunday, 24th February [1839].—Talked of Lord Douro's marriage to Lady Elizabeth Hay,¹ one of Lord Tweeddale's daughters, being settled; both Lady Normanby and I said we should not believe it till we saw Lord Douro really married, for that he was so very changeable; they said Lord Duoro had been out shopping with the young lady; and Lord M. said, “Shopping is very demonstrative,” which made us laugh; and “There is a day when even the most *volage* is

¹ Daughter of eighth Marquess of Tweeddale. She became Lady Douro, and afterwards Duchess of Wellington. She outlived the Duke many years.

fixed, and has his wings clipped." Talked of the picture of Van Amburgh and the Lions Landseer is making. "Why, he" (V. Amburgh) "quite brings Daniel down," said Lord M.; and he talked of the Power the ancients had with Music over beasts, and passions; we said that would have no effect on him (Ld. M.); he said Orpheus would; which made us laugh; he said the formation of the organ of the ear was different, and also that the dislike came from want of attention. "I have music in me," he said, "if it was awoke; only I never attended to it." If he really had *liked* it, I said, he must have attended to it. "I never could dance in time," he said; "I never knew when it began. Sir Isaac Newton said," he continued, "'The only difference between me and a carter, is attention.'" "I despised music when I was young, beyond everything," said Lord M., "and everybody who liked it; I was very foolish." It was the fashion, he said, then, to dislike music and dancing, and to lounge upon the sofas.

Tuesday, 5th March.—Lord M. said that he had received a letter from the Duke of Wellington the day before yesterday, in which the Duke says that there is a gentleman in Hampshire whose son was Aide-de-Camp to the Emperor of Russia, and that he had written over (I suppose to his Father) that he had seen a large plan on the Emperor's table of an intention to attack the East Indies with his fleet, that the Emperor had referred it to his Ministers, and that he had afterwards seen it on the Emperor's table marked "approved"; the Duke says he does not think it at all probable that such a large and difficult undertaking should really be in contemplation, but he thinks it possible that the Emperor would get his Fleet into the Mediterranean, and wishes that something should be done to prevent their coming out; the Duke thought this intelligence ought not to be totally disregarded and therefore brought it before the Government. "I don't think it very probable," said Lord M., "but it mustn't be totally disregarded."² Lord M. then said he was afraid they were in a scrape about the Registrar's Certificate for a marriage, of

²This ridiculous story was proved afterwards to be a pure fabrication. It is interesting as an illustration of the type of sensational gossip that finds credence in all countries and under all forms of government.

which he already told me the other night; it sounds exceedingly absurd, a man has married his grandmother; Lord M. told me the case; an old man of 70 named John Payne married a girl of 17; he had a grown-up son who had an illegitimate son; and on the death of the old man, this same natural son married his grandfather's widow,—which is, of course, quite wrong; and the mistake arose, Lord M. said, from the Registrar saying that an illegitimate child was no relation, "nullius filius," Lord M. said, and that therefore he might marry his grandmother; now, Lord M. said, this is quite wrong, and only applies to inheritance of property and not to a thing of this sort; "else," he said, "a man might marry his Mother or his Sister."

Monday, 11th March.—Talked of the late King's serious and real intention to marry me to the second son of the Prince of Orange; "He was very eager about it," said Lord M., "he was very angry with me about that, for I made a great many objections to it." Lord M. said the King meant to have managed it any how, and he was always afraid of being "forestalled" about it, which I said he very likely would have been. "The Prince of Orange was very anxious about it," Lord M. continued; "he came to me about it, and said the King wished it very much, but that he knew that wasn't the only thing in this country; and he wished to know if I had any decided objection to it." I talked of my Uncle being greatly alarmed about it. Pozzo, Lord M. said, and all the Russians, were anxious and always wishing for the Dutch alliance. I asked Lord M. did he think Pozzo was still for it; Lord M. said, of course they always wished for such an alliance; I asked was there in general much said about my marrying. "I haven't heard anything," he said, "but there will be some day a great deal; but I'll ask." "The best way to prevent that," I said, "was by never marrying at all," and that I used to frighten my relations by saying so. I asked him did he think the Country was anxious I should marry, for that I wished to remain as I was for some time to come; he said he didn't believe they showed any wish for it as yet.

Wednesday, 13th March.—I said to Lord M. I knew I had been very disagreeable and cross in the morning, which he

didn't allow. I said I had been exceedingly angry with John Russell for not letting me go to Drury Lane; Lord M. laughed and said, "But it can't be." I couldn't get my gloves on, and Lord M. said, "It's those consumed rings; I never could bear them." I said I was fond of them, and that it improved an ugly hand. "Makes it worse," he replied; I said I didn't wear them of a morning. "*Much better*," he said, "and if you didn't wear them, nobody else would." Ear-rings he thinks barbarous. I said I thought I was not getting stronger. "Why, you have every appearance of getting stronger," he said, and "You should take the greatest care of your health; there's nothing like health; particularly in your situation; it makes you so independent; bad health puts you into the power of people."

Friday, 15th March.—I said I hoped he would always tell me whatever he heard; he said, "I always do." "Not lately," I said; "I haven't heard anything lately." "For," I added, "I was sure I made a great many mistakes"; "No, I don't know that at all. People said," he continued, "that I was 'lofty, high, stern, and decided,' but that's much better than that you should be thought familiar. I said to Stanley,"³ he continued, "it's far better that the Queen should be thought high and decided, than that she should be thought weak. 'By God!' he said, 'they don't think that of her; you needn't be afraid of that.'" Lord M. seemed to say this with pleasure. "The natural thing," he continued, "would be to suppose that a girl would be weak and undecided; but they don't think that." I said that I was often very childish, he must perceive; "No, not at all, I don't see that in any respect," he said.

Sunday, 17th March.—Talked of the Archbishop of York and his being so wonderful for his age; I made Lord M. laugh by saying he told me that Lord M. had said to him, "You Bishops are sad dogs." "He's a good-natured lively man," said Lord M. "He was always very kind to me when I asked his advice about people." Lord M. went to the Speaker's Levee⁴ after his dinner. Lord M. said Prime Ministers

³ Afterwards Earl of Derby, and Prime Minister.

⁴ The Speaker's Levee still remains an institution. The Commander-in-Chief's Levee died with the office in 1904.

always used to have them, and they were given up by Mr. Pitt out of laziness; they used to be in the morning and Lord M. said there was a curious account of the Duke of Newcastle's levees in one of Smollett's novels; "He used to run in to it half shaved, with the lather on one side of his face," said Lord M., "but that was the right thing; it's meant to be while you are getting up; I hold a levee; I see people while I'm dressing." I asked him if that didn't tire him. "No, not at all, and it don't keep them waiting," he replied.

Friday, 22nd March.—Got up at $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 9. Very anxious and nervous. Saw by the papers we were beat by 5; and they had sat till 4! I am in a sad state of suspense; it is now $\frac{3}{4}$ p. 12, and I have not yet heard from Lord Melbourne; I hear he was still asleep when my box arrived, and I desired they shouldn't wake him. Arranged things; wrote. Heard from Lord Melbourne: "It is now twelve o'clock and Lord Melbourne was so tired with the debate of last night that he has slept until now. The majority, as your Majesty sees, was very small. We must have a Cabinet this morning in order to consider what steps are to be taken. It must be at Lord Lansdowne's, as he is confined with the gout and cannot go out. Lord Melbourne will be with Your Majesty by one—if possible."

At about 5 m. to 2 he came and stayed with me till at $\frac{1}{4}$ p. 2. I asked how he was and if he wasn't very tired. "Not very," he replied, "I was very tired last night." It was so late. "I don't know what's to be done, really," he said. "We are going to have a Meeting at Lansdowne's to consider the question; it's a direct censure upon the Government." I asked Lord M. who had been appointed on this Committee of Inquiry into the state of Ireland. "Oh! they have appointed it fairly enough; we can't complain of unfairness in the appointing of it; but it is *having* the Committee that is the difficulty to get over," said Lord M. Lord Melbourne told me he was sure we would be beat last night, and expected "by a much larger majority." He also said to me, "I'm afraid you were very uneasy at not hearing, but I thought 5 o'clock was too late to send." Received at a $\frac{1}{4}$ to 5 the following communication from Lord Melbourne: "that the Cabinet have decided—1st, that it is impossible to acquiesce in the Vote of

last night in the House of Lords; 2ndly, that it would not be justifiable to resign in the face of the declaration which I made in the year 1836, in the House of Lords, that I would maintain my post as long as I possessed the confidence of the Crown and of the House of Commons, particularly as there is no reason to suppose that we have lost the confidence of that House. 3rdly, that the course to be pursued is to give notice in the House of Commons to-night, that the sense of that House will be taken immediately after the Easter Holidays upon a Vote of approbation of the principles of Lord Normanby's Government of Ireland. If we lose that question or carry it by a small majority, we must resign. If we carry it, we may go on.—This is a plain statement of the case, and this course will at least give Your Majesty time to consider what is to be done.'—I forbear making any observations upon this until I have talked fully to Lord Melbourne upon it, with the exception of one, which is—that as for “the confidence of the Crown,” God knows! *no Minister, no friend* EVER possessed it so entirely as this truly excellent Lord Melbourne possesses mine! ⁵

Lord M. didn't hear Lord Carew, as he went out of the House for a moment when he was speaking; I said I heard he didn't speak well; “He speaks with that Wexford shriek,” said Lord M. He said to Lady Normanby, “Normanby is too thin-skinned, too susceptible; and that's his fault; he shouldn't mind being abused; nobody should mind that. Brougham said to Duncannon, ‘Tell that foolish friend of yours, Normanby, not to mind being abused, for he is paid to bear it.’” Talked of Brougham being a bad man with no heart; Lord M. said, “No, he *has* a heart; he has feeling, I should say he was too susceptible and acted from sudden impulses.” Talked of contradicting abuse in the papers, and

⁵NOTE BY QUEEN VICTORIA, 1st October, 1842.—Reading this again, I cannot forbear remarking what an artificial sort of happiness *mine* was *then*, and what a blessing it is I have now in my beloved Husband *real* and solid happiness, which no Politics, no worldly reverses *can* change; it could not have lasted long, as it was then, for after all, kind and excellent as Lord M. is, and kind as he was to [me], it was but in Society that I had amusement, and I was only living on that superficial resource, which I *then fancied* was happiness! Thank God! for *me* and others, this is changed, and I *know what* REAL happiness is.—V. R.

Lord M. said, there might one day come something one couldn't well contradict, and therefore it was better not to contradict at all. We were seated much as usual, my truly valuable and excellent Lord Melbourne being seated near me. I said to Lord M. that I was sure I never could bear up against difficulties; Lord M. turned round close to me, and said very earnestly and affectionately, "Oh! you will; you must; it's in the lot of your Station, you must prepare yourself for it." I said I never could, and he continued, "Oh! you will; you always behaved very well." I said to Lord M. I was sure he hadn't a doubt we should carry it.⁶ I said I felt so helpless; "I don't see what any Sovereign can do, old or young, male or female," he said, "but to put themselves into the hands of the person that they have chosen as Minister;" talking of the whole thing, Lord M. said, "We'll do everything we can to avert it; I never thought we should have carried you on as far as we have done."

Friday, 12th July.—Talked of my fearing that too many of my relations had come over this year, which Lord M. didn't think, and said there had been no remarks made about it. Talked of my Cousins Ernest and Albert coming over,—my having no great wish to see Albert, as the whole subject was an odious one, and one which I hated to decide about; there was no engagement between us, I said, but that the young man was aware that there was the possibility of such a union; I said it wasn't right to keep him on, and not right to decide before they came; and Lord M. said I should make them distinctly understand anyhow that I couldn't do anything for a year; I said it was disagreeable for me to see him though, and a disagreeable thing. "It's very disagreeable," Lord M. said. I begged him to say nothing about it to anybody, or to answer questions about it, as it would be very disagreeable to me if other people knew it. Lord M. I didn't mind, as I told him everything. Talked of Albert's being younger. "I don't know that that signifies," said Lord M. "I don't know what the impression would be," he continued, "there's no anxiety for it; I expected there would be." I said better wait till impatience was shown. "Certainly better wait for a year or two," he said; "it's a very serious question." I said I wished

⁶The vote of confidence to be moved in the House of Commons.

if possible never to marry. "I don't know about *that*," he replied.

Sunday, 14th July.—Talked of the foliage being in beauty, and I said neither the lime blossoms or the flowers smelt hardly at all in this garden; Lord M. wouldn't believe it, and said, "Everything does better in London; London beats the country hollow in flowers." Talked of the garden being, as I said, very dull; "All gardens are dull," said Lord M., "a garden is a dull thing." Talked of the garden in St. James's Park, and Lord M. said there was a great piece of work about the old Swan being killed, in consequence of their having brought in too many other swans; this swan was called Old Jack, and had been hatched in the year '70!! "They are very angry with me," said Lord M. I asked why; "Because I didn't see that it was taken care of."

Wednesday, 17th July.—Talked of the fate of Edward II. and Richard II. being so alike, and so uncertain; the one by his wife's connivance. Talked of Edward III.'s *seven* sons; of Henry V.'s widow marrying Owen Tudor, who was illegitimately descended from John of Gaunt. "They didn't mind what a Queen Dowager did then," Lord M. said; "they seldom returned." Anne of Cleves for instance lived and died here. Talked of Henry VIII. behaving very ill to her; he called her "a Flanders mare"; of his using his other wives so ill; Jane Seymour, I said, narrowly escaped being beheaded. "Oh! no, he was very fond of her," said Lord M., which I denied. "She died in child-bed when Edward VI. was born." And poor Catherine of Aragon he ill-used, I said; "He got tired of her," said Lord M., "she was a sad, groaning, moaning woman," which made me laugh. "She had always an idea that her marriage was formed in blood," he said, on account of the poor Earl of Warwick's death, which always hung upon her mind. Talked of Catherine Parr's narrowly escaping death. Lord M. said, "He got to be dreadfully tyrannical; when he began he had every sort of good feeling." Talked of Mary. "She was dreadfully bigoted, she would have sacrificed everything to her religion," he said. Talked of her cruelty—her having poor Jane Grey, her own cousin, executed. Talked of her (J. Grey's) sister, who died in prison, and whom Queen Elizabeth ill-treated because she mar-

ried somebody without her leave. "Oh! she was dreadfully tyrannical," said Lord M., "just like her father; very stern; she was a Roman Catholic in fact, except the supremacy of the Pope; that she would never submit to." Talked of poor Mary of Scots' execution, which M. said Elizabeth delayed too long, for that her Ministers had been urging it. "When she signed it," said Lord M., "she said, 'I know Lord Walsingham will die of grief when he hears it'; it wasn't right of her to joke at such a moment." Talked of poor Mary. "She was a bad woman," said Lord M., "she was a silly, idle, coquettish French girl." I pitied her; talked of Darnley's brutality about Rizzio; Lord M. fears there's no doubt about her being aware of the intention of murdering Darnley, talked of her unhappiness, and the roughness of the Scotch towards her; of her brother Moray, whom Lord M. admires.

"Macaulay says," said Lord M., "no Christian Prince ever mourned for a Mahomedan; and Mahomedans never wear mourning; they take off their turbans and put ashes on their heads, but never change their garb." "I was speaking to Palmerston about Peel the other day, and he said," continued Lord M., "'The Queen would have liked Peel better when she knew him'; he says that he is much the best of them, that he is a very fair man; that he is not a very *high-minded* man, and has shown himself less so than he thought he had been.'

Saturday, 27th July.—"Party went off well?" he asked. I replied Yes, but that a Concert always dragged, as people couldn't and mustn't talk. "You say the Queen Dowager was rather affected," he said, (I wrote to him last night,) "the same plate, the same servants," he observed (quite touched). I said I had great difficulty in persuading her to go before me, for that she said that really was *too* wrong, that she couldn't think of doing it, but I forced her to do it; she said to me, "I must obey." "I was sure she wouldn't like that," said Lord M. with tears in his eyes, and he was also much affected when I told him that she said she *felt* kind intentions. Talked of my fearing to go to Windsor this year; of my getting tired of the place; of George III. living almost always at Windsor, hunting 6 times a week, which Lord M. thinks he did till 1800; certainly after his 1st illness in 1788.

Wednesday, 31st July.—At 5 I went downstairs with Leh-

zen and Matilda to the Equerries' room, where Lord Melbourne was sitting to Grant ⁷ (since a ¼ p. 4) on that wooden horse without head or tail, looking so funny, his white hat on, an umbrella in lieu of a stick in one hand, and holding the reins which were fastened to the steps in the other; he sat there so patiently and kindly, doing just what he was told⁸; but, as Grant said, he is not easy to paint, for he either looks grave and absorbed, or laughs and goes into the other extreme; he is always changing his countenance; I was *so* amused. Grant kept telling him, "Now Lord Melbourne, hold your head in the right position,"—for he kept looking at Islay and trying to touch him with his umbrella; and then, "Now sit up, Lord Melbourne." Grant has got him so like; it is such a happiness for me to have that dear kind friend's face, which I do like and admire so, so like; his face, his expression, his air, his white hat, and his cravat, waistcoat and coat, all just as he wears it.

Talked of Lord M.'s having had his umbrella in the room, and I said he always took it about with him. He replied laughing, "You should never quit your umbrella when it rains." What use was it in a close carriage? I said. "Might be upset," he said, "I might want to get out; suppose I might be stopped and put out of the carriage, which may happen one of these days,—at least leave me the umbrella to go on with," he said laughing very much and making us all laugh too.

Thursday, 10th October.—Got up at ½ p. 10 and saw to my astonishment that a stone, or rather 2 stones, had been thrown at my dressing-room window and 2 glasses broken; the stone was found under the window; in the little blue room next the audience room another window broken and the stone found in the room; in the new strong room another window broken, and in one of the lodging rooms next to this, another broken and the stone found in the middle of the room. This is a very strange thing, and Lehzen told Lord Surrey of it. At ½ p. 7 I went to the top of the staircase and received my 2 dear cousins Ernest and Albert,—whom I found grown and changed, and embellished. It was with some emotion that I beheld

⁷ Sir Francis Grant, elected P.R.A. in 1866.

⁸ The sitting was for a picture which now hangs in the corridor at Windsor. The Queen is shown riding out from the Castle accompanied by her Court.

Albert—who is *beautiful*. I embraced them both and took them to Mamma; having no clothes they couldn't appear at dinner. At 8 we dined. Besides our own party, Lady Clanricarde, Lord and Lady Granville, Baron Brunow, Lord Normanby, the Hon. William Temple, and Mr. Murray (who returned), dined here. I sat between Baron Brunow and Lord Melbourne. Talked to Lord Melbourne of my cousins having no baggage; I said I found my cousins so changed. Talked of my cousins' bad passage; their not appearing on account of their *négligé*, which Lord M. thought they ought to have done, *at* dinner and certainly after. "I don't know what's the dress I wouldn't appear in, if I was allowed," said Lord M., which made us laugh. After dinner my Cousins came in, in spite of their *négligé*, and I presented them to Lord Melbourne. I sat on the sofa with Lady Clanricarde, Lord Melbourne sitting near me, and Ernest near us and Albert opposite—(*he* is so handsome and pleasing), and several of the ladies and gentlemen round the sofa. I asked Lord M. if he thought Albert like me, which he is thought (and which is an immense compliment to me). "Oh! yes, he is," said Lord M., "it struck me at once."

Friday, 11th October.—Got up at ½ p. 9 and breakfasted at 10. Wrote to Lord Melbourne. Signed. My dear Cousins came to my room and remained some little time; Albert really is quite charming, and so excessively handsome, such beautiful blue eyes, an exquisite nose, and such a pretty mouth with delicate moustachios and slight but very slight whiskers; a beautiful figure, broad in the shoulders and a fine waist.—At about ½ p. 10 dancing began. I danced 5 quadrilles; (1) with Ernest; (2) with dearest Albert, who dances so beautifully; (3) with Lord Alfred; (4) with Ernest; and (5) with dearest Albert again. After the 1st quadrille there was a Valse; after the 2nd and 3rd Gallops; and after the 4th another Valse; it is quite a pleasure to look at Albert when he gallops and vales, he does it so beautifully, holds himself so well with that beautiful figure of his.

Saturday, 12th October.—At 20 m. p. 3 I rode out with my cousins, Mamma, Lord Melbourne, Daisy, and the same party as the day before with the exception of Lord Granville, Lord Normanby, Lord Surrey and Mr. Byng; and came home at

½ p. 5. I rode Friar, who went beautifully. I rode the whole time between Albert (with whom I talked a good deal) and Lord Melbourne, who, out of anxiety lest I should suffer from his horse shying against me, rode his white-faced horse, which he has not ridden since he came down with him, and which isn't half as easy as the other, nor so safe; it was so kind and I felt it so much, but it grieved me; luckily the horse went safe and quiet.

Sunday, 13th October.—At 11 I went to church with Mamma and my beloved cousins (in my carriage) and all the other ladies (except Daisy) and gentlemen, to St. George's. Besides Mamma and my 2 cousins, Lady Sandwich, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, Lord Falkland and Alvensleben were in the Closet with me. Dearest Albert sat near me, who enjoyed the music excessively and thought it quite beautiful.

Lord M. said he had a gossiping letter from Lady Holland, which he read to me; as he thought I couldn't read it. Talked of Spain; Alava's pleasure at being asked, and his saying in a letter he did not wish to change his name for any other. Talked of my cousins having gone to Frogmore; the length of their stay being left to me; and I said seeing them had a good deal changed my opinion (as to marrying), and that I must decide soon, which was a difficult thing. "You would take another week," said Lord M.; "certainly a very fine young man, very good-looking," in which I most readily agreed, and said he was so amiable and good tempered, and that I had such a bad temper; of my being the 1st now to own the advantage of beauty, which Lord M. said smiling he had told me was not to be despised, in spite of what I had said to him about it. Talked of my cousin being religious. "That strong Protestant feeling is a good thing in this country," he said, "if it isn't intolerant,"—which I assured him it was not. I had great fun with my dear cousins after dinner. I sat on the sofa with dearest Albert; Lord Melbourne sitting near me, Ernest playing at chess, and many being seated round the table. I looked at some drawings by Stephano della Bella and Domenichino, with Albert, and then we gave them to Lord Melbourne.

Monday, 14th October.—Talked of my Cousins' having gone out shooting. After a little pause I said to Lord M., that I

had made up my mind (about marrying dearest Albert).—"You have?" he said; "well then, about the time?" Not for a year, I thought; which he said was too long; that Parliament must be assembled in order to make a provision for him, and that if it was settled "it shouldn't be talked about," said Lord M.; "it prevents any objection, though I don't think there'll be much; on the contrary," he continued with tears in his eyes, "I think it'll be very well received; for I hear there is an anxiety now that it should be; and I'm very glad of it; I think it is a very good thing, and you'll be much more comfortable; for a woman cannot stand alone for long, in whatever situation she is." Lord M. said then that he wondered if I didn't wish to have it directly (which I said I didn't), as in that case Parliament would have to be assembled before; but if I didn't, that it had better be in January or February, after Parliament met; not later; upon which I observed, "So soon." "You are rather alarmed when it comes to be put in that way," he said laughing; which I assured him I was not. Then I asked, if I hadn't better tell Albert of my decision soon, in which Lord M. agreed. How? I asked, for that in general such things were done the other way,—which made Lord M. laugh. That Uncle Leopold and Uncle Ernest should know it; of settling my own time; and then for some time of what should be done for him; George of Denmark would be the person to look back to; he was Lord High Admiral, Lord M. said; of making him a Peer—my being against it. A Field Marshal he ought to be made, just like Uncle; and anyhow a Royal Highness; of how I should say it to Albert; Lord M. thought there was no harm in people's guessing the thing; he said that he would mention it to John Russell and Palmerston, and perhaps the Chancellor. When we got up, I took Lord M.'s hand, and said he was always *so* kind to me,—which he has always been; he was *so* kind, *so* fatherly about all this. I felt *very* happy. Read dispatches. Wrote to Ernest and Albert sending them things. Wrote my journal.

At 8 o'clock we all dined. Prince Esterhazy, Lord Uxbridge and the Ladies E. and C. Paget dined here. Prince Esterhazy led me in, and I sat between him and my dearest Albert, with whom I talked a great deal. Lord Melbourne sat oppo-

site between Lady C. Dundas and Ellen. Talked to Lord Melbourne after dinner of my hearing Albert couldn't sleep these last few days; nor I either, I added; that he asked a good deal about England, about which I tried to give him the most agreeable idea. "I mentioned it to J. Russell," said Lord M., but that J. Russell was very anxious it should be told to very few, as it was so difficult to *deny* such a thing when it was really settled; and that if I could talk to Albert about it and settle it with him but no one else, which I said I would. "I'll talk to you about it more fully to-morrow," Lord M. said.

Tuesday, 15th October.—Saw my dear Cousins come home quite safe from the Hunt, and charge up the hill at an immense pace. Saw Esterhazy. At about $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 12 I sent for Albert; he came to the Closet where I was alone, and after a few minutes I said to him, that I thought he must be aware *why* I wished them to come here,—and that it would make me *too happy* if he would consent to what I wished (to marry me). We embraced each other, and he was *so kind, so affectionate*. I told him I was quite unworthy of him,—he said he would be very happy "*das Leben mit dir zu zubringen,*" and was so kind, and seemed so happy, that I really felt it was the happiest brightest moment in my life. I told him it was a great sacrifice,—which he wouldn't allow; I then told him of the necessity of keeping it a secret, except to his father and Uncle Leopold and Stockmar, to whom he said he would send a Courier next day,—and also that it was to be as early as the beginning of February. I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did and he congratulated us both and seemed very happy. I feel the happiest of human beings.

At 25 m. p. 1 came Lord Melbourne and stayed with me till 20 m. p. 2. He was well and had slept well. Talked of the weather; he read me a letter about this Lord Huntingdon, who seems to be very proud and tenacious of his rights and rank, as Lord M. already knew, and as his Uncle-in-law Lord Carew writes. Talked of that, of William Cowper's coming down, and George Anson; I then began and said I had got well through this with Albert. "Oh! you have," said Lord M.; and I continued that he had said he would let no one perceive that anything of the kind had taken place;

that he seemed very happy, and his brother as happy as him, only that *he* (E.) said he was the only loser by it, as his brother had been everything to him. Lord M. then said—if I had wished to have it immediately—that Parliament must be assembled. He said there was a great deal of talking going on about it; Lady Holland had written about it. Before this Lord M. said, “You can then (when married) do much more what you like.” “Normanby wishes it,” said Lord M. “He wishes the thing should be done and thinks it the best.” “John Russell said,” continued Lord M. with tears in his eyes, “his only wish is that you should be happy,” which I said I hadn’t a doubt of.

Wednesday, 16th October.—Talked of Albert’s behaving so wonderfully, so that no one could imagine that anything had taken place; Ernest’s saying *he* couldn’t bear it, if he was in such a situation. “I find you must declare it in Council,” said Lord M., when it is to be announced; “it is quite done by you; you assemble the Privy Councillors and announce it to them; that is what George III. did.” Talked of making him a Peer, which Lord M. said he should like to take other people’s opinion upon; but I talked of the necessity of his having precedence of every one else. “There’ll be no difficulty about that,” said Lord M., “as everybody will see the propriety of that.”

Saturday, 19th October.—My dearest Albert came to me at 10 m. to 12 and stayed with me till 20 m. p. 1. Such a pleasant happy time. He looked over my shoulder and watched me writing to the Duchess of Northumberland, and to the Duchess of Sutherland; and he scraped out some mistakes I had made. I told him I felt so grateful to him and would do everything to make him happy. I gave him a ring with the date of the ever dear to me 15th engraved in it. I also gave him a little seal I used to wear. I asked if he would let me have a little of his dear hair.

Thursday, 28th November.—Talked of having good news from my Cousins, and their thinking Uncle so well; Albert’s having talked to Uncle Leopold about his being a Peer, Uncle’s giving many reasons for having it, but Albert’s saying it was best to wait and see. Lord M. said he had seen Sir William Woods, who told him the Garter could easily be seen at any

time; he had shown Lord M. some very curious precedents of former Royal Marriages, of Queen Mary's and Philip's⁹; and that George III.'s¹⁰ was the scene of the greatest confusion that ever took place; he has notes which show that *none* of that procession took place, and that we must make this different; and there was one curious thing, Lord M. said; I had observed that George III. didn't lead the Queen out; well, it was settled they should go separate, but by these Notes it says the King insisted on leading her out and did so. Talked of the Chapel Royal; Uncle Leopold's being married at Carlton House in private.

Friday, 29th November.—"I've got all these papers," he said, and he read me a letter from Sir William Woods to Anson, and then a very curious account of Queen Mary's marriage to Philip, who was only *Prince* of Spain then; and it was announced in the Cathedral at Winchester, where they were married, that his father gave him the Kingdom of Naples; Queen Mary was given away by 3 of her gentlemen in the name of the *realm*. Lord M. then showed me the Act of naturalization of George Prince of Denmark; and read me an account of the marriage of the Princess Royal to the Hereditary Prince of Würtemberg.¹¹ Lord M. said he would get these papers copied for me.

Friday, 6th December.—Talked of the attacks against the omission of the word "Protestant" in the Declaration. "You mustn't think it belongs to the Party,"¹² said Lord M., "now you'll see not one word will be said about it in Parliament"; that he heard Lyndhurst deplored it very much; I thought it was Croker's doing, as he had asked Lord M. about the word Protestant being left out. Lord M. said he *on purpose* left out what was put in George III.'s Declaration, which was, that the Princess was a lineal descendant of a House which had always been warmly attached to the Protestant Religion, as that didn't say anything about *her* religion; and Lord M.

⁹ Philip and Mary were married with great pomp in Winchester Cathedral, 25th July, 1554.

¹⁰ George III. was married in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, at 10 o'clock in the evening of 8th September, 1761.

¹¹ The marriage of George III.'s eldest daughter to Frederick Charles, Duke and afterwards King of Würtemberg, took place in 1797.

¹² The Tory Party.

said he left that out on purpose *not* to attract attention, as else they would have said that wasn't true, and that many of the family had collapsed into Catholicism.

Saturday, 7th December.—Talked of Philip, Queen Mary's husband, having been Titular King of England, which however Lord M. said he disliked so much, and that he disliked her. Talked of Princess Charlotte having always said she would make Uncle King if she came to the Throne. Talked of William III. having insisted on being King *de facto*, which Bishop Burnet settled with Queen Mary for him, and William said he (Bp. B.) had settled in an hour what he had been contemplating for years. I said she (Mary) was a cruel woman, which Lord M. wouldn't allow, and said, "She had been the handsomest woman in Europe." He said William always left her to settle his affairs while he was abroad; she died in '93 or '94, he thinks. Talked of Queen Anne, who he said had also been handsome, which I said couldn't be the case, and that the Bust of her in the Gallery here was very ugly. "That was done when she was old," said Lord M., "when she had had 15 or 16 children."

Sunday, 8th December.—Uncle is also full of the necessity of a Marriage Treaty. "I think the best, Ma'am, would be," said Lord M., "if you approve, for Stockmar to be instructed with all they wish to be done, and to be sent over here directly, so as to settle it here before the Meeting of Parliament," which I quite agreed in. Lord M. observed Uncle thought a Treaty safer, and perhaps it might be, though he thought an Act of Parliament equally so. Talked of my letter from Albert being from Coburg. Talked of sending a drawing of these Arms to Albert, and how we should settle about the Seal. "The Arms¹³ are rather a ticklish thing to meddle with," said Lord M., "as they are not *your* Arms but the Arms of the Country,"—which is very true.

Wednesday, 11th December.—"Here's the Chancellor's answer about this bill of naturalization," said Lord M. "I wrote to him to consider it," and Lord M. then read it; he thinks the same course as that pursued in Uncle Leopold's case should be followed; and agreed that Albert should cer-

¹³ The Queen had sent a little drawing of the Arms made by herself to the Prince at Coburg.

tainly have precedence¹⁴ over the Royal Dukes. "And now he mentions what I never thought of when I talked of it to Your Majesty, 'and even I think before the *Queen's Children*,'" Lord M. read. Lord M. then said he thought he never could go before the Prince of Wales, before the Heir-Apparent; but *I* said *they* never could go before their father. The Chancellor concludes by saying, it would be very disagreeable if the Parties concerned were not to concur; I said I felt certain both the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Cambridge would *not* object to this, and that otherwise Albert's position would *not* be bearable. He talked of Mrs. Hamilton (Margaret Dillon), and Lord M. asked, "How many children? Why, the measure of married happiness is to have a great number of children," said Lord M.

Wednesday, 18th December.—Then he talked of a mistake there was in those "points" they had written from Coburg, viz. that I had the right to appoint my Husband Regent, which I have not. Lord M. says he must consult the Chancellor about many other things. George IV. bought a good deal of property, he said. There was a bill brought in, in George III.'s reign, Lord M. continued, enabling him to make a will, which till then no King could.

Sunday, 22nd December.—I continued Albert's position would be too difficult if he must go after *all*, that he *ought* to have the title of King, that power wasn't worth having if I couldn't even give him the *rank* he ought to have. "You can't give it him but by Act of Parliament,"¹⁵ said Lord M. "Here's the Chancellor's answer to that letter" (those questions and propositions from Coburg), which Lord M. then read to me, and which are very clear and good. Respecting the Succession to Coburg, he says *they* may settle *there* what they like, to which we shall not dissent but agree; but that *we* cannot *legislate here* about a Foreign Succession. He states likewise that I cannot appoint Albert Guardian to my children—for that if my son was of age when I died, he, as *King*, would be Guardian of his brothers and sisters, and if he were

¹⁴ Lord Melbourne ultimately advised the Queen that it was unnecessary to say anything about the Prince's precedence in the Bill, as she could, by her own Sovereign Act, grant him any precedence she pleased.

¹⁵ This refers to the Title of King. Any other rank the Queen could bestow by her own act.

not of age, then there would be a Regency. "These are our laws," he said, and he added laughing, "I don't know if they are right." He wished me to send a copy of these answers to Albert, and he would send one to Uncle Leopold.

Monday, 23rd December.—Lord M. said how singular it was, that since William the Conqueror, that there had only been 3 Queens, and that those were only Queens by extraordinary circumstances; the title of Prince of Wales only belongs to a man, he said, there can be no Princess of Wales (in her own right). Talked of Queen Mary having been a good deal persecuted and ill-used by Edward VI., and Lord M. said, as a proof, Edward said he hoped he should not be obliged to proceed to violent measures against her. Talked of Hallam's not having a good opinion of Cranmer; saying what he had done when he became Archbishop, but that as he was burnt, everybody thought him a Saint. Lord M. said he was "very shuffling," and that he heard that somebody was going to publish a life of Cranmer, tending to lower him very much in the eyes of the world,—upon which the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to say he had better not do it, "not rake all that up," for that "after all he is our first Protestant Archbishop."

Sunday, 29th December.—Talked of the Provost of Eton,¹⁶ his having looked so ill at church. Lord M. always liked him, and said he taught so well. "Very clever man," said Lord M., "he wrote Latin verses as quick as he could speak; I think he made his house gentlemanlike, which was rather wanted when I was there; he was what is the worst thing for a schoolmaster, a timid man; he was a very good-natured man. School-boys certainly are the greatest set of blackguards," he continued; "sure sign of a shuffling blackguard at school, is to have no hat, and a great-coat without another coat under it, and no book."

Tuesday, 31st December.—I said funnily I thought Lord M. didn't like Albert so much as he would if he wasn't so strict. "Oh! no, I highly respect it," said Lord M. I then talked of A.'s saying I ought to be severe about people. "Then you'll be liable to make every sort of mistake. In this country all should go by law and precedent," said Lord M., "and not by what you hear."¹⁷

¹⁶ Dr. Goodall.

¹⁷ It must be remembered that the Prince was little over nineteen

VI

Wednesday, 1st January, [1840].—I feel *most grateful* for all the blessings I have received in the past year, the acquaintance and love of dearest Albert! I only implore Providence to protect me and those who are most dear to me in *this* and many succeeding years, and to grant that the *true* and *good* cause may prosper for *this year* and *many* years to come, under the guidance of my kind Lord Melbourne!

Thursday, 2nd January.—Talked of Hallam, and his account of Jane Grey's having 2 sisters. "He tells it very clearly," Lord M. said; "that was a sad scene" and not poor Jane's fault. Talked of Elizabeth's imprisoning that unfortunate sister of Jane's, Catherine, for marrying; Lord M. said, "When the Princess Elizabeth" (our Queen) "was sent to the Tower, she inquired very particularly if Jane Grey's scaffold was still up."

Monday, 13th January.—I asked if on the Wedding day, as I should *not drive* in full state, and Albemarle said he did not make a point of going with me, I should take Mamma with me. "Yes, I think so," said Lord M. "I think it would be a very right thing to do on that day." Talked of the Treaty being settled easily; of the Cabinet dinner at the Chancellor's in the evening. "We shall settle the Speech to-night," he said, "and let you have it to-morrow morning." I said I felt very nervous about reading it and beginning with my Marriage. "If you say it to 20, or 20,000, it's the same thing," he said, which is true enough.

Tuesday, 14th January.—Talked of other things; of absurd reports in the papers of Lord M.'s resigning after my marriage; he said he *never* dropped a word which could give rise to such a report. "I'm afraid it's our own people who spread these reports," he said, "Bannerman and Ellice" (who always go together). "When people say a report prevails it generally makes me suspect that they spread it," Lord M. said. Talked of Stockmar, and how he was, and Lord M. said, "I should like to see him when he has seen people and made his years old, and that his standards of right and wrong, always high and noble, were tinged at this time with the uncompromising severity of youth. In after-years he adopted to the full Lord Melbourne's formula, and never acted upon hearsay.

estimate of the state of things; I think he is about the cleverest man I ever knew in my life," he added, "a little misanthropic"; and a good man, I said. "An excellent man," Lord M. replied, "he has rather a contempt of human affairs and means; a bad digestion."

Thursday, 16th January.—At ½ p. 1 I set off in the State Coach, with Lord Albemarle and the Duchess of Sutherland, and the whole procession just as usual, to the House of Lords. The House was very full; my good Lord Melbourne just as usual standing close next to me. Wonderful to say, I was less nervous than I had ever been. The Duke of Cambridge was there. There was an immense crowd of people outside, and both coming and going I was loudly cheered, more so than I have been for some time. Uxbridge told me the Duke of Wellington had made a sad mistake by moving that the word *Protestant* be put into the address, and saying¹ it was left out to please O'Connell!! and that Lord Melbourne had replied beautifully to it. Then that Sir John Yarde-Buller had given notice in the House of C. of a Motion on the 28th of want of confidence in Ministers!! I was so angry. Immediately after dinner I wrote to Lord M. begging he would come. Meanwhile I received a letter from him giving an account of the Debate; and very soon after a note saying he was undressed, but would dress and come directly. At ½ p. 10 my good Lord Melbourne came and stayed with me till 5 m. to 11. I saw him upstairs as of a morning. I said I was shocked to have made him come out, but that I hadn't then received his box, and Uxbridge had alarmed me. He was quite dressed, —really so *very, very* kind of him to come. The Duke of W. had been very foolish, he said; Lord M., however, consented to the word being inserted. "J. Russell sent to say he wished it should be put in," Lord M. said, "as he thought there might be an awkward division about it in the House of Commons." Lord M. asked if I had heard from the H. of C.; I replied I had about this Notice of Sir J. Yarde-Buller's, but that I thought there could be no alarm about it. "No, I hope not," Lord M. replied, and we agreed this was the best shape they

¹The Queen wrote to the Prince that "The Tories made a great disturbance, saying that you are a Papist, because the words a *Protestant Prince* have not been put into the Declaration—a thing which would be quite unnecessary, seeing that I *cannot* marry a *Papist*."

could put it into for us, as our people will be sure to go with us upon this. "They say they wish to see which is the strongest," Lord M. said. Talked of a General Election. "We have always lost (by that) hitherto since the Reform Bill," he said.

Friday, 17th January.—After dinner Lord Melbourne and I looked at the picture of Albert. "The head is like," he said, "very good—fine expression—melancholy" (as it is), "which is good for a picture." Lord M. don't like a *fine hand* or a *fat hand* for a man. He made me laugh by saying, "The arms are one of the principal points in a woman." He looked at the picture of Queen Mary (which with one of William III. and 2 other portraits have replaced those 4 landscapes), and he said, "She was the handsomest woman in Europe; I consider her as the first of the Stuarts; she managed everything so well, and the perfect confidence he had in her." We looked at William III., whom he again praised very much and said wasn't cruel. "It was only that accident at Glencoe," he said.

Sunday, 19th January.—Talked of Albert's indifference about Ladies, and Lord M. said, "A little dangerous, all that is,—it's very well if that holds, but it doesn't always," Lord M. said. I said this was very wrong of him, and scolded him for it. "It's what I said at Windsor; I think I know human nature pretty well." I said not the *best* of human nature. "I've known the best of my time," he said, "and I've read of the best."

Monday, 20th January.—Talked of Mr. Wakley attacking the Tories for disloyalty. Talked of Hallam and my liking it so much; his giving an account of the persecutions in Elizabeth's reign; of Queen Mary of Scots and her innocence. "All the ladies take Queen Mary's part," Lord M. said, "all those who reason like Hallam do quite admit her to be guilty, and all those who consult their feelings, do not." Talked of Darnley's murder, which I maintained her not to have knowledge of, but which Lord M. says she *did* know of. "I think she was quite right to have him knocked on the head," Lord M. said funnily, which made me laugh. Talked of Rizzio's murder, and poor Mary's cruel fate. Lord M. said Elizabeth was very reluctant to have her executed, and that the whole country demanded it. I said Hallam says that Walsingham and

Leicester urged Elizabeth to persecute the Roman Catholics; Lord M. said, as I know and Hallam says, that Leicester was a bad man. "Whenever he (Lord Burleigh) put anything before her," Lord M. continued, "he always put the reasons on both sides in 2 columns, which may have been a very good way, but I think a way to puzzle," in which I quite agree; I couldn't bear it, I'm sure. Talked of Essex—his being a fine character—his conduct in Ireland—his sudden return—his unfortunate death, and the possibility of his having been saved if it had not been for the Countess of Nottingham. "It killed her" (Elizabeth), Lord M. said. Talked of Hallam containing so much knowledge which one hadn't before known, and Lord M. said he couldn't recommend a better book. I observed to Lord M. he didn't seem at all low. "No, I'm much better," he replied, "but still I'm not well." I entreated him to take some good advice about his health. "That won't do any good," he said, "it's age and that constant care"; which alas! alas! is but too true. "I'm nearly 61," he continued, "many men die at 63, and if they get over that, live till 70." I told him he mustn't talk in that way. "People like me grow old at once, who have been rather young for their age." I said he still was that. "Still, I feel a great change since last year," he said.² I feel certain his valuable health and life will be spared yet many a year. His father lived to be 83, but was very feeble, he said, for many years, and that it was not worth living then; his mother died at 66. "She had been a very strong woman till then," Lord M. said, "but she declined and sank rapidly." I begged Lord M. to take great care of himself, as he belonged to all of us; and he promised he would.

Tuesday, 21st January.—I showed him Uncle Leopold's letter. I also showed Lord M. Stockmar's letter, in which he talks of a Clause in the 2nd Article of the Marriage Treaty, which Stockmar had taken upon himself to agree to; it's about Albert's having no other Claims besides the £50,000³

² He died aged sixty-nine, but, like his father, much enfeebled.

³ This was the amount proposed by the Government. Mr. Hume proposed to cut it down to £21,000, but this was negatived by a large majority. The whole Conservative party, however, supported an amendment of Colonel Sibthorp to make the Prince's income £30,000 only, and this was carried by 262 to 158.

settled on him. "It's the same which was put in to Queen Mary's with Philip," Lord M. said. "It is impossible to say what claims a man may have who marries a Queen, over the property of the Crown; I'm afraid there'll be a good deal of observation about the Prince's Provision; they'll say it's too much"; which I said would be wrong. The Prince's position was disagreeable enough as it was, I said, but this would make it too bad; that I wouldn't do it for the world. "You wouldn't do it," Lord M. said laughing; "still, if he is a man of discretion he may make it" (his position) "a very considerable one," he added.

Wednesday, 22nd January.—I then said I was so vexed and distressed by poor dear Albert's letter yesterday; that I feared they made him believe abroad that we wanted to degrade him here.⁴ His letter to Lord M., and also to me, were misapprehensions about his Household, and about Lord M.'s letter. "We can't proceed to form his Household now," Lord M. said. I said, Oh! yes, for that I would be answerable for it; that I thought Albert didn't quite understand the difference between "standing by" and "acting." "I don't quite *understand* his letter," Lord M. said; therefore, I replied, Stockmar and I would let Lord M. have the letter back again. "At the same time, 2 Households are very awkward," Lord M. said, and that there had been great trouble about the Queen Dowager's. We think the number of Albert's ought to be reduced. Talked of my being vexed about the whole; of all that; of its being unfair that the *Queen's husband* should have so much less than the *King's wife* in which Lord M. agreed. Talked of various things, and German being so difficult. "So everybody says," Lord M. said. "Is it possible to be so difficult?" "Oughtn't to know more than one language," he continued. "You can't *speak* one purely if you know a great many,—you mix them. They say you needn't know more than Latin and French"; Greek, Lady Lyttelton mentioned. "There's no necessity for it," he said; its being difficult; "a very copious language," he replied. I observed learning much as

⁴The Prince was naturally much annoyed by the attacks and criticisms in Parliament and in certain organs of the Press. They were of a purely party character, and although plainly understood here, were misapprehended abroad, where the match was believed to be unpopular among the English people. This was not the case.

I did at once, prevented one from learning anything very well, and bewildered one. "That's very true what you say," Lord M. said, "that's the fault now, they teach too much at once." Talked of teaching being a dreadful thing, the poor children being more eager to learn than the higher classes, and Lady Lyttelton saying the Irish children were so very much quicker in learning than the English. "It's that quickness that leads to that disregard of truth," Lord M. said, "for when you ask them anything, they don't think of what you say, but of what they think will *please* you." He told me at dinner that he was having a new *full-dress* coat made, for the *great* occasion, which was "like building a 74-gun ship" in point of trouble and work, and that he had had the man with him in the morning, trying it on and pinning here and stitching there.

After this some new *Assam* Tea, which Sir J. Hobhouse had sent me, was brought in, and I gave Lord M. a printed paper which had been sent me with it, which he read out loud and so funnily; there was the opinion of a *Dr. Lum Qua* quoted, which name put him into paroxysms of laughter, from which he couldn't recover for some time, and which did one good to hear. After this I said to him he had been so very kind about all that matter which vexed me so yesterday. "The advantage of Monarchy is unity," Lord M. said, "which is a *little* spoiled by 2 people,—but that must be contended against." "I've no doubt," he continued, "that is what kept Queen Elizabeth from marrying; but you mustn't think that I advocate that; I think that's not right, it's unnatural, and nothing's right that's unnatural." I said I was certain that Albert wouldn't interfere. "Oh! I haven't the slightest doubt that he won't interfere," he replied warmly; and I added that that was the very reason why he might run into the other extreme. "My letter may have appeared dictating," he said, which I said was not the case; "that's my way of writing, I write so to you, and did to the King." I said I was sure it would all do very well in a little time. "*You* understand it all," he said, "you have always lived here"; and I had had three years' experience, I said. "But you had just the same capability for affairs," Lord M. said, "when you came to the Throne, as you have now,—you were just as

able; I'm for making people of age much sooner." He again went into an amazing fit of laughter about *Dr. Lum Qua*.

Thursday, 23rd January.—Talked of a novel by Miss Martineau called *Deerbrook*, which Lady Lyttelton was praising very much, and which she said was about the Middle Classes. "I don't like the Middle Classes," Lord M. said, "they say that the Upper and Lower Classes are very much like each other in this country; the Middle Classes are bad; the higher and lower classes there's some good in, but the Middle Classes are all affectation and pretense and concealment." I said to Lord M. he so often kept one in hot water by saying *such* things before, and to, people; "It's a good thing to surprise," he said. I said he said such things of people's families to them. "That's a very good thing," he replied funnily, "I do that on purpose, I think it right to warn people of the faults in their families"; and he turned to Lilford⁵ and said, "Your family has always been reckoned very prosing, so I warn you of that," which made us laugh so. I said to Lord M. I had told Stockmar what Lord M. had said to me here and at Windsor, about those very high principles like A.'s not *holding* often, upon which Stockmar said, generally speaking that was true, but that he didn't think that would be A.'s case.

Thursday, 30th January.—Talked of Miss Eden and her jumping into the river at Hampton Court and saving a child who fell in. "It was a courageous thing to do," he said. Of Lady Mayo,⁶ and her being such a quiz. "Lady Mayo said to Lady Glengall,"⁷ Lord M. continued, "I understand you said I was the ugliest woman in the world"; so Lady Glengall, quite driven to the wall, said, "Well, I must say, Lady Mayo, I think you are the most frightful woman I ever saw in my life." Talked of the Herald's Office, and Sir Wm. Woods, and Lord M. said, "They were very foolish about those Arms" (A.'s) "when they had the precedent under their very nose," which is quite true. "Old Lord Pembroke, who was then Lord Chamberlain," Lord M. continued, "said at the Coronation

⁵ Thomas Atherton, third Lord Lilford (1801-61).

⁶ Arabella, wife of John, fourth Earl of Mayo, a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Adelaide. She was daughter of William Mackworth-Præd.

⁷ Margaret Lauretta, wife of Richard, second Earl of Glengall, and daughter and co-heiress of William Melhuish of Woodford, Essex.

of George II., to Anstis,⁸ who was Garter, 'Thou silly knave, that dost not even know thy silly work!'"

Lord M. sent me a letter from the Duke of Sussex before dinner, so delighted at giving me away, and I received one after dinner from him, which I gave Lord M., and he said in returning it, "He is very much pleased; I'm very glad."

We were seated as usual, Lord Melbourne sitting near me. He said he was quite well, but never *felt* quite well, which I said was the constant care and wear; and that he never felt quite free from some little ailing, nor did anybody; when he was young, he said, he never felt unwell, and used "only to live for my amusement," he said, and that if he were to begin life again he would do only that and not enter Politics at all. I said I thought people who only lived for their amusement bad, and that I was sure we should all be punished hereafter for living as we did without thinking at all of our future life. "That's not my case," Lord M. said; and we talked of living our life and beginning it again, and if it were possible, we agreed, we should try and correct ourselves. Talked of his having told me at Windsor that the young men in his day and he himself had been so very impudent; he said I must have misunderstood him, "for I was very shy; there never was a shy man."

Friday, 31st January.—Then he showed me a note from Lady Burghersh saying she had seen the Duke, who would be anxious not to do anything to embarrass the Government, but that the Precedence lay rather on awkward ground; and that they wouldn't oppose the 2nd reading, but make alterations in the Committee. The remainder of the time that Lord M. was with me, we talked almost entirely about this ill-fated Precedence, and I fear I was violent and eager about it. I said to Lord M. he must fight it out. The House of Lords *might* sit next day, he said, in order to get on with it; and in answer to my saying it was so dreadful not to have the Power even to give my Husband rank, Lord M. said I couldn't, that that was "the law of the Country," and he thinks convenient at times.

Friday, 7th February.—Just before I went out I received

⁸ John Anstis, the elder, Garter 1718-44. Part of the time he was joint holder of the office with his son, who held it till 1754.

a delightful letter from dearest Albert from Dover, written in the morning; he suffered most dreadfully coming over; he is much pleased with the very kind reception he met with at Dover. Talked to Lord M. of Albert's letter, and one from Torrington saying dearest Albert's reception had pleased him so, as A. feared he wouldn't be well received; but Lord M. agreed with me that a Vote of the H. of Commons had nothing whatever to do with that. At this moment I received a letter, and a dear one, from dearest Albert from Canterbury, where he had just arrived, and where he had also been very well received, as I told Lord M., who said, "I've no doubt; his reception has been such that he must take care not to be intoxicated by that," which I said I was quite sure he needn't fear. Talked of Soult and his reception here having made him so friendly to England; of Sebastiani's removal; of Guizot. "You can always tell him you have read his book," Lord M. said laughing. As usual Lord Melbourne sitting near me, talked of my being a little agitated and nervous; "Most natural," Lord M. replied warmly; "how could it be otherwise?" Lord M. was so warm, so kind, and so affectionate, the whole evening, and so much touched in speaking of me and my affairs. Talked of my former resolution of never marrying. "Depend upon it, it's right to marry," he said earnestly; "if ever there was a situation that formed an exception, it was yours; it's in human nature, it's natural to marry; the other is a very unnatural state of things; it's a great *change*—it has its inconveniences; everybody does their best, and depend upon it you've done well; difficulties may arise from it," as they do of course from everything. Talked of popular assemblies, of my having grown so thin. "You look very well," he said; "after all," he continued, much affected, "how anybody in your situation can have a moment's tranquillity!—a young person cast in this situation is very unnatural. There was a beautiful account in a Scotch paper," he said, "of your first going to prorogue Parliament; 'I stood close to her,' it says, 'to see a young person surrounded by Ministers and Judges and rendered prematurely grave was almost melancholy'; 'a large searching eye, an open anxious nostril, and a firm mouth.'" Lord M. repeated this several times, looking so kindly and affectionately at me; "A very true representa-

tion," he said, "can't be a finer physiognomy"—which made me smile, as he said it so earnestly. Talked of Albert's being a little like me; of the Addresses and dinners A. would be plagued with; of my taking him to the Play soon. "There'll be an immense flow of popularity now," Lord M. said. Talked of the difficulty of keeping quite free from all Politics. I begged Lord M. much to manage about Thursday, which he promised he would, as I said it always made me so happy to have him. "I am sure none of your friends are so fond of you as I am," I said. "I believe not," he replied, quite touched, and I added also he had been always so very kind to me I couldn't say *how* I felt it.

Saturday, 8th February.—At ½ p. 4 the Carriage and Escort appeared, drove through the center gate, and up to the door; I stood at the very door; 1st stepped out Ernest, then Uncle Ernest, and then Albert, looking beautiful and so well; I embraced him and took him by the hand and led him up to my room; Mamma, Uncle Ernest, and Ernest following. After dinner Albert and Ernest shook hands with Lord Melbourne. "I think they look very well," Lord M. said when he came up to me; "I think he (A.) looks very well." Talked of their passage; Lord M. said it was such a very good thing that Albert attended service in the Cathedral at Canterbury. I sat on the sofa with my beloved Albert, Lord Melbourne sitting near me. Talked of the gentlemen that Uncle had with him. Lord M. admired the diamond Garter which Albert had on, and said "Very handsome." I told him it was my gift; I also gave him (all before dinner) a diamond star I had worn, and badge. Lord M. made us laugh excessively about his new Coat, which he said, "I expect it to be the thing most observed."

Sunday, 9th February.—Received a beautiful Prayer-book from Mamma; breakfasted at 10. Wrote to Lord M. Dearest Albert and Ernest came in, Albert looking so well, with a little of his blue ribbon showing.⁹ He brought me 4 beautiful old Fans. At 12 I went down to Prayers with my beloved Albert, Mamma, Ernest, and my ladies and gentlemen. Mr.

⁹ The ribbon of the Garter was at this time worn by day. The Duke of Wellington constantly wore it, with a white waistcoat. The star was sometimes worn *without* the ribbon.

Vane read and the Bishop of London preached a very fine sermon. The Service was over at 5 m. p. 1. Talked of dearest Albert's being agitated. "That's very natural," Lord M. said, "I don't wonder at it." Lord M. promised to stay Thursday. I took his hand and pressed it, and thanked him for all his kindness, which I hoped he would continue. I couldn't believe what was to happen next day, I said. At a $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6 my beloved Albert came to me and stayed with me till 20 m. to 7. We read over the Marriage Service together and tried how to manage the *ring*. Wrote my journal. At 8 we dined. The dinner was just the same as the day before with the exception of Lord Albemarle, Lord Erroll, Lord Byron, Col. Grey and Stockmar; and with the addition of Lord Surrey and Col. Cavendish. Albert led me in and I sat between him and Uncle E. It was my last unmarried evening, which made me feel so odd. I sat on the sofa with dearest Albert, Lord Melbourne sitting near me. Talked of A.'s having talked to him (L. M.); of guessing words; the Lord's Prayer being almost entirely composed of Saxon words, all but 4; of the Cathedral at Canterbury and Bishop Chicheley¹⁰ being buried there.

Monday, 10th February.—Got up at a $\frac{1}{4}$ to 9—well, and having slept well; and breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 9. Mamma came before and brought me a Nosegay of orange flowers. My dearest kindest Lehzen gave me a dear little ring. Wrote my journal, and to Lord M. Had my hair dressed and the wreath of orange flowers put on. Saw Albert for the *last time alone*, as my *Bridegroom*. Dressed.

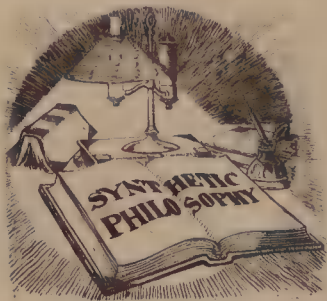
Saw Uncle, and Ernest whom dearest Albert brought up. At $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 12 I set off, dearest Albert having gone before. I wore a white satin gown with a very deep flounce of Honiton lace, imitation of old. I wore my Turkish diamond necklace and earrings, and Albert's beautiful sapphire brooch. Mamma and the Duchess of Sutherland went in the carriage with me. I never saw such crowds of people as there were in the Park, and they cheered most enthusiastically. When I arrived at St. James's, I went into the dressing-room where my 12 young Train-bearers were, dressed all in white with

¹⁰ Henry Chichele, or Chicheley, prelate and statesman. Archbishop of Canterbury and Founder of All Souls' College, Oxford. Died 1443.

white roses, which had a beautiful effect. Here I waited a little till dearest Albert's Procession had moved into the Chapel. I then went with my Train-bearers and ladies into the Throne-room, where the Procession formed; Lord Melbourne in his fine new dress-coat, bearing the Sword of State, and Lord Uxbridge and Lord Belfast on either side of him walked immediately before me. Queen Anne's room was full of people, ranged on seats one higher than the other, as also in the Guard room, and by the Staircase,—all very friendly; the Procession looked beautiful going downstairs. Part of the Color Court was also covered in and full of people who were very civil. The Flourish of Trumpets ceased as I entered the Chapel, and the organ began to play, which had a beautiful effect. At the Altar, to my right, stood Albert; Mamma was on my left as also the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, and Aunt Augusta; and on Albert's right was the Queen Dowager, then Uncle Ernest, Ernest, the Duchess of Cambridge and little Mary, George, Augusta, and Princess Sophia Matilda. Lord Melbourne stood close to me with the Sword of State. The Ceremony was very imposing, and fine and simple, and I think OUGHT to make an everlasting impression on every one who promises at the Altar to *keep* what he or she promises. Dearest Albert repeated everything very distinctly. I felt so happy when the ring was put on, and by Albert. As soon as the Service was over, the Procession returned as it came, with the exception that my beloved Albert led me out. The applause was very great, in the Color Court as we came through; Lord Melbourne, good man, was very much affected during the Ceremony and at the applause. We all returned to the Throne-room, where the Signing of the Register took place; it was first signed by the Archbishop, then by Albert and me, and all the Royal Family, and by: the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, the Lord Privy Seal, the Duke of Norfolk (as Earl Marshal), the Archbishop of York, and Lord Melbourne. We then went into the Closet, and the Royal Family waited with me there till the ladies had got into their carriages. I gave all the Train-bearers as a brooch a small *eagle* of turquoise. I then returned to Buckingham Palace alone with Albert; they cheered us really most warmly and heartily; the crowd was immense; and the Hall

at Buckingham Palace was full of people; they cheered us again and again. The great Drawing-room and Throne-room were full of people of rank, and numbers of children were there. Lord Melbourne and Lord Clarendon, who had arrived, stood at the door of the Throne-room when we came in. I went and sat on the sofa in my dressing-room with Albert; and we talked together there from 10 m. to 2 till 20 m. p. 2. Then we went downstairs where all the Company was assembled and went into the dining-room—dearest Albert leading me in, and my Train being borne by 3 Pages, Cowell, little Wemyss, and dear little Byng. I sat between dearest Albert and the Duke of Sussex. My health and dearest Albert's were drunk. The Duke was very kind and civil. Albert and I drank a glass of wine with Lord Melbourne, who seemed much affected by the whole. I talked to all after the breakfast, and to Lord Melbourne, whose fine coat I praised. Little Mary¹¹ behaved so well both at the Marriage and the breakfast. I went upstairs and undressed and put on a white silk gown trimmed with swansdown, and a bonnet with orange flowers. Albert went downstairs and undressed. At 20 m. to 4 Lord Melbourne came to me and stayed with me till 10 m. to 4. I shook hands with him and he kissed my hand. Talked of how well everything went off. "Nothing could have gone off better," he said, and of the people being in such good humor and having also received him well; of my receiving the Addresses from the House of Lords and Commons; of his coming down to Windsor in time for dinner. I begged him not to go to the party; he was a little tired; I would let him know when we arrived; I pressed his hand once more, and he said, "God bless you, Ma'am," most kindly, and with such a kind look. Dearest Albert came up and fetched me downstairs, where we took leave of Mamma and drove off at near 4; I and Albert alone.

¹¹ Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck, mother of Queen Mary.



HERBERT SPENCER

MOST RENOWNED OF MODERN PHILOSOPHERS

1820-1903

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Herbert Spencer's autobiography occupies for the scientific world a similar place to that of Bismarck in statecraft. Spencer was the chief philosophic thinker of the nineteenth century, and his autobiography is a model for scientific studies of its kind. By the courtesy of the publishers we give here sufficient of the work to show its spirit and careful honesty of self-analysis.

Spencer was the son of a very able school-master and inherited a very keen, analytic mind. In body he was sickly and feverish, as his own story will show. He began his adult life as a constructing engineer, but after eight years of discontented effort he abandoned engineering and turned to literature. From 1853 to 1858 he was assistant editor on a newspaper, and expended much of the profits of this work on issuing his philosophic writings. These found but little sale until America rather than England began to recognize their value and hail Spencer for the genius that he was. Not until he was nearly sixty years old did his own countrymen honor him in the way he had long been honored abroad, as the greatest thinker of the Victorian age.

Spencer's first notable book was the one whose beginning is described in the following pages, "Social Statics," published in 1850. It deals with the theories of ethics and sociology. His greatest work is his "System of Synthetic Philosophy," which maps out, organizes, and correlates all human knowledge. Charles Darwin declared of Spencer that future ages would recognize him as the greatest philosopher of his day, adding, in characteristically cautious scientific phrase, "perhaps equal to any that have lived."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY HERBERT SPENCER¹

EARLY in 1819, when my father, William George Spencer, then about 29, married Harriet Holmes my mother, then

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about 25, he occupied No. 12 Exeter Row, Derby. At that time the house was new; forming one member of a street partially built on one side only; and its small garden was separated by a meadow from the river Derwent, on the other side of which lay the mass of the town. Now, however, swallowed up by increasing suburbs and enveloped in the smoke of factories and foundries, the house has become decayed and dingy.

Here I was born on the 27th of April, 1820. Save a reference to my protests against things in general, such as are usually made by infants on first acquaintance with them, the earliest mention of me in the family correspondence occurs on June 1, in a passage concerning my baptism. To his brother Thomas, who had recently taken orders, my father writes:—

“You say you hope the child has been baptized at Church. He has not yet been baptized at all. With regard to his being baptized at Church, I object to the system of Godfathers and Godmothers, and to the sentiments inculcated in the form, such as saying that the child is now regenerate, &c. In such objections have originated the delay. . . . The name we call him at present is Frederic, but we are undecided between that and Herbert.”

There are subsequent letters discussing choice of name; and on the back of one of them I find, in my father's hand, various combinations which he tried. He was a man guided always by independent judgment rather than by custom; and one of the things he inveighed against was the repetition of family names: holding, as he did quite rightly, that a name being used for the purpose of identification, it is foolish, for the sake of a sentimental fancy, to introduce confusion by repeating the Christian names of parents or other relatives. The final choice of the name Herbert was due to an occurrence of the preceding year. While still at college my uncle had sent, in a letter to my father, a copy of some verses by a recently-deceased young poet named Herbert Knowles. My uncle's admiration of them was, I believe, shared by my father; and, as I learnt in after years, this led to the choice of the name Herbert for me. But my father's preference was, I suspect, in large measure due to the consideration that being uncom-

mon (for though now not rare it was then very rare) it would be thoroughly distinctive.

Of incidents in childhood my remembrances have assumed that secondary form which I suspect they mostly do in advanced life—I simply remember that I once remembered. There was a little sister, Louisa, a year my junior, who died at two years old; and playing with her in the garden left faint pictures which long survived. There also survived for many years, recollections of getting lost in the town, into which I had wandered to find the house of some friends to whom I was attached: the result being that the crier was sent round to find me. My most vivid childish recollection, however, worth mentioning because of its psychological interest, is that of certain results caused in me by being left alone for the first time. Every one was out save the nurse, who had been left in charge of me; and she presently seized the occasion to go out too, locking up the house and leaving me by myself. On one evening every week, which happened to be the evening in question, it was the custom to ring a peal on the bells of the chief church in Derby, All Saints'; and while I was suffering the agonies of this first experience of solitude, its bells were merrily going. The effect was to establish in me so strong an association, that all through the earlier part of my life, and even in adult years, I never heard these bells without a feeling of sadness coming over me.

No. 12 Exeter Row (now No. 27 Exeter Street) remained our abode until I was four years old. . . . So profoundly was my father's health finally undermined that he was compelled to give up teaching. He took a house at New Radford near Nottingham, on what was then known as the Forest Side—a suburb adjacent to a tract of wild land. Here I spent the remaining part of my childhood.

I have still vivid recollections of the delight of rambling among the gorse bushes, which at that early age towered above my head. There was a certain charm of adventure in exploring the narrow turf-covered tracks running hither and thither into all their nooks, and now and then coming out in unexpected places, or being stopped by a deep sandy chasm made by carts going to the sand-pits. Then there were the blue-bells to be picked from among the prickly branches, which

were here and there flecked with fragments of wool left by passing sheep. In adult life it requires an effort to recall even faintly that more imposing aspect which the world has to children, caused by the relative largeness of objects and the greater proximity of the eyes to things on the ground.

My father allowed me to pass the greater part of this period without the ordinary lesson-learning. I believe he thought that I was not constitutionally strong. My mother had been delicate as a child; and possibly joining that fact with direct indications, he concluded that I ought not to be subject to school-discipline at an early age: his own breakdown in health from overwork, doubtless tending to increase his caution. I probably had then, as ever afterwards, a repugnance to rote-learning; which accounts, I believe, for much which he ascribed to other causes.

Towards the end of June 1833, shortly after I was 13, my father and mother and I started from Derby to pay a visit to my uncle Thomas, at Hinton Charterhouse near Bath. I have no recollection of the first half-day's journey to Birmingham, save a shadowy notion of passing through Lichfield; but the next day's journey left vivid impressions. There is no day in my life concerning which I remember so much.

First among my recollections comes that of the suburban villas as we left Birmingham, and the delusive belief raised in me that life passed in them must be very delightful. I recollect next our ascent of the Lickey hill, and getting off the coach to walk. Then came the picturesque old town of Bromsgrove, full of half-wooden houses, where it was market-day; and shortly afterwards Droitwich, a somewhat similar town, distinguished, however, by its steaming salt works. Meanwhile the Malvern Hills had come into view, and were intensely interesting to me as being the first objects in the nature of mountains I had ever seen; for though born in Derbyshire I had never been in its picturesque parts. Presently we arrived at Worcester, clean and cheerful, where for the first time I tasted cider: Derbyshire not being a cider-producing county. By and by Tewkesbury was reached, with its one long street into which I remember the coach turning as we passed over the Avon bridge; and then afterwards Cheltenham, so bright and elegant compared with such towns

as I had seen. The coach-dinner was there, and we had time to look round. Now came the ascent of the Cotswolds; and I recall my father's comments on the local pronunciation, as the horses walked up the Leckhampton Hill. Presently passing through Painswick we reached the vale of Stroud, charmingly picturesque, and enchanting me by its entire novelty of character. After that, re-ascending the high table-lands, we came to Petty-france, followed by the long bare road to Cold Ashton; whence we descended into Bath, reaching it about 8 in the evening. In these days when I hate traveling, and always choose the train which carries me with greatest speed and fewest stoppages, it is strange to look back on that evening and remember that when we got down from the coach I was so sorry the journey had come to an end. Twelve hours' perpetual seeing had not satiated me. I was ready for any amount more; and, indeed, I had a little more, for as we drove to Hinton in the twilight, I was constantly leaning over the carriage side and peering down through the deepening shadows into the valleys about Coomb Down.

My first day at Hinton was one of great delight, derived from all the novelties around me—especially the new insect life. A ramble in the neighboring fields on the bright summer morning, has left an indelible impression caused by the numbers of unfamiliar flowers, butterflies, and moths. Blue butterflies, of which at home in all my rambles I had seen but one, were abundant; and there were numbers of Burnet moths, which were previously unknown to me. Subsequent days with wider excursions brought like pleasures. Not long after our arrival, I discovered a nest of caterpillars of the peacock-butterfly. I had never seen any before, though I knew them perfectly from drawings; and I carried them back in great glee. I was allowed by my uncle, at my father's instigation, to make preparations for rearing them; and I had already had so much experience that this was an easy and successful process.

A few days brought a revelation which disagreeably astonished me. I had supposed I was about to spend a month's midsummer holidays; but I was taken by my uncle one morning and set down to the first proposition in Euclid. Having

no love of school or of books, this caused in me great disgust. However there was no remedy, and I took to the work tolerably well: my faculty lying more in that direction than in the directions of most subjects I had dealt with previously. This was significantly shown before the end of a fortnight; when I had reached, perhaps, the middle of the first book. Having repeated a demonstration after the prescribed manner up to a certain point, I diverged from it; and when my uncle interrupted me, telling me I was wrong, I asked him to wait a moment, and then finished the demonstration in my own way: the substituted reasoning being recognized by him as valid. Nothing further was at that time required of me; unless, indeed, I name reading. My uncle condemned my reading as bad in manner (and he was quite right, for I had then, as ever after, a tendency to hurry, leading to indistinctness of articulation), but he remarked upon my extensive acquaintance with words. This was somewhat strange, considering that I had had no reading lessons. Learning to read, as I have before pointed out, very late, I afterwards gained my knowledge of words by reading all kinds of books, and hearing the conversations around me.

After some four weeks, during which my daily lessons were occasionally interrupted by excursions made on behalf of my father and mother as visitors, there came the time for return. Then occurred a revelation still more startling than the first. I found that I was to remain at Hinton. It seems that the arrangement had been made some two months before. In the family correspondence there is a letter from my uncle to my father, which consults him respecting the desirableness of having at Hinton, his little nephew Henry. The proposal was prompted by sympathy with his brother Henry, the boy's father; who through losses, chiefly in lace-manufacture, had fallen into straightened circumstances. This letter brought from my father, or rather from my mother with his approval, a letter containing a counter-proposal; namely that he, my father, should take charge of Henry and educate him, while I should be taken charge of and educated by my uncle Thomas. This, as shown by a letter of May 13, brought from Hinton a cordial assent, as being an arrangement which my aunt and uncle much preferred.

On finding that I was not to return home, my dismay was great; but there was nothing for it but to submit. Something like ten days passed in the ordinary routine; but in the course of that time there were certain incidents which, apparently trivial, had significant results. Frequent disagreements with my fellow-pupil S—— had occurred. I was at that time, as at all times, argumentative; and whatever we were doing together was apt to lead to points of difference, and occasionally to high words. To remedy the evil my uncle decided that we should study at separate hours: S—— in the morning and I in the afternoon, so that we might be kept apart. This arrangement, put in force about the last day of July, brought my discontent to a climax. I had never before been under anything like so strong a control, and I had also a yearning for home: a home-sick song popular at that time,—“Those Evening Bells,”—being a continual solace to me. I was quite prepared to break out into a rebellious act, and needed only this change which deprived me of companionship to fix my determination. As we were lighting our candles on going up to bed that night, I said to S——, referring to the arrangement of the day,—“It won’t happen again.”

The next morning revealed my meaning. Rising soon after six I started off; having resolved to return home. Reaching Bath in little more than an hour, and buying a penny roll just before leaving the city on the other side, I took the Cheltenham road; and, as I ascended the long hill and for some time afterwards, kept glancing over my shoulder to see if I was pursued. Presently, getting on to the high broad back of the Cotswold Hills and increasing my distance from Hinton, I ceased to fear that I should see the pony-carriage coming when I turned my head. But now as I walked on under the hot sun, I began fully to perceive my forlorn state; far away from any one I knew, without possibility of going back, with scarcely any money, and with an immense journey before me. No wonder I burst into tears from time to time as I trudged on. However my speed, judging by the result, was not much diminished by the occasional fits of grief. Pursuing the monotonous road, varied only by here and there a cottage or a tollgate, I came in the afternoon to the end of the high lands and descended into the Stroud valley; walk-

ing through its picturesque scenes in a widely different mood from that in which I had seen them a few weeks before. Reaching Stroud between 5 and 6, I remember asking a man on the other side of the town, which was my way to Cheltenham. He pointed out the way and said—"But you are not going there to-night, are you?" He would have been greatly astonished to hear that I had already walked from five miles on the other side of Bath. To Cheltenham I did go, however: reaching it, I suppose, between 9 and 10 in the evening, and finding a small suburban tavern where I got a bed for sixpence. I had only two shillings pocket money, which I saw I should have to make last me during the journey. On that day and on succeeding days I repeated my occasional purchase of a penny roll: twice or thrice during the journey stopping to get a glass of beer. Bread and water, with perhaps three glasses of beer, were the only things I tasted between Hinton and Derby.

I could not sleep a wink at Cheltenham. The physical excitement produced by walking 48 miles, kept me tossing about till it was time to rise. Next morning, however, I early started off again, undismayed by my bad night. I got a ride out of Cheltenham for some two miles in a cart; and then resumed my weary walk, seeing from time to time the Malvern Hills, which, when I first caught sight of them the previous evening, had given me a thrill of pleasure as being old friends. Mile after mile was traversed during the sultry August day, along roads thickly covered with dust—through Tewkesbury and Worcester, on to Droitwich and on to Bromsgrove, which I reached and passed in the evening. I intended to walk that night to Birmingham, but an occurrence deterred me. While resting some miles beyond Bromsgrove, I was accosted by one of those wandering Italian image-sellers, common in my boyhood—men who went about carrying on their heads boards covered with plaster casts, and calling out "Finees!" This man sat down by me; and when I walked on he joined me. After a time he pulled out a large pocket-knife with a blade of some eight inches long or so, and spoke of it admiringly. This, as may be imagined, made me shudder. I do not suppose he meant anything; but still his act suggested the thought that he might murder me. Presently

we arrived at the little inn on the Lickey called the Rose and Crown, and I asked for a bed. Luckily they let me have one, and to my great delight they would not let the Italian have one. He had to go on.

That night, like the preceding one, was sleepless. The exertion of walking about the same distance as before (for I believe from Cheltenham to the Rose and Crown is 49 miles, and deducting the 2 in the cart leaves 47) had maintained that feverish state of body which always keeps me awake. Next morning after a few miles' walking, I came up with one of those heavy wagons, common in the days before railways, carrying goods between chief towns—wagons now no longer seen—great lumbering vehicles with large hoods to them.

I made friends with the wagoner; and he let me ride on the soft straw as far as Birmingham, where he stopped. Thence I walked on to Lichfield. At Lichfield I happened to be passing the chief hotel just as the Derby coach drew up; and, getting hold of the coachman, told him my story. No doubt he saw in my worn face and parched lips how much I had been suffering. He took pity on me, and, the coach having plenty of room, let me ride for nothing. I asked to ride as far as Burton. When we reached Burton I offered him the few coppers I had left to let me go on. He, good fellow, refused to have them, but allowed me to keep my seat; and so I reached Derby about 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, having left Hinton on Thursday morning. That day I had walked not more than 20 miles, if so much.

Here, before passing to subsequent incidents, I may remark on the physical effects of this escapade. It can, I think, scarcely be doubted that my system received a detrimental shock. That a boy of 13 should, without any food but bread and water and two or three glasses of beer, and without sleep for two nights, walk 48 miles one day, 47 the next, and some 20 the third, is surprising enough. It is strange that the exertion was borne at all; and it is highly improbable that it was borne without injury. At an age so far short of maturity, a tax so great necessarily tells upon the subsequent development. The cost has to be met somehow; and is met, no doubt, by a falling short of ultimate perfection

of structure. However, there was no manifest sign of mischief, either then or during subsequent years.

Had it not been at variance with his nature to lay a plot, I might have supposed that my father had plotted to lead me into the career of the teacher. One day towards the end of July 1837, he told me that Mr. Mather, the school-master with whom I had been during the earlier part of my boyhood, had lost his assistant, and had failed to find another. His vacation was coming to a close: leaving him, as he said, in some difficulty. The question put to me was, whether I would play the part of assistant until he obtained one. I had been at home for a year doing nothing; and though to assent went against my inclination, I felt I could not do otherwise than assent.

Whether advised to do so by my father, or whether of his own motion, I do not know, but Mr. Mather assigned to me the least mechanical part of the teaching; and in this I succeeded fairly well—perhaps, indeed, better than most would have done. A certain facility of exposition being natural to me, I had also, by implication, some interest in explaining things to those who did not understand them. Hence in respect of the subjects I dealt with, my lessons were at once effective and pleasure-giving. Especially with geometry I succeeded so well that the weekly lesson was eagerly looked forward to; and in our miscellaneous readings, I managed by comments and pieces of information beyond those contained in the books read, to create willing attention and resulting good recollection. In short, led mainly I doubt not by the example of my father, and partly by personal experience, I fell into natural methods rather than mechanical methods.

Very possibly, bearing in mind the account I have given of myself, the reader will infer that my relations with those under my control were inharmonious. If he does so, he will be wrong, however. It has been often remarked that the slave and the tyrant are in nature the same; and that it is merely a question of circumstances which part is played. The converse proposition, if not true in full measure, is partly true. He who by nature is prone to resist coercion, is, if duly endowed with sympathy, averse to exercising coercion. I say

if duly endowed with sympathy; because, if devoid of it, he may be prone to assert his own claims to freedom of action, while regardless of the claims of others. But supposing he has adequate fellow feeling, his mental representations will, in a measure, deter him from habitually using that power over others which he dislikes to have used over himself. Such at least is a connection of traits which I have elsewhere sought to show holds in men's social relations, and which held in my relations with my pupils. My experience extended over three months; and during many Saturday-afternoon rambles in the country, when I was in sole charge, there was, I believe, no instance in which any difficulty occurred—no exercise of authority on the one side and no resistance whatever on the other.

Partly in consequence of the friendly feelings that had been produced by my way of conducting studies, and partly because I did not vex by needless interdicts, complete harmony continued throughout the entire period.

Should I have succeeded had teaching become my profession? The answer is ambiguous—Yes and No. In some respects I should probably have proved well adapted to the function; but in other respects not at all adapted.

In a preceding chapter I have remarked that the habit of castle-building, which was so strong in me as a boy, and, continuing throughout youth, did not wholly cease in adult life, passed gradually into the contemplation of schemes more or less practicable. One of these, often dwelt upon not very many years ago, was that of founding an educational institute, including lower and higher schools, in which I should be able to carry out my own plans, alike for intellectual culture, moral discipline, and physical training. The detailed arrangements to be made in these respective departments, often occupied my thoughts during leisure hours; and I think it not improbable that, had I been put in possession of the needful means, and furnished with a sufficient staff of adequately intelligent assistants, I might have done something towards exemplifying a better system of education. Freed from the executive part of the work, and responsible only for devising methods, superintending the execution of them, and maintaining order, the function would have been one not

unsuitable to my nature ; and might have been well discharged. At the time, however, when these day-dreams occasionally occupied me, I was already committed to an undertaking more than sufficient for my energies.

But while under such ideal conditions I might have achieved a success, under ordinary conditions I should, I believe, have failed. In the first place, I dislike mechanical routine ; and though rational plans of education would make lessons much less mechanical than they are at present, a considerable part must always remain mechanical. In the second place, I have a great intolerance of monotony ; and many, if not most, of a teacher's duties are necessarily monotonous. In the third place, my desire to carry out my own ideas, alike in respect to what constitutes a good education, in respect to the methods used, and in respect to the order followed, would probably have caused frequent differences with parents. As I should have been very reluctant to surrender my plans, while most parents would probably have insisted upon the adoption of something like the ordinary *curriculum*, serious breaches would have frequently occurred.

So that, for these several reasons, it seems to me likely that, had I been led into the career of a teacher, I should after a time have thrown it up in disgust.

The experiment was not to be tried, however. There now occurred an incident which determined my course of life for a period of years.

My uncle William had gone to London early in November, 1837, and before the end of the first week, I received a letter from him telling me to come up immediately. The reason assigned was that he had obtained for me a post under Mr. Charles Fox, mentioned as being under Mr. Robert Stephenson on the London and Birmingham Railway during its construction, and now become permanent resident engineer of the London division. He had, I believe, during our visit to him at Watford three years previously, formed a favorable estimate of me, in so far as my fitness for engineering was concerned ; but friendship for my father was, I suspect, the chief motive for offering me the appointment.

Of course the offer was at once accepted. Already, as I see by letters, the profession of a civil engineer had been

one named as appropriate for me; and this opening at once led to the adoption of it.

THE FIRST PHILOSOPHICAL BOOK

The offspring of the mind, like the offspring of the body, are apt to become objects of engrossing interest to which all other objects are subordinated. A striking illustration of this was furnished by me early in 1849, as I was taking my morning walk in St. James's Park. The weather was frosty; and, having a bad cold, I was coughing violently. Abrasion of a small superficial blood-vessel produced some appearances which I, little the better it seems for such medical knowledge as I possessed, absurdly interpreted into spitting of blood, and at once inferred that I was doomed. As I walked on in saddened mood, my first thought was—"It will be a pity if I can't finish my book first."

After writing the above paragraph, and after remembering that the book, commenced early in the autumn of 1848, was not finished till Midsummer 1850, I was about to remark that, considering the degree of interest I felt in the undertaking, it is strange that I should have been so dilatory in executing it. Reference to correspondence, however, proves that my lack of energy was not so great as I supposed. A letter sent home early in 1849 says:—

"I cannot say that I make satisfactory progress with my book. From one cause or another I meet with so many interruptions that I do not spend half the time at it that I wished and intended to do. One cause of this is that I feel it necessary to take what out-door relaxation I can get during my leisure days, lest my health should break down."

A letter to my father in December, shows that in pursuance of a wish to issue the book during the next publishing season I was working hard.

"They tell me I am looking very well—much better than I was some months ago. So that, considering that I am at work until 12 o'clock every night and on Fridays till about 2, I think I may rather brag."

Having for more than thirty years been unable to work late in the day without losing the whole of such rest as a

night brings me, I have become so accustomed to associate the two as cause and effect, that it seems strange to me that any one should be able to write at night and sleep afterwards; and it seems to me almost incredible that I could at one time do so myself. Even then, however, an injurious effect resulted after a time.

“I have already commenced revising, which I am doing after dinner and in the evening, in consequence of finding that much writing at night was making me sleepless. And I have been getting up early (sometimes at 5) to do the new writing; but I do not know how long it will last.”

Thus it appears that, especially when getting within sight of the goal, I did not consult my ease quite so much as I thought.

In some measure the slowness of my progress was due to the labor I spent over the composition. Somewhere I had met with the saying that a book is saved by its style; and had taken the saying to heart. Probably it would have influenced me but little had I not been constitutionally fastidious. But having in most things a high ideal, and being by nature prone to look for faults, alike in the performances of others and in my own, I was commonly not satisfied by the first expressions which suggested themselves; and never rested so long as I thought that a sentence might be made clearer or more forcible.

Moreover I had some years before been led to make style a subject of study, and had embodied the general conclusions reached in an essay on Force of Expression; so that both by mental proclivity and by preparation I was prompted to be critical. Of every later book the original manuscript, sprinkled with erasures and interlineations, has been sent to the press; but the original manuscript of this first book, after revising it with care, I copied, and then, when the time for publication was approaching, revised the copy: making, as a letter says, “some ten or a dozen erasures per page,” “even in the first parts which I wrote so very carefully.” And here, for the sake of a remark it suggests, let me quote a sentence from a letter written while the latter part of the volume was in progress.

“I have lately been less particular than heretofore; and I have adopted this course in consequence of finding that the imperfections that it costs much thought and trouble to rectify at the time of writing, become visible enough and easily amended after the lapse of some time.”

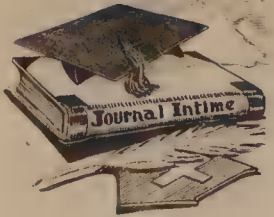
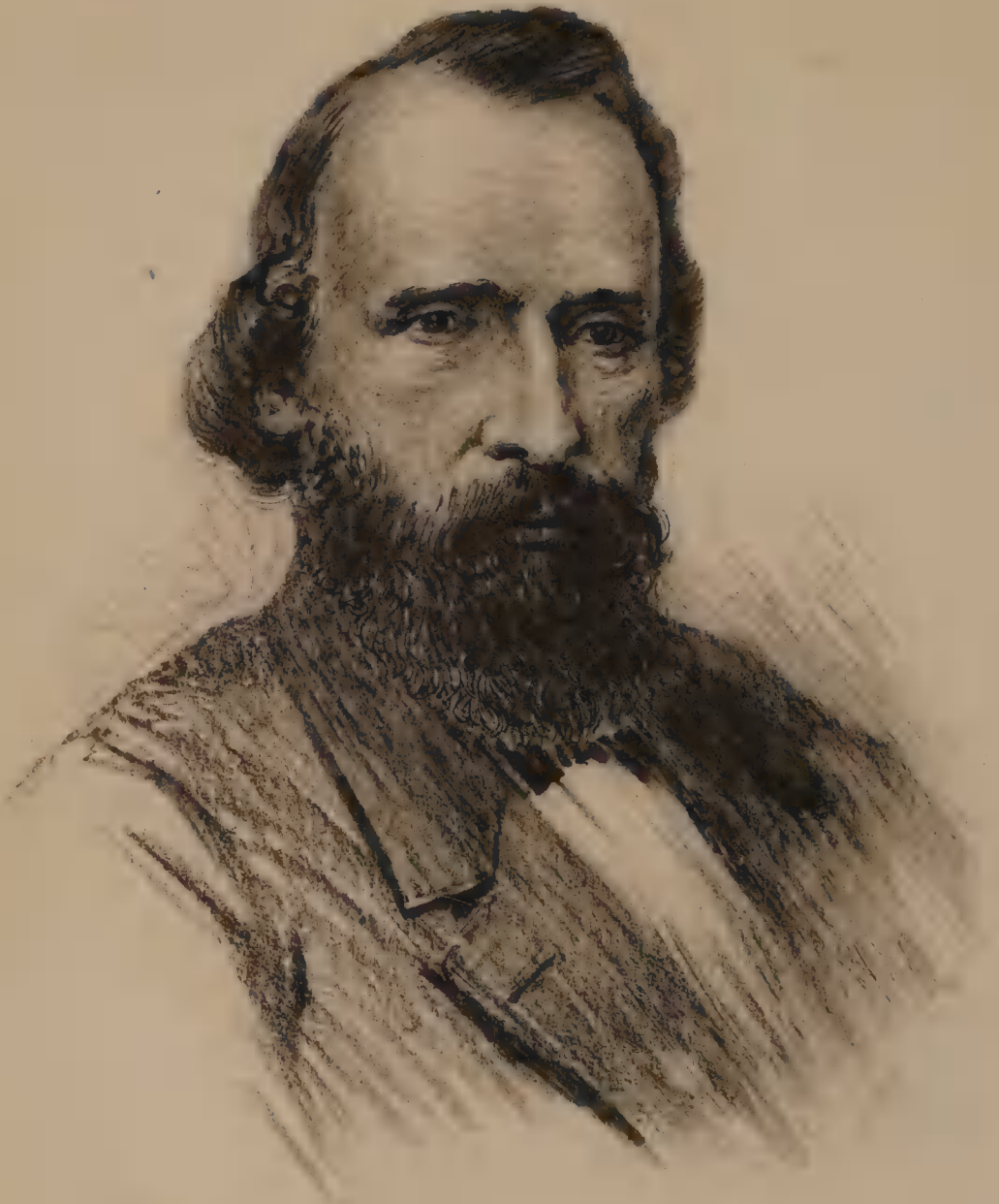
This, which is a familiar experience from ancient days down to ours, implies a curious analogy between the workings of the intellect and the workings of the emotions. That during emotional excitement it is difficult to see where the right lies, while, after an interval, it becomes comparatively easy, and after the lapse of years we feel surprised at having failed to recognize an obvious fault of conduct, is a fact observed by most. And here it is observable that in like manner, the flaws in our intellectual processes as embodied in words, are difficult to perceive during the heat of production, but become conspicuous when the currents of thought have for a long time left them.

Let me add another remark concerning erroneous estimates, now too favorable, now too unfavorable, of our mental products, as of other things with which we are identified. The diversities of judgment consequent on permanent diversities of physical constitution, as well as those consequent on temporary diversities of bodily state, are not sufficiently recognized; or not recognized to sufficient purpose. I was told by a friend that during a long period of ill-health, accompanied by depression so great that he felt strongly inclined to commit suicide, he was fully aware that his gloomy thoughts and forebodings of disaster were results of physical derangement; and yet this knowledge did not enable him to expel them: his judgments were perverted in spite of himself. Perversions less extreme are common, and, indeed, occur in all people: here being habitual and there occasional. In some matters of perception, each man's “personal equation,” once ascertained, makes it easy to correct the errors of his observations; but, unfortunately, we have no means of establishing personal equations for the correction of judgments. These reflections are suggested by remembrance of the varying opinions I formed of my work during its progress. Now I took up a chapter written sometime before, and, after reading it, said to myself

—“Good: that will do very well;” and then, in another mood, I re-read the same chapter, and laid it down discontentedly with the thought that the argument was not well put, or that the expression lacked vigor.

On the whole, however, I was tolerably well satisfied; and sometimes looked forward to the day of issue with raised expectations.

Early in the Spring of 1850, when completion of the work was within sight, there arose the question,—How to get it published? At that time I was, and have since remained, one of those classed by Dr. Johnson as fools—one whose motive in writing books was not, and never has been, that of making money. The thought that I might profit pecuniarily, never even occurred to me—still less served as a prompting thought. To get the work printed and circulated without loss, was as much as I hoped.



HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL

SCHOLAR, POET, AND PHILOSOPHER

1821-1881

(INTRODUCTORY NOTE)

Henri Amiel was a retiring Swiss scholar and minor poet; but Amiel produced one work which was promptly accepted as one of our world's great treasures. This was his account of his own life and thoughts, his meditations, published in 1882, after the author's death, under the title of *Journal Intime*, or "Personal Journal." This remarkable book speaks for itself; seldom has philosopher reached such profound and pensive deeps of thought.

Amiel was Professor of Moral Philosophy at the university of Geneva, a solitary man, who left directions that on his death as much of his journal should be published as his executors thought "possessed either interest as thought or value as experience." The note of humility in the quoted phrase is characteristic of Amiel. His friends had always criticized him for an indecision of will which had barred the success he might else have won as a great teacher and great scholar. This characteristic pondering Amiel himself pathetically describes as the "will that wishes to will, but is unable to find for itself sufficient motive for willing." That is the dominant note of tragedy in his book and in his life.

A celebrated British critic has said of Amiel: "Both as poet and as psychologist, Amiel makes another link in a special tradition; he adds another name to the list of those who have won a hearing from their fellows as interpreters of the inner life, as the revealers of man to himself. He is the successor of St. Augustine and Dante. What others have done for the spiritual life of other generations he has done for the spiritual life of this, and the wealth of poetical, scientific, and psychological faculty which he has brought to the analysis of human feeling and human perceptions places him—so far as the present century is concerned—at the head of the small and delicately gifted class to which he belongs."

JOURNAL INTIME

BERLIN,¹ 16th July 1848.—There is but one thing needful—to possess God. All our senses, all our powers of mind and soul, all our external resources, are so many ways of approaching the Divinity, so many modes of tasting and of adoring God. We must learn to detach ourselves from all that is capable of being lost, to bind ourselves absolutely only to what is absolute and eternal, and to enjoy the rest as a loan, a usufruct. To adore, to understand, to receive, to feel, to give, to act: there is my law, my duty, my happiness, my heaven. Let come what come will—even death. Only be at peace with self, live in the presence of God, in communion with Him, and leave the guidance of existence to those universal powers against whom thou canst do nothing!—If death gives me time, so much the better. If its summons is near, so much the better still; if a half-death overtake me, still so much the better, for so the path of success is closed to me only that I may find opening before me the path of heroism, of moral greatness and resignation. Every life has its potentiality of greatness, and as it is impossible to be outside God, the best is consciously to dwell in Him.

BERLIN, 20th July 1848.—It gives liberty and breadth to thought, to learn to judge our own epoch from the point of view of universal history, history from the point of view of geological periods, geology from the point of view of astronomy. When the duration of a man's life or of a people's life appears to us as microscopic as that of a fly, and inversely, the life of a gnat as infinite as that of a celestial body, with all its dust of nations, we feel ourselves at once very small and very great, and we are able, as it were, to survey from the height of the spheres our own existence, and the little whirlwinds which agitate our little Europe.

At bottom there is but one subject of study: the forms and metamorphoses of mind. All other subjects may be reduced to that; all other studies assuredly bring us back to this study.

GENEVA, 20th April 1849.—It is six years to-day since I last

¹ Where no other name is mentioned, Geneva is to be understood as the author's place of residence.

left Geneva. How many journeys, how many impressions, observations, thoughts, how many forms of men and things, have since then passed before me and in me! The last seven years have been the most important of my life: they have been the novitiate of my intelligence, the initiation of my being into being.

Three snowstorms this afternoon. Poor blossoming plum-trees and peach-trees! What a difference from six years ago, when the cherry-trees, adorned in their green spring dress and laden with their bridal flowers, smiled at my departure along the Vaudois fields, and the lilacs of Burgundy threw great gusts of perfume into my face!

3d May 1849.—I have never felt any inward assurance of genius, or any presentiment of glory or of happiness. I have never seen myself in imagination great or famous, or even a husband, a father, an influential citizen. This indifference to the future, this absolute self-distrust, are, no doubt, to be taken as signs. What dreams I have are all vague and indefinite; I ought not to live, for I am now scarcely capable of living.—Recognize your place; let the living live; and you, gather together your thoughts, leave behind you a legacy of feeling and ideas; you will be most useful so. Renounce yourself, accept the cup given you, with its honey and its gall, as it comes. Bring God down into your heart. Embalm your soul in Him now, make within you a temple for the Holy Spirit; be diligent in good works, make others happier and better.

Put personal ambition away from you, and then you will find consolation in living or in dying, whatever may happen to you.

27th May 1849.—To be misunderstood even by those whom one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of great men which so few understand; it is the cruellest trial reserved for self-devotion; it is what must have oftenest wrung the heart of the Son of man; and if God could suffer, it would be the wound we should be for ever inflicting upon Him. He also—He above all—is the great misunderstood, the least comprehended. Alas! alas! Never to tire, never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the

opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always,—this is duty.

3d June 1849.—Fresh and delicious weather. A long morning walk. Surprised the hawthorn and wild rose-trees in flower. From the fields vague and health-giving scents. The Voiron fringed with dazzling mists, and tints of exquisite softness over the Salève. Work in the fields,—two delightful donkeys,—one pulling greedily at a hedge of barberry. Then three little children. I felt a boundless desire to caress and play with them. To be able to enjoy such leisure, these peaceful fields, fine weather, contentment; to have my two sisters with me; to rest my eyes on balmy meadows and blossoming orchards; to listen to the life singing in the grass and on the trees; to be so calmly happy—is it not too much? is it deserved? O let me enjoy it without reproaching heaven for its kindness; let me enjoy it with gratitude. The days of trouble come soon enough and are many enough. I have no presentiment of happiness. All the more let me profit by the present. Come, kind Nature, smile and enchant me! Veil from me awhile my own griefs and those of others; let me see only the folds of thy queenly mantle, and hide all miserable and ignoble things from me under thy bounties and splendors!

1st October 1849.—Yesterday, Sunday, I read through and made extracts from the Gospel of St. John. It confirmed me in my belief that about Jesus we must believe no one but himself, and that what we have to do is to discover the true image of the founder behind all the prismatic refractions through which it comes to us, and which alter it more or less. A ray of heavenly light traversing human life, the message of Christ has been broken into a thousand rainbow colors, and carried in a thousand directions. It is the historical task of Christianity to assume with every succeeding age a fresh metamorphosis, and to be for ever spiritualizing more and more her understanding of the Christ and of salvation.

I am astounded at the incredible amount of Judaism and formalism which still exists nineteen centuries after the Redeemer's proclamation "it is the letter which killeth"—after his protest against a dead symbolism. The new religion is so profound that it is not understood even now, and would

seem a blasphemy to the greater number of Christians. The person of Christ is the center of it. Redemption, eternal life, divinity, humanity, propitiation, incarnation, judgment, Satan, heaven and hell,—all these beliefs have been so materialized and coarsened, that with a strange irony they present to us the spectacle of things having a profound meaning and yet carnally interpreted. Christian boldness and Christian liberty must be reconquered; it is the Church which is heretical, the Church whose sight is troubled and her heart timid. Whether we will or no, there is an esoteric doctrine,—there is a relative revelation; each man enters into God so much as God enters into him, or as Angelus, I think, said, “The eye by which I see God is the same eye by which He sees me.”

Christianity, if it is to triumph over pantheism, must absorb it. To our pusillanimous eyes Jesus would have borne the marks of a hateful pantheism, for he confirmed the Biblical phrase “ye are gods,” and so would St. Paul, who tells us that we are of “the race of God.”

Our century wants a new theology—that is to say, a more profound explanation of the nature of Christ and of the light which it flashes upon heaven and upon humanity.

Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh—that is to say, over fear: fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of sickness, of isolation, and of death. There is no serious piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage.

Duty has the virtue of making us feel the reality of a positive world while at the same time detaching us from it.

30th December 1850.—The relation of thought to action filled my mind on waking, and I found myself carried towards a bizarre formula, which seems to have something of the night still clinging about it: *Action is but coarsened thought*—thought become concrete, obscure, and unconscious. It seemed to me that our most trifling actions, of eating, walking, and sleeping, were the condensation of a multitude of truths and thoughts, and that the wealth of ideas involved was in direct proportion to the commonness of the action (as our dreams are the more active, the deeper our sleep). We are hemmed round with mystery, and the greatest mysteries

are contained in what we see and do every day. In all spontaneity the work of creation is reproduced in analogy. When the spontaneity is unconscious, you have simple action; when it is conscious—intelligent and moral action. At bottom this is nothing more than the proposition of Hegel: [“What is rational is real; and what is real is rational”]; but it had never seemed to me more evident, more palpable. Everything which is, is thought, but not conscious and individual thought. The human intelligence is but the consciousness of being. It is what I have formulated before: Everything is a symbol of a symbol, and a symbol of what? of mind.

Each bud flowers but once and each flower has but its minute of perfect beauty; so, in the garden of the soul each feeling has, as it were, its flowering instant, its one and only moment of expansive grace and radiant kingship. Each star passes but once in the night through the meridian over our heads and shines there but an instant; so, in the heaven of the mind each thought touches its zenith but once, and in that moment all its brilliancy and all its greatness culminate. Artist, poet, or thinker—if you want to fix and immortalize your ideas or your feelings, seize them at this precise and fleeting moment, for it is their highest point. Before it, you have but vague outlines or dim presentiments of them. After it, you will have only weakened reminiscence or powerless regret; that moment is the moment of your ideal.

Spite is anger which is afraid to show itself, it is an impotent fury conscious of its impotence.

Nothing resembles pride so much as discouragement.

To repel one's cross is to make it heavier.

In the conduct of life, habits count for more than maxims, because habit is a living maxim, become flesh and instinct. To reform one's maxims is nothing: it is but to change the title of the book. To learn new habits is everything, for it is to reach the substance of life. Life is but a tissue of habits.

6th April 1851.—Was there ever any one so vulnerable ■■ I? If I were a father how many griefs and vexations a child might cause me. As a husband, I should have a thousand ways of suffering, because my happiness demands a thousand conditions. I have a heart too easily reached, a too restless imagination; despair is easy to me, and every sensation rever-

berates again and again within me. What might be, spoils for me what is. What ought to be, consumes me with sadness. So that reality, the present, the irreparable, the necessary, repel and even terrify me. I have too much imagination, conscience, and penetration, and not enough character. The life of thought alone seems to me to have enough elasticity and immensity, to be free enough from the irreparable; practical life makes me afraid.

And yet, at the same time, it attracts me; I have need of it. Family life, especially, in all its delightfulness, in all its moral depth, appeals to me almost like a duty. Sometimes I cannot escape from the ideal of it. A companion of my life, of my work, of my thoughts, of my hopes; within, a common worship, towards the world outside, kindness and beneficence; educations to undertake, the thousand and one moral relations which develop round the first—all these ideas intoxicate me sometimes. But I put them aside, because every hope is, as it were, an egg whence a serpent may issue instead of a dove, because every joy missed is a stab; because every seed confided to destiny contains an ear of grief which the future may develop.

I am distrustful of myself and of happiness because I know myself. The ideal poisons for me all imperfect possession. Everything which compromises the future or destroys my inner liberty, which enslaves me to things or obliges me to be other than I could and ought to be, all which injures my idea of the perfect man, hurts me mortally, degrades and wounds me in mind, even beforehand. I abhor useless regrets and repentances. The fatality of the consequences which follow upon every human act,—the leading idea of dramatic art and the most tragic element of life,—arrests me more certainly than the arm of the *Commandeur*. I only act with regret, and almost by force.

To be dependent is to me terrible; but to depend upon what is irreparable, arbitrary, and unforeseen, and above all to be so dependent by my own fault and through my own error—to give up liberty and hope, to slay sleep and happiness—this would be hell!

All that is necessary, providential—in short, *unimputable*—I could bear, I think, with some strength of mind. But

responsibility mortally envenoms grief; and as an act is essentially voluntary, therefore I act as little as possible.

Last outbreak of a rebellious and deceitful self-will,—craving for repose, for satisfaction, for independence!—is there not some relic of selfishness in such a disinterestedness, such a fear, such idle susceptibility?

I wish to fulfill my duty—but where is it, what is it? Here inclination comes in again and interprets the oracle. And the ultimate question is this: Does duty consist in obeying one's nature, even the best and most spiritual? or in conquering it?

Life, is it essentially the education of the mind and intelligence, or that of the will? And does will show itself in strength or in resignation? If the aim of life is to teach us renunciation, then welcome sickness, hindrances, sufferings of every kind! But if its aim is to produce the perfect man, then one must watch over one's integrity of mind and body. To court trial is to tempt God. At bottom, the God of justice veils from me the God of love. I tremble instead of trusting.

Whenever conscience speaks with a divided, uncertain, and disputed voice, it is not yet the voice of God. Descend still deeper into yourself, until you hear nothing but a clear and undivided voice, a voice which does away with doubt and brings with it persuasion light, and serenity. Happy, says the Apostle, are they who are at peace with themselves, and whose heart condemneth them not in the part they take. This inner identity, this unity of conviction, is all the more difficult the more the mind analyzes, discriminates, and foresees. It is difficult, indeed, for liberty to return to the frank unity of instinct.

Alas! we must then re-climb a thousand times the peaks already scaled, and re-conquer the points of view already won,—we must *fight the fight!* The human heart, like kings, signs mere truces under a pretense of perpetual peace. The eternal life is eternally to be re-won. Alas, yes! peace itself is a struggle, or rather it is struggle and activity which are the law. We only find rest in effort, as the flame only finds existence in combustion. O Heraclitus! the symbol of happiness is after all the same as that of grief; anxiety and hope, hell and heaven, are equally restless. The altar of Vesta and the sacrifice of Beelzebub burn with the same fire. Ah, yes, there you

have life—life double-faced and double-edged. The fire which enlightens is also the fire which consumes; the element of the gods may become that of the accursed.

16th June 1851.—This evening I walked up and down on the Pont des Bergues, under a clear moonless heaven, delighting in the freshness of the water, streaked with light from the two quays, and glimmering under the twinkling stars. Meeting all these different groups of young people, families, couples, and children, who were returning to their homes, to their garrets or their drawing-rooms, singing or talking as they went, I felt a movement of sympathy for all these passers-by; my eyes and ears became those of a poet or a painter; while even one's mere kindly curiosity seems to bring with it a joy in living and in seeing others live.

15th August 1851.—To know how to be ready,—a great thing—a precious gift,—and one that implies calculation, grasp and decision. To be always ready, a man must be able to cut a knot, for everything cannot be untied; he must know how to disengage what is essential from the detail in which it is enwrapped, for everything cannot be equally considered; in a word, he must be able to simplify his duties, his business, and his life. To know how to be ready, is to know how to start.

It is astonishing how all of us are generally cumbered up with the thousand and one hindrances and duties which are not such, but which nevertheless wind us about with their spider threads and fetter the movement of our wings. It is the lack of order which makes us slaves; the confusion of to-day discounts the freedom of to-morrow.

Confusion is the enemy of all comfort, and confusion is born of procrastination. To know how to be ready we must be able to finish. Nothing is done but what is finished. The things which we leave dragging behind us will start up again later on before us and harass our path. Let each day take thought for what concerns it, liquidate its own affairs and respect the day which is to follow, and then we shall be always ready. To know how to be ready, is at bottom to know how to die.

2d December 1851.—Let mystery have its place in you; do not be always turning up your whole soil with the plow-

share of self-examination, but leave a little fallow corner in your heart ready for any seed the winds may bring, and reserve a nook of shadow for the passing bird; keep a place in your heart for the unexpected guest, an altar for the unknown God. Then if a bird sing among your branches, do not be too eager to tame it. If you are conscious of something new—thought or feeling—wakening in the depths of your being, do not be in a hurry to let in light upon it, to look at it; let the springing germ have the protection of being forgotten, hedge it round with quiet, and do not break in upon its darkness; let it take shape and grow, and not a word of your happiness to any one! Sacred work of nature as it is, all conception should be enwrapped by the triple veil of modesty, silence, and night.

Kindness is the principle of tact, and respect for others the first condition of *savoir-vivre*.

He who is silent is forgotten; he who abstains is taken at his word; he who does not advance, falls back; he who stops is overwhelmed, distanced, crushed; he who ceases to grow greater becomes smaller; he who leaves off, gives up; the stationary condition is the beginning of the end—it is the terrible symptom which precedes death. To live, is to achieve a perpetual triumph; it is to assert one's self against destruction, against sickness, against the annulling and dispersion of one's physical and moral being. It is to will without ceasing, or rather to refresh one's will day by day.

It is not history which teaches conscience to be honest; it is the conscience which educates history. Fact is corrupting,—it is we who correct it by the persistence of our ideal. The soul moralizes the past in order not to be demoralized by it. Like the alchemists of the middle age, she finds in the crucible of experience only the gold that she herself has poured into it.

Afternoon.—Shall I ever enjoy again those marvelous reveries of past days,—as, for instance, once, when I was still quite a youth, in the early dawn, sitting amongst the ruins of the castle of Faucigny; another time in the mountains above Lavey, under the midday sun, lying under a tree and visited by three butterflies; and again another night on the sandy shore of the North Sea, stretched full length upon the beach, my eyes wandering over the Milky Way? Will they ever re-

turn to me, those grandiose, immortal, cosmogonic dreams, in which one seems to carry the world in one's breast, to touch the stars, to possess the infinite? Divine moments, hours of ecstasy, when thought flies from world to world, penetrates the great enigma, breathes with a respiration large, tranquil, and profound like that of the ocean, and hovers serene and boundless like the blue heaven! Visits from the muse Urania, who traces around the foreheads of those she loves the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power, and who pours into their hearts the tranquil intoxication, if not the authority of genius,—moments of irresistible intuition in which a man feels himself great like the universe and calm like a god! From the celestial spheres down to the shell or the moss, the whole of creation is then submitted to our gaze, lives in our breast, and accomplishes in us its eternal work with the regularity of destiny and the passionate ardor of love. What hours, what memories! The traces which remain to us of them are enough to fill us with respect and enthusiasm, as though they had been visits of the Holy Spirit. And then, to fall back again from these heights with their boundless horizons into the muddy ruts of triviality!—what a fall!—Poor Moses! Thou too sawest undulating in the distance the ravishing hills of the Promised Land, and it was thy fate nevertheless to lay thy weary bones in a grave dug in the desert!—Which of us has not his promised land, his day of ecstasy and his death in exile? What a pale counterfeit is real life of the life we see in glimpses, and how these flaming lightnings of our prophetic youth make the twilight of our dull monotonous manhood more dark and dreary!

2d May 1852 (Sunday), Lancy.—This morning read the Epistle of St. James, the exegetical volume of Cellérier on this Epistle, and a great deal of Pascal, after having first of all passed more than an hour in the garden with the children. I made them closely examine the flowers, the shrubs, the grasshoppers, the snails, in order to practice them in observation, in wonder, in kindness.

How enormously important are these first conversations of childhood! I felt it this morning with a sort of religious terror. Innocence and childhood are sacred. The sower who casts in the seed, the father or mother casting in the fruitful

word, are accomplishing a pontifical act and ought to perform it with religious awe, with prayer and gravity, for they are laboring at the kingdom of God. All seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed fall into the earth or into souls. Man is a husbandman; his whole work rightly understood is to develop life, to sow it everywhere. Such is the mission of humanity, and of this divine mission the great instrument is speech. We forget too often that language is both a seed-sowing and a revelation. The influence of a word in season, is it not incalculable? What a mystery is speech! But we are blind to it, because we are carnal and earthy. We see the stones and the trees by the road, the furniture of our houses, all that is palpable and material. We have no eyes for the invisible phalanxes of ideas which people the air and hover incessantly around each one of us.

Every life is a profession of faith, and exercises an inevitable and silent propaganda. As far as lies in its power, it tends to transform the universe and humanity into its own image. Thus we have all a cure of souls. Every man is a center of perpetual radiation like a luminous body; he is, as it were, a beacon which entices a ship upon the rocks if it does not guide it into port. Every man is a priest, even involuntarily; his conduct is an unspoken sermon, which is forever preaching to others;—but there are priests of Baal, of Moloch, and of all the false gods. Such is the high importance of example. Thence comes the terrible responsibility which weighs upon us all. An evil example is a spiritual poison: it is the proclamation of a sacrilegious faith, of an impure God. Sin would be only an evil for him who commits it, were it not a crime towards the weak brethren, whom it corrupts. Therefore it has been said: "It were better for a man not to have been born than to offend one of these little ones."

6th May 1852.—It is women who, like mountain flowers, mark with most characteristic precision the gradation of social zones. The hierarchy of classes is plainly visible amongst them; it is blurred in the other sex. With women this hierarchy has the average regularity of nature; among men we see it broken by the incalculable varieties of human freedom. The reason is that the man, on the whole, makes himself by his own activity, and that the woman is, on the whole,

made by her situation; that the one modifies and shapes circumstance by his own energy, while the gentleness of the other is dominated by and reflects circumstance; so that woman, so to speak, inclines to be species, and man to be individual.

Thus—which is curious—women are at once the sex which is most constant and most variable. Most constant from the moral point of view, most variable from the social. A confraternity in the first case, a hierarchy in the second. All degrees of culture and all conditions of society are clearly marked in their outward appearance, their manners, and their tastes; but the inward fraternity is traceable in their feelings, their instincts, and their desires. The feminine sex represents at the same time natural and historical inequality; it maintains the unity of the species and marks off the categories of society, it brings together and divides, it gathers and separates, it makes castes and breaks through them, according as it interprets its twofold *rôle* in the one sense or the other. At bottom, woman's mission is essentially conservative, but she is a conservative without discrimination. On the one side, she maintains God's work in man—all that is lasting, noble, and truly human in the race, poetry, religion, virtue, tenderness. On the other, she maintains the results of circumstance—all that is passing, local, and artificial in society; that is to say, customs, absurdities, prejudices, littlenesses. She surrounds with the same respectful and tenacious faith the serious and the frivolous, the good and the bad. Well—what then? Isolate—if you can—the fire from its smoke. It is a divine law that you are tracing, and therefore good. The woman preserves; she is tradition as the man is progress. And if there is no family and no humanity without the two sexes, without these two forces there is no history.

14th May 1852 (*Lancy*).—Yesterday I was full of the philosophy of joy, of youth, of the spring which smiles and the roses which intoxicate; I preached the doctrine of strength, and I forgot that, tried and afflicted like the two friends with whom I was walking, I should probably have reasoned and felt as they did.

Our systems, it has been said, are the expression of our character, or the theory of our situation, that is to say, we

like to think of what has been given as having been acquired, we take our nature for our own work, and our lot in life for our own conquest—an illusion born of vanity and also of the craving for liberty. We are unwilling to be the product of circumstances, or the mere expansion of an inner germ. And yet we have received everything, and the part which is really ours is small indeed, for it is mostly made up of negation, resistance, faults. We receive everything, both life and happiness; but the *manner* in which we receive, this is what is still ours. Let us, then, receive trustfully without shame or anxiety. Let us humbly accept from God even our own nature, and treat it charitably, firmly, intelligently. Not that we are called upon to accept the evil and the disease in us, but let us accept *ourselves* in spite of the evil and the disease. And let us never be afraid of innocent joy; God is good, and what He does is well done;—resign yourself to everything, even to happiness; ask for the spirit of sacrifice, of detachment, of renunciation, and, above all, for the spirit of joy and gratitude—that genuine and religious optimism which sees in God a father, and asks no pardon for His benefits. We must dare to be happy, and dare to confess it, regarding ourselves always as the depositaries, not as the authors of our own joy.

This evening I saw the first glow-worm of the season in the turf beside the little winding road which descends from Lancy towards the town. It was crawling furtively under the grass, like a timid thought or a dawning talent.

17th June 1852.—Every despotism has a specially keen and hostile instinct for whatever keeps up human dignity and independence. And it is curious to see scientific and realist teaching used everywhere as a means of stifling all freedom of investigation as addressed to moral questions, under a dead weight of facts. Materialism is the auxiliary doctrine of every tyranny, whether of the one or of the masses. To crush what is spiritual, moral, human—so to speak—in man, by specializing him; to form mere wheels of the great social machine, instead of perfect individuals; to make society and not conscience the center of life, to enslave the soul to things, to de-personalize man,—this is the dominant drift of our epoch. Everywhere you may see a tendency to substitute the laws of dead matter (number, mass) for the laws of the moral

nature (persuasion, adhesion, faith); equality, the principle of mediocrity, becoming a dogma; unity aimed at through uniformity; numbers doing duty for argument; negative liberty, which has no law *in itself*, and recognizes no limit except in force, everywhere taking the place of positive liberty, which means action guided by an inner law and curbed by a moral authority. Socialism versus individualism: this is how Vinet put the dilemma. I should say rather that it is only the eternal antagonism between letter and spirit, between form and matter, between the outward and the inward, appearance and reality, which is always present in every conception and in all ideas.

Materialism coarsens and petrifies everything; makes everything vulgar and every truth false. And there is a religious and political materialism which spoils all that it touches—liberty, equality, individuality. So that there are two ways of understanding democracy.

What is threatened to-day is moral liberty, conscience, respect for the soul, the very nobility of man. To defend the soul, its interests, its rights, its dignity, is the most pressing duty for whoever sees the danger. What the writer, the teacher, the pastor, the philosopher, has to do, is to defend humanity in man. Man! the true man, the ideal man! Such should be their motto, their rallying cry. War to all that debases, diminishes, hinders, and degrades him; protection for all that fortifies, ennobles, and raises him. The test of every religious, political, or educational system, is the man which it forms. If a system injures the intelligence it is bad. If it injures the character it is vicious. If it injures the conscience it is criminal.

12th August 1852 (*Lancy*).—Each sphere of being tends toward a higher sphere, and has already revelations and presentiments of it. The ideal under all its forms is the anticipation and the prophetic vision of that existence, higher than his own, toward which every being perpetually aspires. And this higher and more dignified existence is more inward in character—that is to say, more spiritual. Just as volcanoes reveal to us the secrets of the interior of the globe, so enthusiasm and ecstasy are the passing explosions of this inner world of the soul; and human life is but the preparation and

the means of approach to this spiritual life. The degrees of initiation are innumerable. Watch, then, disciple of life, watch and labor towards the development of the angel within thee! For the divine Odyssey is but a series of more and more ethereal metamorphoses, in which each form, the result of what goes before, is the condition of those which follow. The divine life is a series of successive deaths, in which the mind throws off its imperfections and its symbols, and yields to the growing attraction of the ineffable center of gravitation, the sun of intelligence and love. Created spirits, in the accomplishment of their destinies, tend, so to speak, to form constellations and milky ways within the empyrean of the divinity; in becoming gods, they surround the throne of the sovereign with a sparkling court. In their greatness lies their homage. The divinity with which they are invested is the noblest glory of God. God is the father of spirits, and the constitution of the eternal kingdom rests on the vassalship of love.

27th September 1852 (*Lancy*).—To-day I complete my thirty-first year.

The most beautiful poem there is, is life—life which discerns its own story in the making, in which inspiration and self-consciousness go together and help each other, life which knows itself to be the world in little, a repetition in miniature of the divine universal poem. Yes, be man; that is to say, be nature, be spirit, be the image of God, be what is greatest, most beautiful, most lofty in all the spheres of being, be infinite will and idea, a reproduction of the great whole. And be everything while being nothing, effacing thyself, letting God enter into thee as the air enters an empty space, reducing the *ego* to the mere vessel which contains the divine essence. Be humble, devout, silent, that so thou mayest hear in the depths of thyself the subtle and profound voice; be spiritual and pure, that so thou mayest have communion with the pure spirit. Withdraw thyself often into the sanctuary of thy inmost consciousness; become once more point and atom, that so thou mayest free thyself from space, time, matter, temptation, dispersion,—that thou mayest escape thy very organs themselves and thine own life. That is to say, die often, and examine thyself in the presence of this death, as

a preparation for the last death. He who can without shuddering confront blindness, deafness, paralysis, disease, betrayal, poverty; he who can without terror appear before the sovereign justice, he alone can call himself prepared for partial or total death. How far am I from anything of the sort, how far is my heart from any such stoicism! But at least we can try to detach ourselves from all that can be taken away from us, to accept everything as a loan and a gift, and to cling only to the imperishable,—this at any rate we can attempt. To believe in a good and fatherly God, who educates us, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, who punishes only when he must, and takes away only with regret; this thought, or rather this conviction, gives courage and security. Oh, what need we have of love, of tenderness, of affection, of kindness, and how vulnerable we are, we, the sons of God, we, immortal and sovereign beings! Strong as the universe or feeble as the worm, according as we represent God or only ourselves, as we lean upon infinite being, or as we stand alone.

The point of view of religion, of a religion at once active and moral, spiritual and profound, alone gives to life all the dignity and all the energy of which it is capable. Religion makes invulnerable and invincible. Earth can only be conquered in the name of heaven. All good things are given over and above to him who desires but righteousness. To be disinterested is to be strong, and the world is at the feet of him whom it cannot tempt. Why? Because spirit is lord of matter, and the world belongs to God. “Be of good cheer,” saith a heavenly voice, “I have overcome the world.”

Lord, lend thy strength to those who are weak in the flesh—but willing in the spirit!

6th November 1852.—I am capable of all the passions, for I bear them all within me. Like a tamer of wild beasts, I keep them caged and lassoed, but I sometimes hear them growling. I have stifled more than one nascent love. Why? Because with that prophetic certainty which belongs to moral intuition, I felt it lacking in true life, and less durable than myself. I choked it down in the name of the supreme affection to come. The loves of sense, of imagination, of sentiment,—I have seen through and rejected them all; I sought

the love which springs from the central profundities of being. And I still believe in it. I will have none of those passions of straw which dazzle, burn up, and wither; I invoke, I await, and I hope for the love which is great, pure, and earnest, which lives and works in all the fibers and through all the powers of the soul. And even if I go lonely to the end, I would rather my hope and my dream died with me, than that my soul should content itself with any meaner union.

8th November 1852.—Responsibility is my invisible nightmare. To suffer through one's own fault is a torment worthy of the lost, for so grief is envenomed by ridicule, and the worst ridicule of all, that which springs from shame of oneself. I have only force and energy wherewith to meet evils coming from outside; but an irreparable evil brought about by myself, a renunciation for life of my liberty, my peace of mind,—the very thought of it is maddening,—I expiate my privilege indeed. My privilege is to be the spectator of my own life-drama, to be fully conscious of the tragi-comedy of my own destiny, and, more than that, to be in the secret of the tragi-comic itself—that is to say, to be unable to take my illusions seriously, to see myself, so to speak, from the theater on the stage, or to be like a man looking from beyond the tomb into existence. I feel myself forced to feign a particular interest in my individual part, while all the time I am living in the confidence of the poet who is playing with all these agents which seem so important, and knows all that they are ignorant of. It is a strange position, and one which becomes painful as soon as grief obliges me to betake myself once more to my own little *rôle*, binding me closely to it, and warning me that I am going too far in imagining myself, because of my conversations with the poet, dispensed from taking up again my modest part of valet in the piece.—Shakespeare must have experienced this feeling often, and Hamlet, I think, must express it somewhere. It is a *Doppelgängerei*, quite German in character, and which explains the disgust with reality, and the repugnance to public life, so common among the thinkers of Germany. There is, as it were, a degradation, a Gnostic fall, in thus folding one's wings and going back again into the vulgar shell of one's own individuality. Without grief, which is the string of

this venturesome kite, man would soar too quickly and too high, and the chosen souls would be lost for the race, like balloons which, save for gravitation, would never return from the empyrean.

How, then, is one to recover courage enough for action? By striving to restore in oneself something of that unconsciousness, spontaneity, instinct, which reconciles us to earth and makes man useful and relatively happy.

By believing more practically in the Providence which pardons and allows of reparation.

By accepting our human condition in a more simple and childlike spirit, fearing trouble less, calculating less, hoping more. For we decrease our responsibility if we decrease our clearness of vision, and fear lessons with the lessening of responsibility.

By extracting a richer experience out of our losses and lessons.

26th December 1852 (Sunday).—If I reject many portions of our theology and of our Church system, it is that I may the better reach the Christ himself. My philosophy allows me this. It does not state the dilemma as one of religion or philosophy, but as one of religion accepted or experienced, understood or not understood. For me philosophy is a manner of apprehending things, a mode of perception of reality. It does not create nature, man or God, but it finds them and seeks to understand them. Philosophy is consciousness taking account of itself with all that it contains. Now consciousness may contain a new life—the facts of regeneration and of salvation, that is to say, Christian experience. The understanding of the Christian consciousness is an integral part of philosophy, as the Christian consciousness is a leading form of religious consciousness, and religious consciousness an essential form of consciousness.

An error is the more dangerous in proportion to the degree of truth which it contains.

Look twice, if what you want is a just conception; look once, if what you want is a sense of beauty.

A man only understands what is akin to something already existing in himself.

Common sense is the measure of the possible; it is com-

posed of experience and prevision; it is calculation applied to life.

The wealth of each mind is proportional to the number and to the precision of its categories and its points of view.

To feel himself freer than his neighbor is the reward of the critic.

Modesty (*pudeur*) is always the sign and safeguard of a mystery. It is explained by its contrary—profanation. Shyness or modesty is, in truth, the half-conscious sense of a secret of nature or of the soul too intimately individual to be given or surrendered. It is *exchanged*. To surrender what is most profound and mysterious in one's being and personality at any price less than that of absolute reciprocity is profanation.

6th January 1853.—Self-government with tenderness,—here you have the condition of all authority over children. The child must discover in us no passion, no weakness of which he can make use; he must feel himself powerless to deceive or to trouble us; then he will recognize in us his natural superiors, and he will attach a special value to our kindness, because he will respect it. The child who can rouse in us anger, or impatience, or excitement, feels himself stronger than we, and a child only respects strength. The mother should consider herself as her child's sun, a changeless and ever radiant world, whither the small restless creature, quick at tears and laughter, light, fickle, passionate, full of storms, may come for fresh stores of light, warmth, and electricity, of calm and of courage. The mother represents goodness, providence, law; that is to say, the divinity, under that form of it which is accessible to childhood. If she is herself passionate, she will inculcate on her child a capricious and despotic God, or even several discordant gods. The religion of a child depends on what its mother and its father are, and not on what they say. The inner and unconscious ideal which guides their life is precisely what touches the child; their words, their remonstrances, their punishments, their bursts of feeling even, are for him merely thunder and comedy; what they worship—this it is which his instinct divines and reflects.

The child sees what we are, behind what we wish to be.

Hence his reputation as a physiognomist. He extends his power as far as he can with each of us; he is the most subtle of diplomatists. Unconsciously he passes under the influence of each person about him, and reflects it while transforming it after his own nature. He is a magnifying mirror. This is why the first principle of education is: train yourself; and the first rule to follow if you wish to possess yourself of a child's will is: master your own.

5th February 1853 (seven o'clock in the morning).—I am always astonished at the difference between one's inward mood of the evening and that of the morning. The passions which are dominant in the evening, in the morning leave the field free for the contemplative part of the soul. Our whole being, irritated and overstrung by the nervous excitement of the day, arrives in the evening at the culminating point of its human vitality; the same being, tranquilized by the calm of sleep, is in the morning nearer heaven. We should weigh a resolution in the two balances, and examine an idea under the two lights, if we wish to minimize the chances of error by taking the average of our daily oscillations. Our inner life describes regular curves,—barometrical curves, as it were, independent of the accidental disturbances which the storms of sentiment and passion may raise in us. Every soul has its climate, or rather, *is* a climate; it has, so to speak, its own meteorology in the general meteorology of the soul. Psychology, therefore, cannot be complete so long as the physiology of our planet is itself incomplete—that science to which we give nowadays the insufficient name of physics of the globe.

I became conscious this morning that what appears to us impossible is often an impossibility altogether subjective. Our mind, under the action of the passions, produces by a strange mirage gigantic obstacles, mountains or abysses, which stop us short. Breathe upon the passion and the phantasmagoria will vanish. This power of mirage, by which we are able to delude and fascinate ourselves, is a moral phenomenon worthy of attentive study. We make for ourselves, in truth, our own spiritual world, our own monsters, chimeras, angels,—we make objective what ferments in us. All is marvelous for the poet; all is divine for the saint; all is great for the hero;

all is wretched, miserable, ugly, and bad for the base and sordid soul. The bad man creates around him a pandemonium, the artist an Olympus, the elect soul a paradise, which each of them sees for himself alone. We are all visionaries, and what we see is our soul in things. We reward ourselves and punish ourselves without knowing it, so that all appears to change when we change.

The soul is essentially active, and the activity of which we are conscious is but a part of our activity, and voluntary activity is but a part of our conscious activity. Here we have the basis of a whole psychology and system of morals. Man reproducing the world, surrounding himself with a nature which is the objective rendering of his spiritual nature, rewarding and punishing himself; the universe identical with the divine nature, and the nature of the perfect spirit only becoming understood according to the measure of our perfection; intuition the recompense of inward purity; science as the result of goodness—in short, a new phenomenology, more complete and more moral, in which the total soul of things becomes spirit. This shall perhaps be my subject for my summer lectures. How much is contained in it!—the whole domain of inner education, all that is mysterious in our life, the relation of nature to spirit, of God and all other beings to man, the repetition in miniature of the cosmogony, mythology, theology and history of the universe, the evolution of mind—in a word, the problem of problems into which I have often plunged, but from which finite things, details, minutiae, have turned me back a thousand times. I return to the brink of the great abyss with the clear perception that here lies the problem of science, that to sound it is a duty, that God hides Himself only in light and love, that He calls upon us to become spirits, to possess ourselves and to possess Him in the measure of our strength, and that it is our incredulity, our spiritual cowardice, which is our infirmity and weakness.

Dante, gazing into the three worlds with their divers heavens, saw under the form of an image what I would fain seize under a purer form. But he was a poet, and I shall only be a philosopher. The poet makes himself understood by human generations and by the crowd; the philosopher addresses himself only to a few rare minds.

The day has broken. It brings with it dispersion of thought in action. I feel myself demagnetized, pure clairvoyance gives place to study, and the ethereal depth of the heaven of contemplation vanishes before the glitter of finite things. Is it to be regretted? No. But it proves that the hours most apt for philosophical thought are those which precede the dawn.

20th March 1853.—I sat up alone; two or three times I paid a visit to the children's room. It seemed to me, young mothers, that I understood you!—Sleep is the mystery of life; there is a profound charm in this darkness broken by the tranquil light of the night-lamp, and in this silence measured by the rhythmic breathings of two young sleeping creatures. It was brought home to me that I was looking on at a marvelous operation of nature, and I watched it in no profane spirit. I sat silently listening, a moved and hushed spectator of this poetry of the cradle, this ancient and ever new benediction of the family, this symbol of creation sleeping under the wing of God, of our consciousness withdrawing into the shade that it may rest from the burden of thought, and of the tomb, that divine bed, where the soul in its turn rests from life.—To sleep is to strain and purify our emotions, to deposit the mud of life, to calm the fever of the soul, to return into the bosom of maternal nature, thence to re-issue, healed and strong. Sleep is a sort of innocence and purification. Blessed be He who gave it to the poor sons of men as the sure and faithful companion of life, our daily healer and consoler.

11th May 1853.—Psychology, poetry, philosophy, history, and science,—I have swept rapidly to-day on the wings of the invisible hippogriff through all these spheres of thought. But the general impression has been one of tumult and anguish, temptation and disquiet.

I love to plunge deep into the ocean of life; but it is not without losing sometimes all sense of the axis and the pole, without losing myself, and feeling the consciousness of my own nature and vocation growing faint and wavering. The whirlwind of the Wandering Jew carries me away, tears me from my little familiar enclosure, and makes me behold all the empires of men. In my voluntary abandonment to the generality, the universal, the infinite, my particular *ego* evaporates like a drop of water in a furnace; it only condenses

itself anew at the return of cold, after enthusiasm has died out and the sense of reality has returned. Alternate expansion and condensation, abandonment and recovery of self, the conquest of the world to be pursued on the one side, the deepening of consciousness on the other—such is the play of the inner life, the march of the microcosmic mind, the marriage of the individual soul with the universal soul, the finite with the infinite, whence springs the intellectual progress of man. Other betrothals unite the soul to God, the religious consciousness with the divine; these belong to the history of the will. And what precedes will is feeling, preceded itself by instinct. Man is only what he becomes—profound truth; but he becomes only what he is—truth still more profound. What am I? Terrible question! Problem of predestination, of birth, of liberty—there lies the abyss. And yet one must plunge into it, and I have done so. The prelude of Bach I heard this evening predisposed me to it; it paints the soul tormented and appealing, and finally seizing upon God, and possessing itself of peace and the infinite with an all-prevailing fervor and passion.

26th July 1853.—Why do I find it easier and more satisfactory, as a writer of verse, to compose in the short meters than in the long and serious ones? Why, in general, am I better fitted for what is difficult than for what is easy? Always for the same reason. I cannot bring myself to move freely, to show myself without a veil, to act on my own account and act seriously, to believe in and assert myself, whereas a piece of badinage which diverts attention from myself to the thing in hand, from the feeling to the skill of the writer, puts me at my ease. It is timidity which is at the bottom of it. There is another reason, too,—I am afraid of greatness, I am not afraid of ingenuity, and distrustful as I am both of my gift and my instrument, I like to reassure myself by an elaborate practice of execution. All my published literary essays, therefore, are little else than studies, games, exercises, for the purpose of testing myself. I play scales, as it were; I run up and down my instrument, I train my hand, and make sure of its capacity and skill. But the work itself remains unachieved. My effort expires, and, satisfied with the *power* to act, I never arrive at the will to act. I am always preparing and never

accomplishing, and my energy is swallowed up in a kind of barren curiosity.—Timidity, then, and curiosity—these are the two obstacles which bar against me a literary career. Nor must procrastination be forgotten. I am always reserving for the future what is great, serious, and important, and meanwhile I am eager to exhaust what is pretty and trifling. Sure of my devotion to things that are vast and profound, I am always lingering in their contraries lest I should neglect them. Serious at bottom, I am frivolous in appearance. A lover of thought, I seem to care above all for expression; I keep the substance for myself, and reserve the form for others. So that the net result of my timidity is that I never treat the public seriously, and that I only show myself to it in what is amusing, enigmatical, or capricious; the result of my curiosity is that everything tempts me, the shell as well as the mountain, and that I lose myself in endless research; while the habit of procrastination keeps me forever at preliminaries and antecedents, and production itself is never even begun.

But if that is the fact, the fact might be different. I understand myself, but I do not approve myself.

3d July 1856.—The German admires form, but he has no genius for it. He is the opposite of the Greek; he has critical instinct, aspiration, and desire, but no serene command of beauty. The south, more artistic, more self-satisfied, more capable of execution, rests idly in the sense of its own power to achieve. On one side you have ideas, on the other side talent. The realm of Germany is beyond the clouds; that of the southern peoples is on this earth. The Germanic race thinks and feels; the Southerners feel and express; the Anglo-Saxons will and do. To know, to feel, to act,—there you have the trio of Germany,—Italy,—England. France formulates, speaks, decides, and laughs. Thought, talent, will, speech; or, in other words, science, art, action, proselytism. So the parts of the quartette are assigned.

21st July 1856.—*Mit Sack und Pack* here I am back again in my town rooms. I have said good-by to my friends and my country joys, to verdure, flowers, and happiness. Why did I leave them after all? The reason I gave myself was that I was anxious about my poor uncle, who is ill. But at bottom are there not other reasons? Yes, several. There is the fear

of making myself a burden upon the two or three families of friends who show me incessant kindness, for which I can make no return. There are my books, which call me back. There is the wish to keep faith with myself. But all that would be nothing, I think, without another instinct—the instinct of the Wandering Jew, which snatches from me the cup I have but just raised to my lips, which forbids me any prolonged enjoyment, and cries, “Go forward! Let there be no falling asleep, no stopping, no attaching yourself to this or that!” This restless feeling is not the need of change. It is rather the fear of what I love, the mistrust of what charms me; the unrest of happiness. What a *bizarre* tendency, and what a strange nature!—not to be able to enjoy anything simply, naïvely, without scruple, to feel a force upon one impelling one to leave the table, for fear the meal should come to an end. Contradiction and mystery!—not to use, for fear of abusing; to think oneself obliged to go, not because one has had enough, but because one has stayed a while. I am indeed always the same: the being who wanders when he need not, the voluntary exile, the eternal traveler, the man incapable of repose, who, driven on by an inward voice, builds nowhere, buys and labors nowhere, but passes, looks, camps, and goes.—And is there not another reason for all this restlessness, in a certain sense of void—of incessant pursuit of something wanting?—of longing for a truer peace and a more entire satisfaction? Neighbors, friends, relations,—I love them all; and so long as these affections are active, they leave in me no room for a sense of want. But yet they do not *fill* my heart; and that is why they have no power to fix it. I am always waiting for the woman and the work which shall be capable of taking entire possession of my soul, and of becoming my end and aim.

“Promenant par tout séjour
 Le deuil que tu cèles,
 Psyché-papillon, un jour
 Puissest-tu trouver l’amour
 Et perdre tes ailes!”

I have not given away my heart: hence this restlessness of spirit. I will not let it be taken captive by that which cannot

fill and satisfy it; hence this instinct of pitiless detachment from all that charms me without permanently binding me; so that it seems as if my love of movement, which looks so like inconstancy, was at bottom only a perpetual search, a hope, a desire, and a care, the malady of the ideal.

. . . Life indeed must always be a compromise between common sense and the ideal,—the one abating nothing of its demands, the other accommodating itself to what is practicable and real. But marriage by common sense!—arrived at by a bargain! Can it be anything but a profanation? On the other hand, is that not a vicious ideal which hinders life from completing itself, and destroys the family in germ? Is there not too much of pride in my ideal,—pride which will not accept the common destiny?

Noon.—I have been dreaming—my head in my hands. About what? About happiness. I have, as it were, been asleep on the fatherly breast of God. His will be done!

5th May 1860.—To grow old is more difficult than to die, because to renounce a good once and for all, costs less than to renew the sacrifice day by day and in detail. To bear with one's own decay, to accept one's own lessening capacity, is a harder and rarer virtue than to face death. There is a halo round tragic and premature death; there is but a long sadness in declining strength. But look closer: so studied, a resigned and religious old age will often move us more than the heroic ardor of young years. The maturity of the soul is worth more than the first brilliance of its faculties, or the plenitude of its strength, and the eternal in us can but profit from all the ravages made by time. There is comfort in this thought.

22d May 1860.—There is in me a secret incapacity for expressing my true feeling, for saying what pleases others, for bearing witness to the present,—a reserve which I have often noticed in myself with vexation. My heart never dares to speak seriously, either because it is ashamed of being thought to flatter, or afraid lest it should not find exactly the right expression. I am always trifling with the present moment. Feeling in me is retrospective. My refractory nature is slow to recognize the solemnity of the hour in which I actually stand. An ironical instinct, born of timidity, makes me pass

lightly over what I have on pretense of waiting for some other thing at some other time. Fear of being carried away, and distrust of myself pursue me even in moments of emotion; by a sort of invincible pride, I can never persuade myself to say to any particular instant, "Stay! decide for me; be a supreme moment! stand out from the monotonous depths of eternity and mark a unique experience in my life!" I trifle, even with happiness, out of distrust of the future.

12th September 1861.—In me an intellect which would fain forget itself in things, is contradicted by a heart which yearns to live in human beings. The uniting link of the two contradictions is the tendency towards self-abandonment, towards ceasing to will and exist for oneself, towards laying down one's own personality, and losing—dissolving—oneself in love and contemplation. What I lack above all things is character, will, individuality. But, as always happens, the appearance is exactly the contrary of the reality, and my outward life the reverse of my true and deepest aspiration. I whose whole being—heart and intellect—thirsts to absorb itself in reality, in its neighbor man, in Nature and in God,—I, whom solitude devours and destroys,—I shut myself up in solitude and seem to delight only in myself and to be sufficient for myself. Pride and delicacy of soul, timidity of heart, have made me thus do violence to all my instincts and invert the natural order of my life. It is not astonishing that I should be unintelligible to others. In fact I have always avoided what attracted me, and turned my back upon the point where secretly I desired to be.

“Deux instincts sont en moi: vertige et déraison;
J'ai l'effroi du bonheur et la soif du poison.”

It is the Nemesis which dogs the steps of life, the secret instinct and power of death in us, which labors continually for the destruction of all that seeks to be, to take form, to exist; it is the passion for destruction, the tendency towards suicide, identifying itself with the instinct of self-preservation.—This antipathy towards all that does one good, all that nourishes and heals, is it not a mere variation of the antipathy to moral light and regenerative truth? Does not sin also create a thirst for death, a growing passion for what does

harm?—Discouragement has been my sin. Discouragement is an act of unbelief. Growing weakness has been the consequence of it; the principle of death in me and the influence of the Prince of Darkness have waxed stronger together. My will in abdicating has yielded up the scepter to instinct; and as the corruption of the best results in what is worst, love of the ideal, tenderness, unworldliness, have led me to a state in which I shrink from hope and crave for annihilation. Action is my cross.

25th November 1861.—To understand a drama requires the same mental operation as to understand an existence, a biography, a man. It is a putting back of the bird into the egg, of the plant into its seed, a reconstitution of the whole genesis of the being in question. Art is simply the bringing into relief of the obscure thought of nature; a simplification of the lines, a falling into place of groups otherwise invisible. The fire of inspiration brings out, as it were, designs traced beforehand in sympathetic ink. The mysterious grows clear, the confused plain; what is complicated becomes simple—what is accidental, necessary. In short, art reveals nature by interpreting its intentions and formulating its desires. Every ideal is the key of a long enigma. The great artist is the simplifier.

Every man is a tamer of wild beasts, and these wild beasts are his passions. To draw their teeth and claws, to muzzle and tame them, to turn them into servants and domestic animals, fuming, perhaps, but submissive—in this consists personal education.

3d February 1862.—Self-criticism is the corrosive of all oratorical or literary spontaneity. The thirst to know turned upon the self is punished, like the curiosity of Psyche, by the flight of the thing desired. Force should remain a mystery to itself; as soon as it tries to penetrate its own secret it vanishes away. The hen with the golden eggs becomes unfruitful as soon as she tries to find out why her eggs are golden. The consciousness of consciousness is the term and end of analysis. True, but analysis pushed to extremity devours itself, like the Egyptian serpent. We must give it some external matter to crush and dissolve if we wish to prevent its destruction by its action upon itself. “We are, and ought to be, obscure to

ourselves," said Goethe, "turned outwards, and working upon the world which surrounds us." Outward radiation constitutes health; a too continuous concentration upon what is within brings us back to vacuity and blank. It is better that life should dilate and extend itself in ever-widening circles, than that it should be perpetually diminished and compressed by solitary contraction. Warmth tends to make a globe out of an atom; cold, to reduce a globe to the dimensions of an atom. Analysis has been to me self-annulling, self-destroying.

7th November 1862.—How malign, infectious, and unwholesome is the eternal smile of that indifferent criticism, that attitude of ironical contemplation, which corrodes and demolishes everything, that mocking pitiless temper, which holds itself aloof from every personal duty and every vulnerable affection, and cares only to understand without committing itself to action! Criticism become a habit, a fashion, and a system, means the destruction of moral energy, of faith, and of all spiritual force. One of my tendencies leads me in this direction, but I recoil before its results when I come across more emphatic types of it than myself. And at least I cannot reproach myself with having ever attempted to destroy the moral force of others; my reverence for life forbade it, and my self-distrust has taken from me even the temptation to it.

This kind of temper is very dangerous among us, for it flatters all the worst instincts of men,—indiscipline, irreverence, selfish individualism,—and it ends in social atomism. Minds inclined to mere negation are only harmless in great political organisms, which go without them and in spite of them. The multiplication of them amongst ourselves will bring about the ruin of our little countries, for small states only live by faith and will. Woe to the society where negation rules, for life is an affirmation; and a society, a country, a nation, is a living whole capable of death. No nationality is possible without prejudices, for public spirit and national tradition are but webs woven out of innumerable beliefs which have been acquired, admitted, and continued without formal proof and without discussion. To act, we must believe; to believe, we must make up our minds, affirm, decide, and in reality prejudice the question. He who will only act upon a full scientific certitude is unfit for practical life. But

we are made for action, and we cannot escape from duty. Let us not, then, condemn prejudice so long as we have nothing but doubt to put in its place, or laugh at those whom we should be incapable of consoling! This, at least, is my point of view.

Beyond the element which is common to all men there is an element which separates them. This element may be religion, country, language, education. But all these being supposed common, there still remains something which serves as a line of demarcation—namely, the ideal. To have an ideal or to have none, to have this ideal or that,—this is what digs gulfs between men, even between those who live in the same family circle, under the same roof or in the same room. You must love with the same love, think with the same thought as some one else, if you are to escape solitude.

Mutual respect implies discretion and reserve even in love itself; it means preserving as much liberty as possible to those whose life we share. We must distrust our instinct of intervention, for the desire to make one's own will prevail is often disguised under the mask of solicitude.

How many times we become hypocrites simply by remaining the same outwardly and towards others, when we know that inwardly and to ourselves we are different. It is not hypocrisy in the strict sense, for we borrow no other personality than our own; still, it is a kind of deception. The deception humiliates us, and the humiliation is a chastisement which the mask inflicts upon the face, which our past inflicts upon our present. Such humiliation is good for us; for it produces shame, and shame gives birth to repentance. Thus in an upright soul good springs out of evil, and it falls only to rise again.

2d September 1863.—How shall I find a name for that subtle feeling which seized hold upon me this morning in the twilight of waking? It was a reminiscence, charming indeed, but nameless, vague, and featureless, like the figure of a woman seen for an instant by a sick man in the uncertainty of delirium, and across the shadows of his darkened room. I had a distinct sense of a form which I had seen somewhere, and which had moved and charmed me once, and then had fallen back with time into the catacombs of oblivion. But all

the rest was confused: place, occasion, and the figure itself, for I saw neither the face nor its expression. The whole was like a fluttering veil under which the enigma,—the secret, of happiness,—might have been hidden. And I was awake enough to be sure that it was not a dream.

In impressions like these we recognize the last trace of things which are sinking out of sight and call within us, of memories which are perishing. It is like a shimmering marsh-light falling upon some vague outline of which one scarcely knows whether it represents a pain or a pleasure,—a gleam upon a grave. How strange! One might almost call such things the ghosts of the soul, reflections of past happiness, the *manes* of our dead emotions. If, as the Talmud, I think, says, every feeling of love gives birth involuntarily to an invisible genius or spirit which yearns to complete its existence, and these glimmering phantoms, which have never taken to themselves form and reality, are still wandering in the limbo of the soul, what is there to astonish us in the strange apparitions which sometimes come to visit our pillow? At any rate, the fact remains that I was not able to force the phantom to tell me its name, nor to give any shape or distinctness to my reminiscence.

What a melancholy aspect life may wear to us when we are floating down the current of such dreamy thoughts as these! It seems like some vast nocturnal shipwreck in which a hundred loving voices are clamoring for help, while the pitiless mounting wave is silencing all the cries one by one, before we have been able, in this darkness of death, to press a hand or give the farewell kiss. From such a point of view destiny looks harsh, savage, and cruel, and the tragedy of life rises like a rock in the midst of the dull waters of daily triviality. It is impossible not to be serious under the weight of indefinite anxiety produced in us by such a spectacle. The surface of things may be smiling or commonplace, but the depths below are austere and terrible. As soon as we touch upon eternal things, upon the destiny of the soul, upon truth or duty, upon the secrets of life and death, we become grave whether we will or no.

Love at its highest point,—love sublime, unique, invincible,—leads us straight to the brink of the great abyss, for it

speaks to us directly of the infinite and of eternity. It is eminently religious: it may even become religion.—When all around a man is wavering and changing,—when everything is growing dark and featureless to him in the far distance of an unknown future,—when the world seems but a fiction or a fairy tale, and the universe a chimera,—when the whole edifice of ideas vanishes in smoke, and all realities are penetrated with doubt,—what is the fixed point which may still be his? The faithful heart of a woman! There he may rest his head; there he will find strength to live, strength to believe, and, if need be, strength to die in peace with a benediction on his lips. Who knows if love and its beatitude, clear manifestation as it is of the universal harmony of things, is not the best demonstration of a fatherly and understanding God, just as it is the shortest road by which to reach Him? Love is a faith, and one faith leads to another. And this faith is happiness, light, and force. Only by it does a man enter into the series of the living, the awakened, the happy, the redeemed,—of those true men who know the value of existence and who labor for the glory of God and of the Truth. Till then we are but babblers and chatterers, spendthrifts of our time, our faculties and our gifts, without aim, without real joy,—weak, infirm, and useless beings, of no account in the scheme of things.—Perhaps it is through love that I shall find my way back to faith, to religion, to energy, to concentration. It seems to me, at least, that if I could but find my work-fellow and my destined companion, all the rest would be added unto me, as though to confound my unbelief and make me blush for my despair. Believe, then, in an all-pervading fatherly Providence, and dare to love!

25th November 1863.—Prayer is the essential weapon of all religions. He who can no longer pray because he doubts whether there is a being to whom prayer ascends and from whom blessing descends, he indeed is cruelly solitary and prodigiously impoverished. And you, what do you believe about it? At this moment I should find it very difficult to say. All my positive beliefs are in the crucible ready for any kind of metamorphosis. Truth above all, even when it upsets and overwhelms us! But what I believe is that the highest idea we can conceive of the principle of things will be the

truest, and that the truest truth is that which makes man the most wholly good, wisest, greatest, and happiest.

My creed is in transition. Yet I still believe in God, and the immortality of the soul. I believe in holiness, truth, beauty; I believe in the redemption of the soul by faith in forgiveness. I believe in love, devotion, honor. I believe in duty and the moral conscience. I believe even in prayer. I believe in the fundamental intuitions of the human race, and in the great affirmations of the inspired of all ages. I believe that our higher nature is our true nature.

Can one get a theology and a theodicy out of this? Probably, but just now I do not see it distinctly. It is so long since I have ceased to think about my own metaphysic, and since I have lived in the thoughts of others, that I am ready even to ask myself whether the crystallization of my beliefs is necessary. Yes, for preaching and acting; less for studying, contemplating, and learning.

4th December 1863.—The whole secret of remaining young in spite of years, and even of gray hairs, is to cherish enthusiasm in oneself, by poetry, by contemplation, by charity,—that is, in fewer words, by the maintenance of harmony in the soul. When everything is in its right place within us, we ourselves are in equilibrium with the whole work of God. Deep and grave enthusiasm for the eternal beauty and the eternal order, reason touched with emotion and a serene tenderness of heart—these surely are the foundations of wisdom.

Wisdom! how inexhaustible a theme! A sort of peaceful aureole surrounds and illumines this thought, in which are summed up all the treasures of moral experience, and which is the ripest fruit of a well-spent life. Wisdom never grows old, for she is the expression of order itself,—that is, of the Eternal. Only the wise man draws from life, and from every stage of it, its true savor, because only he feels the beauty, the dignity, and the value of life. The flowers of youth may fade, but the summer, the autumn, and even the winter of human existence, have their majestic grandeur, which the wise man recognizes and glorifies. To see all things in God; to make of one's own life a journey towards the ideal; to live with gratitude, with devoutness, with gentleness and courage;—this was the splendid aim of Marcus Aurelius. And if you add to

it the humility which kneels, and the charity which gives, you have the whole wisdom of the children of God, the immortal joy which is the heritage of the true Christian.—But what a false Christianity is that which slanders wisdom and seeks to do without it!—In such a case I am on the side of wisdom, which is, as it were, justice done to God, even in this life. The relegation of life to some distant future, and the separation of the holy man from the virtuous man, are the signs of a false religious conception. This error is, in some degree, that of the whole Middle Age, and belongs, perhaps, to the essence of Catholicism. But the true Christianity must purge itself from so disastrous a mistake. The eternal life is not the future life; it is life in harmony with the true order of things,—life in God. We must learn to look upon time as a movement of eternity, as an undulation in the ocean of being. To live, so as to keep this consciousness of ours in perpetual relation with the eternal, is to be wise; to live, so as to personify and embody the eternal, is to be religious.

The modern leveler, after having done away with conventional inequalities, with arbitrary privilege and historical injustice, goes still farther, and rebels against the inequalities of merit, capacity, and virtue. Beginning with a just principle, he develops it into an unjust one. Inequality may be as true and as just as equality: it depends upon what you mean by it. But this is precisely what nobody cares to find out. All passions dread the light, and the modern zeal for equality is a disguised hatred which tries to pass itself off as love.

Liberty, equality—bad principles! The only true principle for humanity is justice, and justice towards the feeble becomes necessarily protection or kindness.

16th November 1864.—Heard of the death of ——. Will and intelligence lasted till there was an effusion on the brain which stopped everything.

A bubble of air in the blood, a drop of water in the brain, and a man is out of gear, his machine falls to pieces, his thought vanishes, the world disappears from him like a dream at morning. On what a spider thread is hung our individual existence! Fragility, appearance, nothingness. If it were not for our powers of self-detraction and forgetfulness, all the

fairy world which surrounds and draws us would seem to us but a broken specter in the darkness, an empty appearance, a fleeting hallucination. Appeared—disappeared—there is the whole history of a man, or of a world, or of an infusoria.

Time is the supreme illusion. It is but the inner prism by which we decompose being and life, the mode under which we perceive successively what is simultaneous in idea. The eye does not see a sphere all at once although the sphere exists all at once. Either the sphere must turn before the eye which is looking at it, or the eye must go round the sphere. In the first case it is the world which unrolls, or seems to unroll in time; in the second case it is our thought which successively analyzes and recomposes. For the supreme intelligence there is no time; what will be, is. Time and space are fragments of the Infinite for the use of finite creatures. God permits them, that He may not be alone. They are the mode under which creatures are possible and conceivable. Let us add that they are also the Jacob's ladder of innumerable steps by which the creation reascends to its Creator, participates in being, tastes of life, perceives the absolute, and can adore the fathomless mystery of the infinite divinity. That is the other side of the question. Our life is nothing, it is true, but our life is divine. A breath of nature annihilates us, but we surpass nature in penetrating far beyond her vast phantasmagoria to the changeless and the eternal. To escape by the ecstasy of inward vision from the whirlwind of time, to see oneself *sub specie eterni* is the word of command of all the great religions of the higher races; and this psychological possibility is the foundation of all great hopes. The soul may be immortal because she is fitted to rise towards that which is neither born nor dies, towards that which exists substantially, necessarily, invariably, that is to say towards God.

To know how to suggest is the great art of teaching. To attain it we must be able to guess what will interest; we must learn to read the childish soul as we might a piece of music. Then, by simply changing the key, we keep up the attraction and vary the song.

The germs of all things are in every heart, and the greatest criminals as well as the greatest heroes are but different modes

of ourselves. Only evil grows of itself, while for goodness we want effort and courage.

Melancholy is at the bottom of everything, just as at the end of all rivers is the sea.—Can it be otherwise in a world where nothing lasts, where all that we have loved or shall love must die? Is death, then, the secret of life? The gloom of an eternal mourning enwraps, more or less closely, every serious and thoughtful soul, as night enwraps the universe.

A man takes to "piety" from a thousand different reasons,—from imitation or from eccentricity, from bravado or from reverence, from shame of the past or from terror of the future, from weakness and from pride, for pleasure's sake or for punishment's sake, in order to be able to judge, or in order to escape being judged, and for a thousand other reasons;—but he only becomes truly religious for religion's sake.

11th January 1865.—It is pleasant to feel nobly—that is to say, to live above the lowlands of vulgarity. Manufacturing Americanism and Cæsarian democracy tend equally to the multiplying of crowds, governing by appetite, applauding charlatanism, vowed to the worship of mammon and of pleasure, and adoring no other God than force. What poor samples of mankind they are who make up this growing majority! Oh, let us remain faithful to the altars of the ideal! It is possible that the spiritualists may become the Stoics of a new epoch of Cæsarian rule. Materialistic naturalism has the wind in its sails, and a general moral deterioration is preparing. No matter, so long as the salt does not lose its savor, and so long as the friends of the higher life maintain the fire of Vesta. The wood itself may choke the flame, but if the flame persists, the fire will only be the more splendid in the end. The great democratic deluge will not after all be able to effect what the invasion of the barbarians was powerless to bring about; it will not drown altogether the results of the higher culture; but we must resign ourselves to the fact that it tends in the beginning to deform and vulgarize everything. It is clear that æsthetic delicacy, elegance, distinction, and nobleness,—that atticism, urbanity, whatever is suave and exquisite, fine and subtle,—all that makes the charm of the higher kinds of literature and of aristocratic cultivation,—vanishes simultaneously with the society which corresponds

to it.—If, as Pascal, I think, says, the more one develops, the more difference one observes between man and man, then we cannot say that the democratic instinct tends to mental development, since it tends to make a man believe that the pretensions have only to be the same to make the merits equal also.

20th March 1865.—I have just heard of fresh cases of insubordination among the students. Our youth become less and less docile, and seem to take for their motto, “Our master is our enemy.” The boy insists upon having the privileges of the young man, and the young man tries to keep those of the *gamin*. At bottom all this is the natural consequence of our system of leveling democracy. As soon as difference of quality is, in politics, officially equal to zero, the authority of age, of knowledge, and of function disappears.

The only counterpoise of pure equality is military discipline. In military uniform, in the police court, in prison, or on the execution ground, there is no reply possible. But is it not curious that the *régime* of individual right should lead to nothing but respect for brute strength? Jacobinism brings with it Cæsarism; the rule of the tongue leads to the rule of the sword. Democracy and liberty are not one but two.—A republic supposes a high state of morals, but no such state of morals is possible without the habit of respect; and there is no respect without humility. Now the pretension that every man has the necessary qualities of a citizen, simply because he was born twenty-one years ago, is as much as to say that labor, merit, virtue, character, and experience are to count for nothing; and we destroy humility when we proclaim that a man becomes the equal of all other men, by the mere mechanical and vegetative process of natural growth. Such a claim annihilates even the respect for age; for as the elector of twenty-one is worth as much as the elector of fifty, the boy of nineteen has no serious reason to believe himself in any way the inferior of his elder by one or two years. Thus the fiction on which the political order of democracy is based ends in something altogether opposed to that which democracy desires: its aim was to increase the whole sum of liberty; but the result is to diminish it for all.

The modern state is founded on the philosophy of atomism.

Nationality, public spirit, tradition, national manners, disappear like so many hollow and worn-out entities; nothing remains to create movement but the action of molecular force and of dead weight. In such a theory liberty is identified with caprice, and the collective reason and age-long tradition of an old society are nothing more than soap-bubbles which the smallest urchin may shiver with a snap of the fingers.

Does this mean that I am an opponent of democracy? Not at all. Fiction for fiction, it is the least harmful. But it is well not to confound its promises with realities. The fiction consists in the postulate of all democratic government, that the great majority of the electors in a state are enlightened, free, honest, and patriotic,—whereas such a postulate is a mere chimera. The majority in any state is necessarily composed of the most ignorant, the poorest, and the least capable; the state is therefore at the mercy of accident and passion, and it always ends by succumbing at one time or another to the rash conditions which have been made for its existence.—A man who condemns himself to live upon the tight-rope must inevitably fall; one has no need to be a prophet to foresee such a result.

**Ἀριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*, said Pindar; the best thing in the world is wisdom, and, in default of wisdom, science. States, churches, society itself, may fall to pieces; science alone has nothing to fear,—until at least society once more falls a prey to barbarism. Unfortunately this triumph of barbarism is not impossible. The victory of the socialist Utopia, or the horrors of a religious war, reserve for us perhaps even this lamentable experience.

29th January 1866 (*Nine o'clock in the morning*).—The gray curtain of mist has spread itself again over the town: everything is dark and dull. The bells are ringing in the distance for some festival; with this exception everything is calm and silent. Except for the crackling of the fire, no noise disturbs my solitude in this modest home, the shelter of my thoughts and of my work, where the man of middle age carries on the life of his student-youth without the zest of youth, and the sedentary professor repeats day by day the habits which he formed as a traveler.

What is it which makes the charm of this existence out-

wardly so barren and empty? Liberty! What does the absence of comfort and of all else that is wanting to these rooms matter to me? These things are indifferent to me. I find under this roof light, quiet, shelter. I am near to a sister and her children, whom I love: my material life is assured—that ought to be enough for a bachelor.

Am I not, besides, a creature of habit?—more attached to the *ennuis* I know, than in love with pleasures unknown to me. I am, then, free and not unhappy.—Then I am well off here, and I should be ungrateful to complain. Nor do I. It is only the heart which sighs and seeks for something more and better. The heart is an insatiable glutton, as we all know,—and for the rest, who is without yearnings? It is our destiny here below. Only some go through torments and troubles in order to satisfy themselves, and all without success: others foresee the inevitable result, and by a timely resignation save themselves a barren and fruitless effort. Since we cannot be happy, why give ourselves so much trouble? It is best to limit oneself to what is strictly necessary, to live austere and by rule, to content oneself with a little, and to attach no value to anything but peace of conscience and a sense of duty done.

It is true that this itself is no small ambition, and that it only lands us in another impossibility. No,—the simplest course is to submit oneself wholly and altogether to God. Everything else, as saith the Preacher, is but vanity and vexation of spirit.

It is a long while now since this has been plain to me, and since this religious renunciation has been sweet and familiar to me. It is the outward distractions of life, the examples of the world, and the irresistible influence exerted upon us by the current of things which make us forget the wisdom we have acquired and the principles we have adopted. That is why life is such weariness! This eternal beginning over again is tedious, even to repulsion. It would be so good to go to sleep when we have gathered the fruit of experience, when we are no longer in opposition to the supreme will, when we have broken loose from self, when we are at peace with all men. Instead of this, the old round of temptations, disputes, *ennuis*, and forgettings, has to be faced again and again, and we fall

back into prose, into commonness, into vulgarity. How melancholy, how humiliating! The poets are wise in withdrawing their heroes more quickly from the strife, and in not dragging them after victory along the common rut of barren days. "Whom the gods love die young," said the proverb of antiquity.

Yes, but it is our secret self-love which is set upon this favor from on high; such may be our desire, but such is not the will of God. We are to be exercised, humbled, tried, and tormented to the end. It is our patience which is the touchstone of our virtue. To bear with life even when illusion and hope are gone; to accept this position of perpetual war, while at the same time loving only peace; to stay patiently in the world, even when it repels us as a place of low company, and seems to us a mere arena of bad passions; to remain faithful to one's own faith without breaking with the followers of the false gods; to make no attempt to escape from the human hospital, long-suffering and patient as Job upon his dunghill;—this is duty. When life ceases to be a promise it does not cease to be a task; its true name even is Trial.

20th September 1866.—My old friends are, I am afraid, disappointed in me; they think that I do nothing, that I have deceived their expectations and their hopes. I too am disappointed. All that would restore my self-respect, and give me a right to be proud of myself, seems to me unattainable and impossible, and I fall back upon trivialities, gay talk, distractions. I am always equally lacking in hope, in faith, in resolution. The only difference is that my weakness takes sometimes the form of despairing melancholy and sometimes that of a cheerful quietism.—And yet I read, I talk, I teach, I write, but to no effect; it is as though I were walking in my sleep. The Buddhist tendency in me blunts the faculty of free self-government and weakens the power of action; self-distrust kills all desire, and reduces me again and again to a fundamental skepticism. I care for nothing but the serious and the real, and I can take neither myself nor my circumstances seriously. I hold my own personality, my own aptitudes, my own aspirations, too cheap. I am forever making light of myself in the name of all that is beautiful and admirable. In a word, I bear within me a perpetual self-

detractor, and this is what takes all spring out of my life.—I have been passing the evening with Charles Heim, who, in his sincerity, has never paid me any literary compliment. As I love and respect him, he is forgiven. Self-love has nothing to do with it—and yet it would be sweet to be praised by so upright a friend! It is depressing to feel oneself silently disapproved of; I will try to satisfy him, and to think of a book which may please both him and Scherer.

6th October 1866.—I have just picked up on the stairs a little yellowish cat, ugly and pitiable. Now, curled up in a chair at my side, he seems perfectly happy, and as if he wanted nothing more. Far from being wild, nothing will induce him to leave me, and he has followed me from room to room all day. I have nothing at all that is eatable in the house, but what I have I give him—that is to say, a look and a caress—and that seems to be enough for him, at least for the moment. Small animals, small children, young lives,—they are all the same as far as the need of protection and of gentleness is concerned. . . . People have sometimes said to me that weak and feeble creatures are happy with me. Perhaps such a fact has to do with some special gift or beneficent force which flows from one when one is in the sympathetic state. I have often a direct perception of such a force; but I am no ways proud of it, nor do I look upon it as anything belonging to me, but simply as a natural gift. It seems to me sometimes as though I could woo the birds to build in my beard as they do in the head-gear of some cathedral saint! After all, this is the natural state and the true relation of man towards all inferior creatures. If man was what he ought to be he would be adored by the animals, of whom he is too often the capricious and sanguinary tyrant. The legend of Saint Francis of Assisi is not so legendary as we think; and it is not so certain that it was the wild beasts who attacked man first. . . . But to exaggerate nothing, let us leave on one side the beasts of prey, the carnivora, and those that live by rapine and slaughter. How many other species are there, by thousands and tens of thousands, who ask peace from us and with whom we persist in waging a brutal war? Our race is by far the most destructive, the most hurtful, and the most formidable, of all the species of the planet. It has even invented for its

own use the right of the strongest,—a divine right which quiets its conscience in the face of the conquered and the oppressed; we have outlawed all that lives except ourselves. Revolting and manifest abuse; notorious and contemptible breach of the law of justice! The bad faith and hypocrisy of it are renewed on a small scale by all successful usurpers. We are always making God our accomplice, that so we may legalize our own iniquities. Every successful massacre is consecrated by a *Te Deum*, and the clergy have never been wanting in benedictions for any victorious enormity. So that what, in the beginning, was the relation of man to the animal becomes that of people to people and man to man.

If so, we have before us an expiation too seldom noticed but altogether just. All crime must be expiated, and slavery is the repetition among men of the sufferings brutally imposed by man upon other living beings; it is the theory bearing its fruits.—The right of man over the animal seems to me to cease with the need of defense and of subsistence. So that all unnecessary murder and torture are cowardice and even crime. The animal renders a service of utility: man in return owes it a meed of protection and of kindness. In a word, the animal has claims on man, and the man has duties to the animal.—Buddhism, no doubt, exaggerates this truth, but the Westerns leave it out of count altogether. A day will come, however, when our standard will be higher, our humanity more exacting, than it is to-day. *Homo homini lupus*, said Hobbes: the time will come when man will be humane even for the wolf—*homo lupo homo*.

30th December 1866.—Skepticism pure and simple as the only safeguard of intellectual independence,—such is the point of view of almost all our young men of talent. Absolute freedom from credulity seems to them the glory of man. My impression has always been that this excessive detachment of the individual from all received prejudices and opinions in reality does the work of tyranny. This evening, in listening to the conversation of some of our most cultivated men, I thought of the Renaissance, of the Ptolemies, of the reign of Louis XV., of all those times in which the exultant anarchy of the intellect has had despotic government for its correlative, and, on the other hand, of England, of Holland, of the

United States, countries in which political liberty is bought at the price of necessary prejudices and *à priori* opinions.

That society may hold together at all, we must have a principle of cohesion—that is to say, a common belief, principles recognized and undisputed, a series of practical axioms and institutions which are not at the mercy of every caprice of public opinion. By treating everything as if it were an open question, we endanger everything. Doubt is the accomplice of tyranny. “If a people will not believe it must obey,” said Tocqueville. All liberty implies dependence, and has its conditions; this is what negative and quarrelsome minds are apt to forget. They think they can do away with religion; they do not know that religion is indestructible, and that the question is simply, Which will you have? Voltaire plays the game of Loyola, and *vice versa*. Between these two there is no peace, nor can there be any for the society which has once thrown itself into the dilemma. The only solution lies in a free religion, a religion of free choice and free adhesion.

23d December 1866.—It is raining over the whole sky—as far at least as I can see from my high point of observation. All is gray from the Salève to the Jura, and from the pavement to the clouds; everything that one sees or touches is gray; color, life, and gayety are dead—each living thing seems to lie hidden in its own particular shell.—What are the birds doing in such weather as this? We who have food and shelter, fire on the hearth, books around us, portfolios of engravings close at hand, a nestful of dreams in the heart, and a whirlwind of thoughts ready to rise from the ink-bottle,—we find Nature ugly and *triste*, and turn away our eyes from it; but you, poor sparrows, what can you be doing? Bearing and hoping and waiting? After all, is not this the task of each one of us?

I have just been reading over a volume of this Journal, and feel a little ashamed of the languid complaining tone of so much of it. These pages reproduce me very imperfectly, and there are many things in me of which I find no trace in them. I suppose it is because, in the first place, sadness takes up the pen more readily than joy; and, in the next, because I depend so much upon surrounding circumstances. When there is no call upon me, and nothing to put me to the test, I fall back into melancholy; and so the practical man, the

cheerful man, the literary man, does not appear in these pages. The portrait is lacking in proportion and breadth; it is one-sided, and wants a center; it has, as it were, been painted from too near.

The true reason why we know ourselves so little lies in the difficulty we find in standing at a proper distance from ourselves, in taking up the right point of view, so that the details may help rather than hide the general effect. We must learn to look at ourselves socially and historically if we wish to have an exact idea of our relative worth, and to look at our life as a whole, or at least as one complete period of life, if we wish to know what we are and what we are not. The ant which crawls to and fro over a face, the fly perched upon the forehead of a maiden, touch them indeed but do not see them, for they never embrace the whole at a glance.

Is it wonderful that misunderstandings should play so great a part in the world, when one sees how difficult it is to produce a faithful portrait of a person whom one has been studying for more than twenty years? Still, the effort has not been altogether lost; its reward has been the sharpening of one's perceptions of the outer world. If I have any special power of appreciating different shades of mind, I owe it no doubt to the analysis I have so perpetually and unsuccessfully practiced on myself. In fact, I have always regarded myself as matter for study, and what has interested me most in myself has been the pleasure of having under my hand a man, a person, in whom, as an authentic specimen of human nature, I could follow, without importunity or indiscretion, all the metamorphoses, the secret thoughts, the heart-beats, and the temptations of humanity. My attention has been drawn to myself impersonally and philosophically. One uses what one has, and one must shape one's arrow out of one's own wood.

To arrive at a faithful portrait, succession must be converted into simultaneousness, plurality into unity, and all the changing phenomena must be traced back to their essence. There are ten men in me, according to time, place, surrounding, and occasion; and in their restless diversity I am forever escaping myself. Therefore, whatever I may reveal of my past, of my Journal, or of myself, is of no use to him who is without the poetic intuition, and cannot recompose me as a

whole, with or in spite of the elements which I confide to him.

I feel myself a chameleon, a kaleidoscope, a Proteus; changeable in every way, open to every kind of polarization; fluid, virtual, and therefore latent—latent even in manifestation, and absent even in presentation. I am a spectator, so to speak, of the molecular whirlwind which men call individual life; I am conscious of an incessant metamorphosis, an irresistible movement of existence, which is going on within me. I am sensible of the flight, the revival, the modification, of all the atoms of my being, all the particles of my river, all the radiations of my special force.

This phenomenology of myself serves both as the magic lantern of my own destiny, and as a window opened upon the mystery of the world. I am, or rather, my sensible consciousness is concentrated upon this ideal standing-point, this invisible threshold, as it were, whence one hears the impetuous passage of time, rushing and foaming as it flows out into the changeless ocean of eternity. After all the bewildering distractions of life, after having drowned myself in a multiplicity of trifles and in the caprices of this fugitive existence, yet without ever attaining to self-intoxication or self-delusion, I come again upon the fathomless abyss, the silent and melancholy cavern where dwell "*Die Mütter*," where sleeps that which neither lives nor dies, that which has neither movement, nor change, nor extension, nor form, and which lasts when all else passes away.

Dans l'éternel azur de l'insondable espace
S'enveloppe de paix notre globe agitée :
Homme, enveloppe ainsi tes jours, rêve qui passe,
Du calme firmament de ton éternité.

(H. F. AMIEL, *Penseroso*.)

GENEVA, 11th January 1867.

"Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni. . . ."

I hear the drops of my life falling distinctly one by one into the devouring abyss of eternity. I feel my days flying before the pursuit of death. All that remains to me of weeks, or months, or years, in which I may drink in the light of the sun,

seems to me no more than a single night, a summer night, which scarcely counts, because it will so soon be at an end.

Death! Silence! Eternity! What mysteries, what names of terror to the being who longs for happiness, immortality, perfection! Where shall I be to-morrow—in a little while—when the breath of life has forsaken me? Where will those be whom I love? Whither are we all going? The eternal problems rise before us in their implacable solemnity. Mystery on all sides! And faith the only star in this darkness and uncertainty!

No matter!—so long as the world is the work of eternal goodness, and so long as conscience has not deceived us.—To give happiness and to do good, there is our only law, our anchor of salvation, our beacon light, our reason for existing. All religions may crumble away; so long as this survives we have still an ideal, and life is worth living.

Nothing can lessen the dignity and value of humanity so long as the religion of love, of unselfishness and devotion endures; and none can destroy the altars of this faith for us so long as we feel ourselves still capable of love.

17th March 1868.—Women wish to be loved without a why or a wherefore; not because they are pretty, or good, or well bred, or graceful, or intelligent, but because they are themselves. All analysis seems to them to imply a loss of consideration, a subordination of their personality to something which dominates and measures it. They will have none of it; and their instinct is just. As soon as we can give a reason for a feeling we are no longer under the spell of it; we appreciate, we weigh, we are free, at least in principle. Love must always remain a fascination, a witchery, if the empire of woman is to endure. Once the mystery gone, the power goes with it. Love must always seem to us indivisible, insoluble, superior to all analysis, if it is to preserve that appearance of infinity, of something supernatural and miraculous, which makes its chief beauty. The majority of beings despise what they understand, and bow only before the inexplicable. The feminine triumph *par excellence* is to convict of obscurity that virile intelligence which makes so much pretense to enlightenment. And when a woman inspires love, it is then especially that she enjoys this proud triumph.—I

admit that her exultation has its grounds. Still, it seems to me that love—true and profound love—should be a source of light and calm, a religion and a revelation, in which there is no place left for the lower victories of vanity. Great souls care only for what is great, and to the spirit which hovers in the sight of the Infinite, any sort of artifice seems a disgraceful puerility.

19th March 1868.—What we call little things are merely the causes of great things; they are the beginning, the embryo, and it is the point of departure which, generally speaking, decides the whole future of an existence. One single black speck may be the beginning of a gangrene, of a storm, of a revolution. From one insignificant misunderstanding hatred and separation may finally issue. An enormous avalanche begins by the displacement of one atom, and the conflagration of a town by the fall of a match. Almost everything comes from almost nothing, one might think. It is only the first crystallization which is the affair of mind; the ultimate aggregation is the affair of mass, of attraction, of acquired momentum, of mechanical acceleration. History, like nature, illustrates for us the application of the law of inertia and agglomeration which is put lightly in the proverb, “Nothing succeeds like success.” Find the right point at starting; strike straight, begin well; everything depends on it. Or more simply still,—provide yourself with good luck,—for accident plays a vast part in human affairs. Those who have succeeded most in this world (Napoleon or Bismarck) confess it; calculation is not without its uses, but chance makes mock of calculation, and the result of a planned combination is in no wise proportional to its merit. From the supernatural point of view people say: “This chance, as you call it, is, in reality, the action of providence. Man may give himself what trouble he will,—God leads him all the same.” Only, unfortunately, this supposed intervention as often as not ends in the defeat of zeal, virtue, and devotion, and the success of crime, stupidity, and selfishness. Poor, sorely-tried Faith! She has but one way out of the difficulty—the word Mystery! —It is in the origins of things that the great secret of destiny lies hidden, although the breathless sequence of after events has often many surprises for us too. So that at first sight

history seems to us accident and confusion; looked at for the second time, it seems to us logical and necessary; looked at for the third time, it appears to us a mixture of necessity and liberty; on the fourth examination we scarcely know what to think of it, for if force is the source of right and chance the origin of force, we come back to our first explanation, only with a heavier heart than when we began.

Is Democritus right after all? Is Chance the foundation of everything, all laws being but the imaginations of our reason, which, itself born of accident, has a certain power of self-deception and of inventing laws which it believes to be real and objective, just as a man who dreams of a meal thinks that he is eating, while in reality there is neither table nor food nor guest nor nourishment? Everything goes on as if there were order and reason and logic in the world, while in reality everything is fortuitous, accidental, and apparent. The universe is but the kaleidoscope which turns within the mind of the so-called thinking being, who is himself a curiosity without a cause, an accident conscious of the great accident around him, and who amuses himself with it so long as the phenomenon of his vision lasts. Science is a lucid madness occupied in tabulating its own necessary hallucinations.—The philosopher laughs, for he alone escapes being duped, while he sees other men the victims of persistent illusion. He is like some mischievous spectator of a ball who has cleverly taken all the strings from the violins, and yet sees musicians and dancers moving and pirouetting before him as though the music were still going on. Such an experience would delight him as proving that the universal St. Vitus' dance is also nothing but an aberration of the inner consciousness, and that the philosopher is in the right of it as against the general credulity. Is it not enough simply to shut one's ears in a ballroom, to believe oneself in a mad-house?

The multitude of religions on the earth must have very much the same effect upon the man who has killed the religious idea in himself. But it is a dangerous attempt, this repudiation of the common law of the race—this claim to be in the right, as against all the world.

It is not often that the philosophic scoffers forget themselves for others. Why should they? Self-devotion is a seri-

ous thing, and seriousness would be inconsistent with their *rôle* of mockery. To be unselfish we must love; to love we must believe in the reality of what we love; we must know how to suffer, how to forget ourselves, how to yield ourselves up,—in a word, how to be serious. A spirit of incessant mockery means absolute isolation; it is the sign of a thoroughgoing egotism. If we wish to do good to men we must pity and not despise them. We must learn to say of them, not “What fools!” but “What unfortunates!” The pessimist or the Nihilist seems to me less cold and icy than the mocking atheist. He reminds me of the somber words of Ahasvérus:—

“Vous qui manquez de charité,
Tremblez à mon supplice étrange:
Ce n'est point sa divinité,
C'est l'humanité que Dieu venge!”

It is better to be lost than to be saved all alone; and it is a wrong to one's kind to wish to be wise without making others share our wisdom. It is, besides, an illusion to suppose that such a privilege is possible, when everything proves the solidarity of individuals, and when no one can think at all except by means of the general store of thought, accumulated and refined by centuries of cultivation and experience. Absolute individualism is an absurdity. A man may be isolated in his own particular and temporary *milieu*, but every one of our thoughts or feelings finds, has found, and will find, its echo in humanity. Such an echo is immense and far-resounding in the case of those representative men who have been adopted by great fractions of humanity as guides, revealers, and reformers; but it exists for everybody. Every sincere utterance of the soul, every testimony faithfully born to a personal conviction, is of use to some one and some thing, even when you know it not, and when your mouth is stopped by violence, or the noose tightens round your neck. A word spoken to some one preserves an indestructible influence, just as any movement whatever may be metamorphosed, but not undone.—Here, then, is a reason for not mocking, for not being silent, for affirming, for acting. We must have faith in truth; we must seek the true and spread it abroad; we must love men and serve them.

16th December 1868.—I am in the most painful state of anxiety as to my poor kind friend, Charles Heim. . . . Since the 30th November I have had no letter from the dear invalid, who then said his last farewell to me. How long these two weeks have seemed to me,—and how keenly I have realized that strong craving which many feel for the last words, the last looks, of those they love! Such words and looks are a kind of testament. They have a solemn and sacred character which is not merely an effect of our imagination. For that which is on the brink of death already participates to some extent in eternity. A dying man seems to speak to us from beyond the tomb; what he says has the effect upon us of a sentence, an oracle, an injunction; we look upon him as one endowed with second sight. Serious and solemn words come naturally to the man who feels life escaping him, and the grave opening before him. The depths of his nature are then revealed; the Divine within him need no longer hide itself. Oh! do not let us wait to be just or pitiful or demonstrative towards those we love until they or we are struck down by illness or threatened with death! Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the dark journey with us. Oh, be swift to love, make haste to be kind!

26th December 1868.—My dear friend died this morning at Hyères. A beautiful soul has returned to heaven. So he has ceased to suffer! Is he happy now?

If men are always more or less deceived on the subject of women, it is because they forget that they and women do not speak altogether the same language, and that words have not the same weight or the same meaning for them, especially in questions of feeling. Whether from shyness or precaution or artifice, a woman never speaks out her whole thought, and moreover what she herself knows of it is but a part of what it really is. Complete frankness seems to be impossible to her, and complete self-knowledge seems to be forbidden her. If she is a sphinx to us, it is because she is a riddle of doubtful meaning even to herself. She has no need of perfidy, for she is mystery itself. A woman is something fugitive, irrational, indeterminable, illogical, and contradictory. A great deal of forbearance ought to be shown her, and a good deal of

prudence exercised with regard to her, for she may bring about innumerable evils without knowing it. Capable of all kinds of devotion, and of all kinds of treason, "*monstre incompréhensible*," raised to the second power, she is at once the delight and the terror of man.

The more a man loves, the more he suffers. The sum of possible grief for each soul is in proportion to its degree of perfection.

He who is too much afraid of being duped has lost the power of being magnanimous.

Doubt of the reality of love ends by making us doubt everything. The final result of all deceptions and disappointments is atheism, which may not always yield up its name and secret, but which lurks, a masked specter, within the depths of thought, as the last supreme explainer. "Man is what his love is," and follows the fortunes of his love.

The beautiful souls of the world have an art of saintly alchemy, by which bitterness is converted into kindness, the gall of human experience into gentleness, ingratitude into benefits, insults into pardon. And the transformation ought to become so easy and habitual that the lookers-on may think it spontaneous, and nobody give us credit for it.

1st April 1870.—I am inclined to believe that for a woman love is the supreme authority—that which judges the rest and decides what is good or evil. For a man, love is subordinate to right. It is a great passion, but it is not the source of order, the synonym of reason, the criterion of excellence. It would seem, then, that a woman places her ideal in the perfection of love, and a man in the perfection of justice. It was in this sense that St. Paul was able to say, "The woman is the glory of the man, and the man is the glory of God." Thus the woman who absorbs herself in the object of her love is, so to speak, in the line of nature: she is truly woman, she realizes her fundamental type. On the contrary, the man who should make life consist in conjugal adoration, and who should imagine that he has lived sufficiently when he has made himself the priest of a beloved woman, such a one is but half a man; he is despised by the world, and perhaps secretly disdained by women themselves. The woman who loves truly seeks to merge her own individuality in that of the man she

loves. She desires that her love should make him greater, stronger, more masculine, and more active. Thus each sex plays its appointed part: the woman is first destined for man, and man is destined for society. Woman owes herself to one, man owes himself to all; and each obtains peace and happiness only when he or she has recognized this law and accepted this balance of things. The same thing may be a good in the woman and an evil in the man, may be strength in her, weakness in him.

There is then a feminine and a masculine morality,—preparatory chapters, as it were, to a general human morality. Below the virtue which is evangelical and sexless, there is a virtue of sex. And this virtue of sex is the occasion of mutual teaching, for each of the two incarnations of virtue makes it its business to convert the other, the first preaching love in the ears of justice, the second justice in the ears of love. And so there is produced an oscillation and an average which represent a social state, an epoch, sometimes a whole civilization.

Such at least is our European idea of the harmony of the sexes in a graduated order of functions. America is on the road to revolutionize this ideal by the introduction of the democratic principle of the equality of individuals in a general equality of functions. Only, when there is nothing left but a multitude of equal individualities, neither young nor old, neither men nor women, neither benefited nor benefactors,—all social difference will turn upon money. The whole hierarchy will rest upon the dollar, and the most brutal, the most hideous, the most inhuman of inequalities will be the fruit of the passion for equality. What a result! Plutolatry—the worship of wealth, the madness of gold—to it will be confided the task of chastizing a false principle and its followers. And plutocracy will be in its turn executed by equality. It would be a strange end for it, if Anglo-Saxon individualism were ultimately swallowed up in Latin socialism.

It is my prayer that the discovery of an equilibrium between the two principles may be made in time, before the social war, with all its terror and ruin, overtakes us. But it is scarcely likely. The masses are always ignorant and limited, and only advance by a succession of contrary errors.

They reach good only by the exhaustion of evil. They discover the way out, only after having run their heads against all other possible issues.

9th June 1870.—At bottom, everything depends upon the presence or absence of one single element in the soul—hope. All the activity of man, all his efforts and all his enterprises, pre-suppose a hope in him of attaining an end. Once kill this hope and his movements become senseless, spasmodic, and convulsive, like those of some one falling from a height. To struggle with the inevitable has something childish in it. To implore the law of gravitation to suspend its action would no doubt be a grotesque prayer. Very well! but when a man loses faith in the efficacy of his efforts, when he says to himself, “You are incapable of realizing your ideal; happiness is a chimera, progress is an illusion, the passion for perfection is a snare; and supposing all your ambitions were gratified, everything would still be vanity,” then he comes to see that a little blindness is necessary if life is to be carried on, and that illusion is the universal spring of movement. Complete disillusion would mean absolute immobility. He who has deciphered the secret and read the riddle of finite life escapes from the great wheel of existence; he has left the world of the living—he is already dead. Is this the meaning of the old belief that to raise the veil of Isis or to behold God face to face brought destruction upon the rash mortal who attempted it? Egypt and Judæa had recorded the fact, Buddha gave the key to it; the individual life is a nothing ignorant of itself, and as soon as this nothing knows itself, individual life is abolished in principle. For as soon as the illusion vanishes, Nothingness resumes its eternal sway, the suffering of life is over, error has disappeared, time and form have ceased to be for this enfranchised individuality; the colored air-bubble has burst in the infinite space, and the misery of thought has sunk to rest in the changeless repose of all-embracing Nothing. The absolute, if it were spirit, would still be activity, and it is activity, the daughter of desire, which is incompatible with the absolute. The absolute, then, must be the zero of all determination, and the only manner of being suited to it is Non-being.

28th October 1870.—It is strange to see how completely

justice is forgotten in the presence of great international struggles. Even the great majority of the spectators are no longer capable of judging except as their own personal tastes, dislikes, fears, desires, interests, or passions may dictate,—that is to say, their judgment is not a judgment at all. How many people are capable of delivering a fair verdict on the struggle now going on? Very few! This horror of equity, this antipathy to justice, this rage against a merciful neutrality, represents a kind of eruption of animal passion in man, a blind fierce passion, which is absurd enough to call itself a reason, whereas it is nothing but a force.

16th November 1870.—We are struck by something bewildering and ineffable when we look down into the depths of an abyss; and every soul is an abyss, a mystery of love and pity. A sort of sacred emotion descends upon me whenever I penetrate the recesses of this sanctuary of man, and hear the gentle murmur of the prayers, hymns, and supplications which rise from the hidden depths of the heart. These involuntary confidences fill me with a tender piety and a religious awe and shyness. The whole experience seems to me as wonderful as poetry, and divine with the divineness of birth and dawn. Speech fails me, I bow myself and adore. And, whenever I am able, I strive also to console and fortify.

14th October 1872.—The man who gives himself to contemplation looks on at rather than directs his life, is rather a spectator than an actor, seeks rather to understand than to achieve. Is this mode of existence illegitimate, immoral? Is one bound to act? Is such detachment an idiosyncrasy to be respected or a sin to be fought against? I have always hesitated on this point, and I have wasted years in futile self-reproach and useless fits of activity. My western conscience, penetrated as it is with Christian morality, has always persecuted my Oriental quietism and Buddhist tendencies. I have not dared to approve myself, I have not known how to correct myself. In this, as in all else, I have remained divided and perplexed, wavering between two extremes. So equilibrium is somewhat preserved, but the crystallization of action or thought becomes impossible.

Having early caught a glimpse of the absolute, I have never had the indiscreet effrontery of individualism. What right

have I to make a merit of a defect? I have never been able to see any necessity for imposing myself upon others, nor for succeeding. I have seen nothing clearly except my own deficiencies and the superiority of others. That is not the way to make a career. With varied aptitudes and a fair intelligence, I had no dominant tendency, no imperious faculty, so that while by virtue of capacity I felt myself free, yet when free I could not discover what was best. Equilibrium produced indecision, and indecision has rendered all my faculties barren.

3d December 1872.—What a strange dream! I was under an illusion and yet not under it; I was playing a comedy to myself, deceiving my imagination without being able to deceive my consciousness. This power which dreams have of fusing incompatibles together, of uniting what is exclusive, of identifying yes and no, is what is most wonderful and most symbolical in them. In a dream our individuality is not shut up within itself; it envelops, so to speak, its surroundings; it is the landscape, and all that it contains, ourselves included. But if our imagination is not our own, if it is impersonal, then personality is but a special and limited case of its general functions. *A fortiori* it would be the same for thought. And if so, thought might exist without possessing itself individually, without embodying itself in an *ego*. In other words, dreams lead us to the idea of an imagination enfranchised from the limits of personality, and even of a thought which should be no longer conscious. The individual who dreams is on the way to become dissolved in the universal phantasmagoria of Maïa. Dreams are excursions into the limbo of things, a semi-deliverance from the human prison. The man who dreams is but the *locale* of various phenomena, of which he is the spectator in spite of himself; he is passive and impersonal; he is the plaything of unknown vibrations and invisible sprites.

The man who should never issue from the state of dream would have never attained humanity, properly so called, but the man who had never dreamed would only know the mind in its completed or manufactured state, and would not be able to understand the genesis of personality; he would be like a crystal, incapable of guessing what crystallization means.

So that the waking life issues from the dream life, as dreams are an emanation from the nervous life, and this again is the fine flower of organic life. Thought is the highest point of a series of ascending metamorphoses, which is called nature. Personality by means of thought recovers in inward profundity what it has lost in extension, and makes up for the rich accumulations of receptive passivity by the enormous privilege of that empire over self which is called liberty. Dreams, by confusing and suppressing all limits, make us feel, indeed, the severity of the conditions attached to the higher existence; but conscious and voluntary thought alone brings knowledge and allows us to act—that is to say, is alone capable of science and of perfection. Let us then take pleasure in dreaming for reasons of psychological curiosity and mental recreation; but let us never speak ill of thought, which is our strength and our dignity. Let us begin as Orientals, and end as Westerns, for these are the two halves of wisdom.

11th December 1872.—A deep and dreamless sleep; and now I wake up to the gray, lowering, rainy sky, which has kept us company for so long. The air is mild, the general outlook depressing. I think that it is partly the fault of my windows, which are not very clean, and contribute by their dimness to this gloomy aspect of the outer world. Rain and smoke have besmeared them.

Between us and things how many screens there are! Mood, health, the tissues of the eye, the window-panes of our cell, mist, smoke, rain, dust, and light itself—and all infinitely variable! Heraclitus said: No man bathes twice in the same river. I feel inclined to say: No one sees the same landscape twice over, for a window is one kaleidoscope, and the spectator another.

What is madness? Illusion, raised to the second power. A sound mind establishes regular relations, a *modus vivendi*, between things, men, and itself, and it is under the delusion that it has got hold of stable truth and eternal fact. Madness does not even see what sanity sees, deceiving itself all the while by the belief that it sees better than sanity. The sane mind or common sense confounds the fact of experience with necessary fact, and assumes in good faith that what is, is the measure of what may be; while madness cannot per-

ceive any difference between what is and what it imagines—it confounds its dreams with reality.

Wisdom consists in rising superior both to madness and to common sense, and in lending oneself to the universal illusion without becoming its dupe. It is best, on the whole, for a man of taste who knows how to be gay with the gay, and serious with the serious, to enter into the game of *Maïa*, and to play his part with a good grace in the fantastic tragi-comedy which is called the Universe. It seems to me that here intellectualism reaches its limit. The mind, in its intellectual capacity, arrives at the intuition that all reality is but the dream of a dream. What delivers us from the palace of dreams is pain, personal pain; it is also the sense of obligation, or that which combines the two, the pain of sin; and again it is love; in short, the moral order. What saves us from the sorceries of *Maïa* is conscience; conscience dissipates the narcotic vapors, the opium-like hallucinations, the placid stupor of contemplative indifference. It drives us into contact with the terrible wheels within wheels of human suffering and human responsibility; it is the bugle-call, the cock-crow, which puts the phantoms to flight; it is the armed archangel who chases man from an artificial paradise. Intellectualism may be described as an intoxication conscious of itself; the moral energy which replaces it, on the other hand, represents a state of fast, a famine and a sleepless thirst. Alas! Alas!

Those who have the most frivolous idea of sin are just those who suppose that there is a fixed gulf between good people and others.

The ideal which the wife and mother makes for herself, the manner in which she understands duty and life, contain the fate of the community. Her faith becomes the star of the conjugal ship, and her love the animating principle that fashions the future of all belonging to her. Woman is the salvation or destruction of the family. She carries its destinies in the folds of her mantle.

Perhaps it is not desirable that a woman should be free in mind; she would immediately abuse her freedom. She cannot become philosophical without losing her special gift, which is the worship of all that is individual, the defense of usage, manners, beliefs, traditions. Her *rôle* is to slacken

the combustion of thought. It is analogous to that of azote in vital air.

In every loving woman there is a priestess of the past—a pious guardian of some affection, of which the object has disappeared.

18th August 1873 (*Scheveningen*).—Yesterday, Sunday, the landscape was clear and distinct, the air bracing, the sea bright and gleaming, and of an ashy blue color. There were beautiful effects of beach, sea, and distance; and dazzling tracks of gold upon the waves, after the sun had sunk below the bands of vapor drawn across the middle sky, and before it had disappeared in the mists of the sea horizon. The place was very full. All *Scheveningen* and the Hague, the village and the capital, had streamed out on to the terrace, amusing themselves at innumerable tables, and swamping the strangers and the bathers. The orchestra played some Wagner, some Auber, and some waltzes. What was all the world doing? Simply enjoying life.

A thousand thoughts wandered through my brain. I thought how much history it had taken to make what I saw possible; Judæa, Egypt, Greece, Germany, Gaul; all the centuries from Moses to Napoleon, and all the zones from *Batavia* to *Guiana*, had united in the formation of this gathering. The industry, the science, the art, the geography, the commerce, the religion of the whole human race, are repeated in every human combination; and what we see before our own eyes at any given moment is inexplicable without reference to all that has ever been. This interlacing of the ten thousand threads which *Necessity* weaves into the production of one single phenomenon is a stupefying thought. One feels oneself in the presence of *Law* itself—allowed a glimpse of the mysterious workshop of *Nature*. The ephemeral perceives the eternal.

What matters the brevity of the individual span, seeing that the generations, the centuries, and the worlds themselves are but occupied forever with the ceaseless reproduction of the hymn of life, in all the hundred thousand modes and variations which make up the universal symphony? The motive is always the same; the monad has but one law: all truths are but the variation of one single truth. The universe represents

the infinite wealth of the Spirit seeking in vain to exhaust all possibilities, and the goodness of the Creator, who would fain share with the created all that sleeps within the limbo of Omnipotence.

To contemplate and adore, to receive and give back, to have uttered one's note and moved one's grain of sand, is all which is expected from such insects as we are; it is enough to give motive and meaning to our fugitive apparition in existence.

After the concert was over the paved esplanade behind the hotels and the two roads leading to the Hague were alive with people. One might have fancied oneself upon one of the great Parisian boulevards just when the theaters are emptying themselves—there were so many carriages, omnibuses, and cabs. Then, when the human tumult had disappeared, the peace of the starry heaven shone out resplendent, and the dreamy glimmer of the Milky Way was only answered by the distant murmur of the ocean.

Later.—What is it which has always come between real life and me? What glass screen has, as it were, interposed itself between me and the enjoyment, the possession, the contact of things, leaving me only the *rôle* of the looker-on?

False shame, no doubt. I have been ashamed to desire. Fatal result of timidity, aggravated by intellectual delusion! This renunciation beforehand of all natural ambitions, this systematic putting aside of all longings and all desires, has perhaps been false in idea; it has been too like a foolish, self-inflicted mutilation.

Fear, too, has had a large share in it—

“La peur de ce que j'aime est ma fatalité.”

I very soon discovered that it was simpler for me to give up a wish than to satisfy it. Not being able to obtain all that my nature longed for, I renounced the whole *en bloc*, without even taking the trouble to determine in detail what might have attracted me; for what was the good of stirring up trouble in oneself and evoking images of inaccessible treasure?

Thus I anticipated in spirit all possible disillusionings, in the true stoical fashion. Only, with singular lack of logic, I have sometimes allowed regret to overtake me, and I have looked at conduct founded upon exceptional principles with the eyes

of the ordinary man. I should have been ascetic to the end; contemplation ought to have been enough for me, especially now, when the hair begins to whiten. But, after all, I am a man, and not a theorem. A system cannot suffer, but I suffer. Logic makes only one demand—that of consequence; but life makes a thousand; the body wants health, the imagination cries out for beauty, and the heart for love; pride asks for consideration, the soul yearns for peace, the conscience for holiness; our whole being is athirst for happiness and for perfection; and we, tottering, mutilated, and incomplete, cannot always feign philosophic insensibility; we stretch out our arms towards life, and we say to it under our breath, “Why—why—hast thou deceived me?”

19th August 1873 (*Scheveningen*).—I have had a morning walk. It has been raining in the night. There are large clouds all round; the sea, veined with green and drab, has put on the serious air of labor. She is about her business, in no threatening but at the same time in no lingering mood. She is making her clouds, heaping up her sands, visiting her shores and bathing them with foam, gathering up her floods for the tide, carrying the ships to their destinations, and feeding the universal life. I found in a hidden nook a sheet of fine sand which the water had furrowed and folded like the pink palate of a kitten's mouth, or like a dappled sky. Everything repeats itself by analogy, and each little fraction of the earth reproduces in a smaller and individual form all the phenomena of the planet.—Farther on I came across a bank of crumbling shells, and it was borne in upon me that the sea-sand itself might well be only the detritus of the organic life of preceding eras, a vast monument or pyramid of immemorial age, built up by countless generations of molluscs who have labored at the architecture of the shores like good workmen of God. If the dunes and the mountains are the dust of living creatures who have preceded us, how can we doubt but that our death will be as serviceable as our life, and that nothing which has been lent is lost? Mutual borrowing and temporary service seem to be the law of existence. Only, the strong prey upon and devour the weak, and the concrete inequality of lots within the abstract equality of destinies wounds and disquiets the sense of justice.

(*Same day.*)—A new spirit governs and inspires the generation which will succeed me. It is a singular sensation to feel the grass growing under one's feet, to see oneself intellectually uprooted. One must address one's contemporaries. Younger men will not listen to you. Thought, like love, will not tolerate a gray hair. Knowledge herself loves the young, as Fortune used to do in olden days. Contemporary civilization does not know what to do with old age; in proportion as it deifies physical experiment, it despises moral experience. One sees therein the triumph of Darwinism; it is a state of war, and war must have young soldiers; it can only put up with age in its leaders when they have the strength and the mettle of veterans.

In point of fact, one must either be strong or disappear, either constantly rejuvenate oneself or perish. It is as though the humanity of our day had, like the migratory birds, an immense voyage to make across space; she can no longer support the weak or help on the laggards. The great assault upon the Future makes her hard and pitiless to all who fall by the way. Her cruel motto is, "The devil take the hindmost."

The worship of strength has never lacked altars, but it looks as though the more we talk of justice and humanity, the more that other god sees his kingdom widen.

20th August 1873 (*Scheveningen*).—I have now watched the sea which beats upon this shore under many different aspects. On the whole, I should class it with the Baltic. As far as color, effect, and landscape go, it is widely different from the Breton or Basque ocean, and, above all, from the Mediterranean. It never attains to the blue-green of the Atlantic, nor the indigo of the Ionian Sea. Its scale of color runs from flint to emerald, and when it turns to blue, the blue is a turquoise shade splashed with gray. The sea here is not amusing itself; it has a busy and serious air, like an Englishman or a Dutchman. Neither polyps nor jelly-fish, neither sea-weed nor crabs, enliven the sands at low water; the sea life is poor and meager. What is wonderful is the struggle of man against a miserly and formidable power. Nature has done little for him, but she allows herself to be managed. Stepmother though she be, she is accommodating,

subject to the occasional destruction of a hundred thousand lives in a single inundation.

The air inside the dune is altogether different from that outside it. The air of the sea is life-giving, bracing, oxydized; the air inland is soft, relaxing, and warm. In the same way there are two Hollands in every Dutchman: there is the man of the *polder*, heavy, pale, phlegmatic, slow, patient himself, and trying to the patience of others,—and there is the man of the *dune*, of the harbor, the shore, the sea, who is tenacious, seasoned, persevering, sunburnt, daring. Where the two agree is in calculating prudence, and in methodical persistency of effort.

22d August 1873 (*Scheveningen*).—The weather is rainy, the whole atmosphere gray; it is a time favorable to thought and meditation. I have a liking for such days as these; they revive one's converse with oneself and make it possible to live the inner life: they are quiet and peaceful, like a song in a minor key. We are nothing but thought, but we feel our life to its very center. Our very sensations turn to reverie. It is a strange state of mind; it is like those silences in worship which are not the empty moments of devotion, but the full moments, and which are so because at such times the soul, instead of being polarized, dispersed, localized, in a single impression or thought, feels her own totality and is conscious of herself. She tastes her own substance. She is no longer played upon, colored, set in motion, affected, from without; she is in equilibrium and at rest. Openness and self-surrender become possible to her; she contemplates and she adores. She sees the changeless and the eternal enwrapping all the phenomena of time. She is in the religious state, in harmony with the general order, or at least in intellectual harmony. For *holiness*, indeed, more is wanted—a harmony of will, a perfect self-devotion, death to self and absolute submission.

Psychological peace—that harmony which is perfect but virtual—is but the zero, the potentiality of all numbers; it is not that moral peace which is victorious over all ills, which is real, positive, tried by experience, and able to face whatever fresh storms may assail it.

The peace of fact is not the peace of principle. There are indeed two happinesses, that of nature and that of conquest

—two equilibria, that of Greece and that of Nazareth,—two kingdoms, that of the natural man and that of the regenerate man.

11th September 1873 (*Amsterdam*).—The doctor has just gone. He says I have fever about me, and does not think that I can start for another three days without imprudence. I dare not write to my Genevese friends and tell them that I am coming back from the sea in a radically worse state of strength and throat than when I went there, and that I have only wasted my time, my trouble, my money, and my hopes.

This contradictory double fact—on the one side an eager hopefulness springing up afresh after all disappointments, and on the other an experience almost invariably unfavorable—can be explained like all illusions by the whim of nature, which either wills us to be deceived or wills us to act as if we were so.

Skepticism is the wiser course, but in delivering us from error it tends to paralyze life. Maturity of mind consists in taking part in the prescribed game as seriously as though one believed in it. Good-humored compliance, tempered by a smile, is, on the whole, the best line to take; one lends oneself to an optical illusion, and the voluntary concession has an air of liberty. Once imprisoned in existence, we must submit to its laws with a good grace; to rebel against it only ends in impotent rage, when once we have denied ourselves the solution of suicide.

Humility and submission, or the religious point of view; clear-eyed indulgence with a touch of irony, or the point of view of worldly wisdom,—these two attitudes are possible. The second is sufficient for the minor ills of life, the other is perhaps necessary in the greater ones. The pessimism of Schopenhauer supposes at least health and intellect as means of enduring the rest of life. But optimism either of the stoical or the Christian sort is needed to make it possible for us to bear the worst sufferings of flesh, heart, and soul. If we are to escape the grip of despair, we must believe either that the whole of things at least is good, or that grief is a fatherly grace, a purifying trial.

There can be no doubt that the idea of a happy immortality, serving as a harbor of refuge from the tempests of this mor-

tal existence, and rewarding the fidelity, the patience, the submission, and the courage of the travelers on life's sea—there can be no doubt that this idea, the strength of so many generations, and the faith of the Church, carries with it inexpressible consolation to those who are wearied, burdened, and tormented by pain and suffering. To feel oneself individually cared for and protected by God gives a special dignity and beauty to life. Monotheism lightens the struggle for existence. But does the study of nature allow of the maintenance of those local revelations which are called Mosaism, Christianity, Islamism? These religions, founded upon an infantine cosmogony, and upon a chimerical history of humanity, can they bear confronting with modern astronomy and geology? The present mode of escape, which consists in trying to satisfy the claims of both science and faith,—of the science which contradicts all the ancient beliefs, and the faith which, in the case of things that are beyond nature and incapable of verification, affirms them on her own responsibility only,—this mode of escape cannot last forever. Every fresh cosmical conception demands a religion which corresponds to it. Our age of transition stands bewildered between the two incompatible methods, the scientific method and the religious method, and between the two certitudes, which contradict each other.

Surely the reconciliation of the two must be sought for in the moral law, which is also a fact, and every step of which requires for its explanation another cosmos than the cosmos of necessity. Who knows if necessity is not a particular case of liberty, and its condition? Who knows if nature is not a laboratory for the fabrication of thinking beings who are ultimately to become free creatures? Biology protests, and indeed the supposed existence of souls, independently of time, space, and matter, is a fiction of faith, less logical than the Platonic dogma. But the question remains open. We may eliminate the idea of purpose from nature, yet, as the guiding conception of the highest being of our planet, it is a fact, and a fact which postulates a meaning in the history of the universe.

My thought is straying in vague paths: why?—because I have no creed. All my studies end in notes of interrogation,

and that I may not draw premature or arbitrary conclusions I draw none.

Later on.—My creed has melted away, but I believe in good, in the moral order, and in salvation; religion for me is to live and die in God, in complete abandonment to the holy will which is at the root of nature and destiny. I believe even in the Gospel, the Good News—that is to say, in the reconciliation of the sinner with God, by faith in the love of a pardoning Father.

4th October 1873 (Geneva).—I have been dreaming a long while in the moonlight, which floods my room with a radiance, full of vague mystery. The state of mind induced in us by this fantastic light is itself so dim and ghost-like that analysis loses its way in it, and arrives at nothing articulate. It is something indefinite and intangible, like the noise of waves which is made up of a thousand fused and mingled sounds. It is the reverberation of all the unsatisfied desires of the soul, of all the stifled sorrows of the heart, mingling in a vague sonorous whole, and dying away in cloudy murmurs. All those imperceptible regrets, which never individually reach the consciousness, accumulate at last into a definite result; they become the voice of a feeling of emptiness and aspiration; their tone is melancholy itself. In youth the tone of these Æolian vibrations of the heart is all hope—a proof that these thousands of indistinguishable accents make up indeed the fundamental note of our being, and reveal the tone of our whole situation. Tell me what you feel in your solitary room when the full moon is shining in upon you and your lamp is dying out, and I will tell you how old you are, and I shall know if you are happy.

The best path through life is the high road, which initiates us at the right moment into all experience. Exceptional itineraries are suspicious, and matter for anxiety. What is normal is at once most convenient, most honest, and most wholesome. Cross roads may tempt us for one reason or another, but it is very seldom that we do not come to regret having taken them.

Each man begins the world afresh, and not one fault of the first man has been avoided by his remotest descendant. The collective experience of the race accumulates, but individual

experience dies with the individual, and the result is that institutions become wiser and knowledge as such increases; but the young man, although more cultivated, is just as presumptuous, and not less fallible to-day than he ever was. So that absolutely there is progress, and relatively there is none. Circumstances improve, but merit remains the same. The whole is better, perhaps, but man is not positively better—he is only different. His defects and his virtues change their form, but the total balance does not show him to be the richer. A thousand things advance, nine hundred and ninety-eight fall back: this is progress. There is nothing in it to be proud of, but something, after all, to console one.

19th May 1878.—Criticism is above all a gift, an intuition, a matter of tact and *flair*; it cannot be taught or demonstrated,—it is an art. Critical genius means an aptitude for discerning truth under appearances or in disguises which conceal it; for discovering it in spite of the errors of testimony, the frauds of tradition, the dust of time, the loss or alteration of texts. It is the sagacity of the hunter whom nothing deceives for long, and whom no ruse can throw off the trail. It is the talent of the *Juge d'Instruction*, who knows how to interrogate circumstances, and to extract an unknown secret from a thousand falsehoods. The true critic can understand everything, but he will be the dupe of nothing, and to no convention will he sacrifice his duty, which is to find out and proclaim truth. Competent learning, general cultivation, absolute probity, accuracy of general view, human sympathy and technical capacity,—how many things are necessary to the critic, without reckoning grace, delicacy, *savoir vivre*, and the gift of happy phrase-making!

26th July 1878.—Every morning I wake up with the same sense of vain struggle against a mountain tide which is about to overwhelm me. I shall die by suffocation, and the suffocation has begun; the progress it has already made stimulates it to go on.

How can one make any plans when every day brings with it some fresh misery? I cannot even decide on a line of action in a situation so full of confusion and uncertainty, in which I look forward to the worst, while yet all is doubtful. Have I still a few years before me or only a few months? Will death

be slow or will it come upon me as a sudden catastrophe? How am I to bear the days as they come? how am I to fill them? How am I to die with calmness and dignity? I know not. Everything I do for the first time I do badly; but here everything is new; there can be no help from experience; the end must be a chance! How mortifying for one who has set so great a price upon independence—to depend upon a thousand unforeseen contingencies! He knows not how he will act or what he will become; he would fain speak of these things with a friend of good sense and good counsel—but who? He dares not alarm the affections which are most his own, and he is almost sure that any others would try to distract his attention, and would refuse to see the position as it is.

And while I wait (wait for what?—health?—certainty?) the weeks flow by like water, and strength wastes away like a smoking candle. . . .

Is one free to let oneself drift into death without resistance? Is self-preservation a duty? Do we owe it to those who love us to prolong this desperate struggle to its utmost limit? I think so, but it is one fetter the more. For we must then feign a hope which we do not feel, and hide the absolute discouragement of which the heart is really full. Well, why not? Those who succumb are bound in generosity not to cool the ardor of those who are still battling, still enjoying.

Two parallel roads lead to the same result; meditation paralyzes me, physiology condemns me. My soul is dying, my body is dying. In every direction the end is closing upon me. My own melancholy anticipates and endorses the medical judgment which says, "Your journey is done." The two verdicts point to the same result—that I have no longer a future. And yet there is a side of me which says, "Absurd!" which is incredulous, and inclined to regard it all as a bad dream. In vain the reason asserts it; the mind's inward assent is still refused. Another contradiction!

I have not the strength to hope, and I have not the strength to submit. I believe no longer, and I believe still. I feel that I am dying, and yet I cannot realize that I am dying. Is it madness already? No, it is human nature taken in the act; it is life itself which is a contradiction, for life means an

incessant death and a daily resurrection; it affirms and it denies, it destroys and reconstructs, it gathers and scatters, it humbles and exalts at the same time. To live is to die partially—to feel oneself in the heart of a whirlwind of opposing forces—to be an enigma.

If the invisible type molded by these two contradictory currents—if this form which presides over all my changes of being—has itself general and original value, what does it matter whether it carries on the game a few months or years longer, or not? It has done what it had to do, it has represented a certain unique combination, one particular expression of the race. These types are shadows—*manes*. Century after century employs itself in fashioning them. Glory—fame—is the proof that one type has seemed to the other types newer, rarer, and more beautiful than the rest. The common types are souls too, only they have no interest except for the Creator, and for a small number of individuals.

To feel one's own fragility is well, but to be indifferent to it is better. To take the measure of one's own misery is profitable, but to understand its *raison d'être* is still more profitable. To mourn for oneself is a last sign of vanity; we ought only to regret that which has real value, and to regret oneself, is to furnish involuntary evidence that one had attached importance to oneself. At the same time it is a proof of ignorance of our true worth and function. It is not necessary to live, but it is necessary to preserve one's type unharmed, to remain faithful to one's idea, to protect one's monad against alteration and degradation.

29th October 1880 (*Geneva*).—The ideal which a man professes may itself be only a matter of appearance—a device for misleading his neighbor, or deluding himself. The individual is always ready to claim for himself the merits of the badge under which he fights; whereas, generally speaking, it is the contrary which happens. The nobler the badge, the less estimable is the wearer of it. Such at least is the presumption. It is extremely dangerous to pride oneself on any moral or religious specialty whatever. Tell me what you pique yourself upon, and I will tell you what you are not.

But how are we to know what an individual is? First of all by his acts; but by something else too—something which

is only perceived by intuition. Soul judges soul by elective affinity, reaching through and beyond both words and silence, looks and actions.

The criterion is subjective, I allow, and liable to error; but in the first place there is no safer one, and in the next, the accuracy of the judgment is in proportion to the moral culture of the judge. Courage is an authority on courage, goodness on goodness, nobleness on nobleness, loyalty on uprightness. We only truly know what we have, or what we have lost and regret, as, for example, childish innocence, virginal purity, or stainless honor. The truest and best judge, then, is Infinite Goodness, and next to it, the regenerated sinner or the saint, the man tried by experience or the sage. Naturally, the touchstone in us becomes finer and truer the better we are.

3d November 1880.—What impression has the story I have just read made upon me? A mixed one. The imagination gets no pleasure out of it, although the intellect is amused. Why? Because the author's mood is one of incessant irony and *persiflage*. The Voltairean tradition has been his guide—a great deal of wit and satire, very little feeling, no simplicity. It is a combination of qualities which serves eminently well for satire, for journalism, and for paper warfare of all kinds, but which is much less suitable to the novel or short story, for cleverness is not poetry, and the novel is still within the domain of poetry, although on the frontier. The vague discomfort aroused in one by these epigrammatic productions is due probably to a confusion of kinds. Ambiguity of style keeps one in a perpetual state of tension and self-defense; we ought not to be left in doubt whether the speaker is jesting or serious, mocking or tender. Moreover, banter is not humor, and never will be. I think, indeed, that the professional wit finds a difficulty in being genuinely comic, for want of depth and disinterested feeling. To laugh at things and people is not really a joy; it is at best but a cold pleasure. Buffoonery is wholesomer, because it is a little more kindly. The reason why continuous sarcasm repels us is that it lacks two things—humanity and seriousness. Sarcasm implies pride, since it means putting oneself above others,—and levity, because conscience is allowed no voice in con-

trolling it. In short, we read satirical books, but we only love and cling to the books in which there is *heart*.

28th December 1880.—There are two modes of classing the people we know: the first is utilitarian—it starts from ourselves, divides our friends from our enemies, and distinguishes those who are antipathetic to us, those who are indifferent, those who can serve or harm us; the second is disinterested—it classes men according to their intrinsic value, their own qualities and defects, apart from the feelings which they have for us, or we for them.

My tendency is to the second kind of classification. I appreciate men less by the special affection which they show to me than by their personal excellence, and I cannot confuse gratitude with esteem. It is a happy thing for us when the two feelings can be combined; and nothing is more painful than to owe gratitude where yet we can feel neither respect nor confidence.

I am not very willing to believe in the permanence of accidental states. The generosity of a miser, the good-nature of an egotist, the gentleness of a passionate temperament, the tenderness of a barren nature, the piety of a dull heart, the humility of an excitable self-love, interest me as phenomena—nay, even touch me if I am the object of them, but they inspire me with very little confidence. I foresee the end of them too clearly. Every exception tends to disappear and to return to the rule. All privilege is temporary, and besides, I am less flattered than anxious when I find myself the object of a privilege.

A man's primitive character may be covered over by alluvial deposits of culture and acquisition,—none the less is it sure to come to the surface when years have worn away all that is accessory and adventitious. I admit indeed the possibility of great moral crises which sometimes revolutionize the soul, but I dare not reckon on them. It is a possibility—not a probability. In choosing one's friends we must choose those whose qualities are inborn, and their virtues virtues of temperament. To lay the foundation of friendship on borrowed or added virtues is to build on an artificial soil; we run too many risks by it.

Exceptions are snares, and we ought above all to distrust

them when they charm our vanity. To catch and fix a fickle heart is a task which tempts all women; and a man finds something intoxicating in the tears of tenderness and joy which he alone has had the power to draw from a proud woman. But attractions of this kind are deceptive. Affinity of nature founded on worship of the same ideal, and perfect in proportion to perfectness of soul, is the only affinity which is worth anything. True love is that which ennobles the personality, fortifies the heart, and sanctifies the existence. And the being we love must not be mysterious and sphinx-like, but clear and limpid as a diamond; so that admiration and attachment may grow with knowledge.

Jealousy is a terrible thing. It resembles love, only it is precisely love's contrary. Instead of wishing for the welfare of the object loved, it desires the dependence of that object upon itself, and its own triumph. Love is the forgetfulness of self; jealousy is the most passionate form of egotism, the glorification of a despotic, exacting, and vain *ego*, which can neither forget nor subordinate itself. The contrast is perfect.

Austerity in women is sometimes the accompaniment of a rare power of loving. And when it is so their attachment is strong as death; their fidelity as resisting as the diamond; they are hungry for devotion and athirst for sacrifice. Their love is a piety, their tenderness a religion, and they triple the energy of love by giving to it the sanctity of duty.

To the spectator over fifty, the world certainly presents a good deal that is new, but a great deal more which is only the old furbished up—mere plagiarism and modification, rather than amelioration. Almost everything is a copy of a copy, a reflection of a reflection, and the perfect being is as rare now as he ever was. Let us not complain of it; it is the reason why the world lasts. Humanity improves but slowly; that is why history goes on.

It not progress the goad of Siva? It excites the torch to burn itself away; it hastens the approach of death. Societies which change rapidly only reach their final catastrophe the sooner. Children who are too precocious never reach maturity. Progress should be the aroma of life, not its substance.

Man is a passion which brings a will into play, which works an intelligence,—and thus the organs which seem to be in the service of intelligence, are in reality only the agents of passion. For all the commoner sorts of being, determinism is true: inward liberty exists only as an exception and as the result of self-conquest. And even he who has tasted liberty is only free intermittently and by moments. True liberty, then, is not a continuous state: it is not an indefeasible and invariable quality. We are free only so far as we are not dupes of ourselves, our pretexts, our instincts, our temperament. We are freed by energy and the critical spirit—that is to say, by detachment of soul, by self-government. So that we are enslaved, but susceptible of freedom; we are bound, but capable of shaking off our bonds. The soul is caged, but it has power to flutter within its cage.

Material results are but the tardy sign of invisible activities. The bullet has started long before the noise of the report has reached us. The decisive events of the world take place in the intellect.

Sorrow is the most tremendous of all realities in the sensible world, but the transfiguration of sorrow after the manner of Christ is a more beautiful solution of the problem than the extirpation of sorrow, after the method of Çakyamouni.

Life should be a giving birth to the soul, the development of a higher mode of reality. The animal must be humanized: flesh must be made spirit; physiological activity must be transmuted into intellect and conscience, into reason, justice, and generosity, as the torch is transmuted into life and warmth. The blind, greedy, selfish nature of man must put on beauty and nobleness. This heavenly alchemy is what justifies our presence on the earth: it is our mission and our glory.

To renounce happiness and think only of duty, to put conscience in the place of feeling;—this voluntary martyrdom has its nobility. The natural man in us flinches, but the better self submits. To hope for justice in the world is a sign of sickly sensibility; we must be able to do without it. True manliness consists in such independence. Let the world think what it will of us, it is its own affair. If it will not give us the place which is lawfully ours until after our death, or perhaps not at all, it is but acting within its right. It is our

business to behave as though our country were grateful, as though the world were equitable, as though opinion were clear-sighted, as though life were just, as though men were good.

Death itself may become matter of consent, and therefore a moral act. The animal expires; man surrenders his soul to the author of the soul.

[With the year 1881, beginning with the month of January, we enter upon the last period of Amiel's illness. Although he continued to attend to his professorial duties, and never spoke of his forebodings, he felt himself mortally ill, as we shall see by the following extracts from the Journal. Amiel wrote up to the end, doing little else, however, towards the last than record the progress of his disease, and the proofs of interest and kindness which he received. After weeks of suffering and pain a state of extreme weakness gradually gained upon him. His last lines are dated the 29th April; it was the 11th of May that he succumbed, without a struggle, to the complicated disease from which he suffered.]

5th January 1881.—I think I fear shame more than death. Tacitus said: *Omnia serviliter pro dominatione*. My tendency is just the contrary. Even when it is voluntary, dependence is a burden to me. I should blush to find myself determined by interest, submitting to constraint, or becoming the slave of any will whatever. To me vanity is slavery, self-love degrading, and utilitarianism meanness. I detest the ambition which makes you the liege man of something or some one—I desire to be simply my own master.

If I had health I should be the freest man I know. Although perhaps a little hardness of heart would be desirable to make me still more independent.

Let me exaggerate nothing. My liberty is only negative. Nobody has any hold over me, but many things have become impossible to me, and if I were so foolish as to wish for them, the limits of my liberty would soon become apparent. Therefore I take care not to wish for them, and not to let my thoughts dwell on them. I only desire what I am able for, and in this way I run my head against no wall, I cease even to be conscious of the boundaries which enclose me. I take

care to wish for rather less than is in my power, that I may not even be reminded of the obstacles in my way. Renunciation is the safeguard of dignity. Let us strip ourselves, if we would not be stripped. He who has freely given up his life may look death in the face: what more can it take away from him? Do away with desire and practice charity—there you have the whole method of Buddha, the whole secret of the great Deliverance.

It is snowing, and my chest is troublesome. So that I depend on Nature and on God. But I do not depend on human caprice; this is the point to be insisted on. It is true that my chemist may make a blunder and poison me, my banker may reduce me to pauperism, just as an earthquake may destroy my house without hope of redress. Absolute independence, therefore, is a pure chimera. But I do possess relative independence—that of the stoic who withdraws into the fortress of his will, and shuts the gates behind him.

“Jurons, excepté Dieu, de n’avoir point de maître.”

This oath of old Geneva remains my motto still.

10th April 1881 (*Sunday*).—Visit to ——. She read over to me letters of 1844 to 1845—letters of mine. So much promise to end in so meager a result! What creatures we are! I shall end like the Rhine, lost among the sands, and the hour is close by when my thread of water will have disappeared.

Afterwards I had a little walk in the sunset. There was an effect of scattered rays and stormy clouds; a green haze envelops all the trees—

“Et tout renaît, et déjà l’aubépine
A vu l’abeille accourir à ses fleurs,”

—but to me it all seems strange already.

Later.—What dupes we are of our own desires! . . . Destiny has two ways of crushing us—by refusing our wishes and by fulfilling them. But he who only wills what God wills escapes both catastrophes. “All things work together for his good.”

14th April 1881.—Frightful night; the fourteenth running, in which I have been consumed by sleeplessness.

15th April 1881.—To-morrow is Good Friday, the festival

of pain. I know what it is to spend days of anguish and nights of agony. Let me bear my cross humbly. . . . I have no more future. My duty is to satisfy the claims of the present, and to leave everything in order. Let me try to end well, seeing that to undertake and even to continue, are closed to me.

19th April 1881.—A terrible sense of oppression. My flesh and my heart fail me.

“Que vivre est difficile, ô mon cœur fatigué!”

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